



ROBERTUS STAPLETONUS  
EQUES Avaratus, SERENISSIMO  
CAROLO MAGNO BRITANNIAE  
PRINCIPIS ET CAMERA PRÆSIDI  
GENEROSUS, JUVENALEM ET MUSEUM  
ANGLIS, VIRUMQUE SUI, PLURIMUM  
INTERPRES REDDIDI. RR. W. Marshall fecit.



ROBERTUS STAPLETONUS  
EQUES AGRATVS, SEERENVS  
CAROLO MAGNE BASILIENSIS  
PRINCIPIS ET CAMERAE PROVISI  
GENEROSVS, JUVENALEM ET MUSEUM  
ANGLIS, VIRGINIS SIBI, PLURIMIS  
INTERPRETES REDDIDIT. RR. W. Marshall fecit.





JUVENALLS  
SATYRS.

By  
S<sup>r</sup> Robert Staughton K<sup>t</sup> Gent.  
of the Privy Chamber to the  
Prince

The Rawlins. Jr.

BE

JUVENAL'S  
SIXTEEN  
SATYRS  
OR,  
A SURVEY  
OF THE  
Manners and Actions  
OF  
MANKIND.

With Arguments, Marginall Notes,  
and Annotations clearing the obscure  
places out of the History, Lawes and  
Ceremonies of the *Romans*.

BY

Sir ROBERT STAPYLTON Knight,  
Gent. in Ordinary of the Privy  
Chamber to the PRINCE.

ΑΠΟΤΟΝ ΚΑΡΤΙΝΟΥ.

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April 7, 1926

With Arguments, Marginal Notes  
and Annotations clearing the obscure  
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Customs of the Law.

BY  
SIR ROBERT STAYLTON BAILEY  
Esq. in Ordinary of the Privy  
Chamber to the Prince

LONDON:  
Printed for H. K. Lewis, 15, Ave. Marie, and  
his Successors, the Prince of Wales in Paris.  
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TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE

My very Good Lord,

HENRY

Lord Marquesse of DORCHESTER,  
Earle of KINGSTON, Viscount NEWARK,  
Lord PIERREPONT and MANVERS,  
And one of the Lords of His MAJESTIES  
most Honorable Privy Counsell.

MY LORD,

**W**Hen your Lordship laid your com-  
mands upon me to interpret Ju-  
venal, it was an honour I be-  
held with feare, having heard of  
no man that ever had attempted  
to render him in ours or any other language.  
But your Lordships incouragement transported  
me through all difficulties; And with as much  
diffidence as I began, with so much constan-  
cy I proceeded, and now assume the boldnesse  
to bring the Satyrist, in my English, to kisse  
your Lordships hand, from which I received  
him,

## The Epistle

him, like an old Roman Coine, hard to be read, but worthy the paines and study of our best Antiquaries.

Indeed, if my ability had reached the height of my ambition, I would have dedicated (out of the learning of the Greekes and Romans, wherein your Lordship is so great a Master) not another's Verse, but my owne Prose: and that of no common subject, but such as your Lordship daily reads. But it shall be happinesse enough for me, after the learned Authours of Sciences and Lawes have taken up your serious time, if the Authour I present, may entertaine your houres of recreation; which I would not promise to my selfe, but that he delights with profit; for your Lordships recreations are more serious then most men's studies, your very mirth being observations upon men and businesse, which your Lordship knowes was the designe Juvenal aymed at, and accomplished, to the generall benefit of Mankind.

But the Sun may sooner let fall his beames upon a solid body, and not cast off a shadow, then merit can exist without detraction. No marvaile therefore if these well-deserving Satyrs, have stirred up, against their Authour, some envy, or folly, in all ages. In his own Time, the vices he endeavoured to correct, were grown stub-

## Dedicatory.

stubburn, as he sayes of the Grammar-schollers, ready to fall upon their Tutour; Then his stile was held too cleare, and more then he expressed was apprehended, for the guilty have quick senses. Afterward, he appeared obscure, especially to remoter parts, and was looked upon, like the Moon in an Eclipse, drowned in the shadow of a forrein clime, only because they would not take paines to approach his splendour: as we see De la Cerda hath lately done, borrowing light from Juvenal, to cleare the darknesse of Tertullian.

Lastly, there sprung up a Sect of formall Stoicks, little people, that for a few wanton words (which was all they understood) cast him out of their hands: just as a Pigmey should throw away a diamond bigger then himselfe, only because the tent it stood upon was black. To none of these exceptions (if my hopes faile me not) will the English Juvenal be liable. For our Nation hath long since disclaimed the Roman power and crimes together: and sure no Englishman will now degenerate, after we have for so many ages bin delivered from their bondage, to confesse himself slave to their vices, with being troubled at any thing this book containes; And therefore I have made it plaine and easy; not doubting but the same sharpenesse of wit, that once displeased the vitious, will be now understood

## The Epistle

derstood with pleasure, by the vertuous Readers. Who may be assured, that to perspicuity, I have joyned modesty, or else it never had approached your Lordships eare; And if I could (which is the exception I make against my selfe) have added eloquence, I had then fitted it for your Lordships accent.

But though I am too much composed of earth to ascend to my desires, I know your Lordship participates so much of Heaven, as to descend to the acceptance of intentions. Yet when your name (now flying in the breath of every University) shall hereafter be inscribed in volumes of such language & learning as I wish, thus far my Dedication will be happiest, as being first authorised by your Lordship, which I am confident will gaine it a generall good reception; for the noblest wil follow your opinion, the rest your example. But if there be some that dislike my way, because I go not theirs, I shall contemne their spleen, since the judge (from whom no schollar will appeale) hath given sentence in favour of

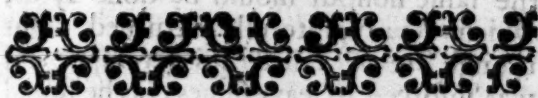
Your Lordships

Most Humble Servant,


ROBERT STAPYLTON.

The





## The Preface.

 F we pay respect (and worthily) to *speculative Authors* that inform the *understanding*; how much more is due to *Juvenal*, for instructing us in point of *Manners*, teaching the world to *know* and *practise* virtue, and persecuting or (more properly) baiting *Vices* with his *Satyrs*? So that while he delights his *worst* and *guiltiest* Readers, like an excellent *Physitian*, he does a cure upon them, by pleasure opening of the way to benefit: and that good not limited within the narrow bounds of his own age, or climate, but communicated and alike usefull to all Ages, to all Nations, for the sad cause which he himselfe foretold,  
*Viz.*

*Posterity can no new vices frame,*

*Our Nephewes will but with and act the same.*

And if the same *nettles* that stung his *Latian shepheards*, overrun our ground; I see no reason but to him that weeds them out,  
the

*The Preface:*

the same honour should be done by us, which *Rome* gratefully returned. But though *Juvenal* failed in his attempt, and was inforced to leave sinnes, as he found them, *in præcipiti*, at their *Zenith*, because the *Empire* he indeavoured to reforme, was at the *highest flood of humane prosperity*, but at the *lowest ebbe of divine Graces*. Yet I am confident, his successe will be much better now, when he admonishes a *Kingdome* as eminent in *knowledge* as in *Luxury*, where he will from henceforth attend the Noble in their chambers, and the People at Church doores; that such as have escaped the *Preacher*, may fall vpon the *Satyr*-*rist*, and then, no doubt but they will reforme, if not for *Christian duty*, yet for *shame* to be thus *divinely* reprov'd by a *Heathen*.

I could have wished my Author (that gives us the characters of all degrees and qualities of men) had left us his owne character: for certainly his heart wherein the whole world was comprehended, like a *Circle* inscribed in a *Triangle*, was best able to describe it selfe. But for as much as I conceive it will be expected, my affection to him should supply what his modesty forbare, I will give you a draught of him, as he is represented to my judgement.

That

### The Preface.

That *Juvenal* was incomparably the best *Satyrift*, the learned know, (whose testimonies I shall quote in their due place) nor doe I doubt, but the *unlearned* will acknowledge it, when experimentally they finde him, by so much more powerfull in *Hexameters* then *Archilochus* in *Iambicks*, by how much it is more difficult, to make evill men *condemne* their *wickednesse*, then to *hang themselves*. That he is likewise a rare *Poet*, is testified by his *Verse*, flowing like a river when the wind breathes gently, *smooth* besides the bankes, *strong* in the current, and not inclining to *roughnesse* but (according to nature) at reaches, windings of designe. But this is only *Juvenal's Picture* in *Perspective*, and looked upon at sides; whereas if you view him in a *right line*, you will then behold a true *Philosopher*; not one of those that *dispute* of *Virtue* and *Vice*, but that with inimitable *sweetnesse* of *language*, and *Majesty* of *Sentences*, sets before our eyes the *loveliness* of the one, and the *deformity* and *horour* of the other; with all the skill and *perfection* of *Philosophy*. This is my serious opinion; did I say mine? sure 'tis *Plato's* too, if these words be his, οὐτως ἀκρὰς ἐστίν, φιλοσοφούντα μὴ δακνὴν φιλοσοφῆιν, καὶ πλεονεκτεῖν διαπραττέσθαι καὶ ἢ σπουδαζόντων. It is the highest

### The Preface.

est point of science, to be, yet not to seeme a *Philosopher*, and to doe serious things in jeast. Where note, that divine *Plato* who declares against *Hypocrisie*, and calls it the greatest injustice to appeare just, and not to be so, approves notwithstanding of this dissembled *Philosophy*, by which the vulgar (while they laugh at folly made ridiculous by a *Satyr*) are cozened into wisdom.

Now if (with *Plato*) you confesse *Juvenal* to be a *Philosopher*, I hope I shall prevaile with you to allow him to be a little obscure, at least in *Termes of Art*; yet indeed, if he be not cleere even in the most difficultest places, you shall blame your selves, for not perusing my *Annotations*, to which you are directed. And to incourage you to take that paines, let me assure you, he writes no idle word, but such as will recompence your search, with the knowledge of some ancient *Ceremony*, *Law* or *History*. But least you thinke I have ends in praising him, or that affection swayes me, I come now (according to promise) to quote unquestionable judgments upon *Juvenal*.

First his Tutour *Quintilian*, in the tenth Booke of his *Institutions*, speaking of *Satyrists*, admires *Lucilius*, praises  
Horace

### The Preface.

Horace, honours *Perseus*, then addes;  
But, after all these we have *Juvenal*. A  
greater elegancy than this, I observe not  
in all the workes of that great *Rhetorick-*  
*master*, wherewith he marshals his Scho-  
lar then living, in his true place among  
the *Satyrists*, that is, last in time, and first  
in merit. *Julius Caesar Scaliger* goes far-  
ther yet, and speakes more plainly; *Per-*  
*seus* (saies he) writes an affected stile, and  
is phantasticall, boasting an aguish kinde  
of learning, all things else he neglected, and  
being desirous to be read, was yet unwilling  
to be understood, though now we under-  
stand him to a syllable. Whereas on the  
contrary, *Juvenal* is neate and clear and abso-  
lutely the Prince of *Satyrists*; & so exact in all  
he writes, that nothing is liable to the censure  
of the Criticks. Then comparing him with  
Horace, he calls Horace a Jeerer, conten-  
ted with the title *Sermonum*, of Discourses;  
inserting some loose sentences in common  
talke, yet studied; not regarding his verse,  
but so he speake pure Latin, his care's taken.  
Whereas in *Juvenal*, all things are quite con-  
trary, he is furious, he assaults and kils. His  
stile is extreamely handsome, in which together  
with the Roman purity, he hath the happines  
of excellent connexions. His verse is farre a-  
bove Horace, his sentences sharper, and he  
speakes

### *The Preface.*

*speakes things more to the life. At last the great Scaliger concludes, that Juvenal is to be prefer'd before Horace by as many degrees, as Horace is to be prefer'd before Lucilius. Which reasons of Scaliger, I. Lipsius confirms with these additional. Who can be displeased (saies Lipsius) to see Juvenal prefer'd before Horace by Scaliger the Father? who in my opinion, among the many elegant judgements he hath given, never pronounced a greater truth; certainly he passes a just sentence upon Juvenal. In heate, in height, and liberty (which is of the essence of a Satyr) he goes beyond Horace; He touches vice to the quicke, reproves, cries out upon it: now and then he makes us laugh, but very often mixes bitter stinging jests. And writing to M. Muret, Lyppsius tells him, that in reading Juvenal publicquely, he did well and seasonably, for sure if any times ever needed a Satyr, ours doe; and in Satyr, none so fit to rectifie manners as Juvenal. After these learned Criticks, it would be presumption for me to speake more of Juvenal; onely this, I have for my Country's sake taught him our Language, which if you allow him to speake intelligibly and profitably, you may please to naturalize him by your Votes.*

THE  
Life of IUVENAL.



JUNIUS JUVENAL  
was borne ( as appeares by  
Umbricius his Complement  
to him, in the close of Satyr  
3. ) at Aquine in Campa-  
nia ; his Father or Foster-Father ( 'tis un-  
certaine whether ) being a rich free-man of  
that City. In his younger yeares he layed a  
regular foundation of His studies, begin-  
ning with Grammar and the ferula : after-  
wards He applied Himselfe to Rhetoricke  
under M. Fabius Quintilian, declaming ( as  
Divæus hath it ) untill He was of middle Age :  
but finding , his declamatory admonitions  
to dead Sylla, moved the ashes in His Urne,  
as much as the present successour to His  
Dictator-ship, Domitian Cæsar ; weary of  
an Art, that neither had an object in nature  
for Speculation, nor a subject for Practise,  
He left the pleasing, but unprofitable fictions  
of the Orator Quintilian, to prosecute the bit-



## The Life of JUVENAL.

ter but wholesome truths of the Satyrift Lucilius; which He did with an imitation so far beyond his patterne, in all perfections of learning, wit, and judgement, that He read his Satyrs, not only with the generall applause of the people of Rome, but even his learned Rhetorick Master (as we may probably collect from his tenth book of Institutions) became a hearer and admirer of his Poetry: till the Emperour was moved against him by the great man at Court, the Player Paris, who had conceived an implacable hatred to Juvenal, for falling upon him. Sat. 7. where speaking of the naked and empty fame of Poets, he says, rich Lucan may be contented with it, but not poor Saleius Bassus, or Sarranus, or Statius that (not withstanding his so crowded Poem of the Theban war) might have sterued, if he had not sold his new Play of Agave to Paris: who (dying what the illustrious Camerini and Barea would not, or could not do) bestowed the places of Colonels, and Serjeant-Major-Generalls upon those that presented him their Tragedies of Pelopea and Philomela.

This Satyrick complement sealed the Poet a Commission for a Colonells place in Egypt; for Paris neither able to indure so sharpe a wit, nor to accuse so cleare an innocence; and seeing no way to be even with the Authour of this Satyr, but by being himselfe the Authour of  
ano-



## The Life of JUVENAL.

another, frames a revenge out of the very subject of his anger, bestowing upon JUVENAL a foote Regiment of six hundred.  
“ An old Manuscript relates it thus; Domitian displeased with JUVENAL for glancing at his favours to Paris, yet not daring publicly to do any thing against the man, banished him under the name of an honourable employment in the warres, making him Prefect of a Cohort bound for Egypt. Where he died with grieve to have so cruell a State-tricke put upon him, as some Historians would perswade us; but they measure his strength by their owne weakenesse, not by the large dimensions of that heart, which delivered such bold and gallant things as his book records; convincing likewise those ignorant Chronologers: For take notice of the last lines of Sat. 4. and you will acknowledge when those were writ, Domitian was dead; But if you will have a clearer instance, peruse these words in Sat. 13,

Is this newes to one borne when Capito  
Was Consul, above threecore yeares agoe?

Now if you please to calculate the time, and reckon lx. yeares from the Consulshippe of L. Fonteius Capito, who was Colleague with C. Vipsanius under Nero, in the yeare of the the foundation of Rome eight hundred and twelve

## The Life of JUVENAL.

twelve, you shall finde that JUVENAL not only survived Domitian, and the short reigne of Nerva, but the 21 yeares of that excellent Emperour Trajan; and in the second yeare of Hadrian, being a. v. DCCC LXXII. he writ Sat. 13. to Calvinus. So that if time (that hath moulder'd to dust the wonders of the world, burying the very Tombe of Mausolus) had left us no other monument of this Roman miracle, but his own Workes, they will instruct us, that after his exile he injoyed his Country, lived long in peaceable and happy times, and died crowned with the Emblems of mortality and eternity, gray haire and Lawrell.



THE





## The first Satyr of JUVENAL.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Author, by the Wits misled  
To heare their tedious Poems read,  
To be reveng'd, will now reverse,  
But scornes the Follyes of their verse.  
For he no bold Romances writes,  
No fables of the Gods recites,  
His Subject is man's horrid Crimes,  
His End to disabuse the Times.*



Hall I but heare still? never quit the score? The Wits  
Vext with hoars \* *Cadmus Theseids* o're & o're or small  
Poets  
Shall he unpunisht read to me long Playes? with their  
volumes of  
Romances,  
He elegies? huge (b) *Telephus* whole dayes Playes,  
&c.  
Unpunisht spend? or vast (c) *Orestes*, writ  
Oth' sides, indors'd too, and not finisht yet?

No man his own house better knowes, then I  
The (d) Grove of *Mars* and (e) *Vulcan's Grotto*, nigh  
Th' (f) *Aelian* Cliffs: what stirres the winds, What paines  
(g) *Aeacus* inflicts on soules, What (h) *Ibeis* obtrains  
The Golden Fleece, What faire *Yong-alhes* fly  
From (i) *Centaurs* hands; these (k) *Fronto's* plane-trees cry,

*Julius  
Fronto's  
Trees and  
Pillars  
split with  
reading of  
strong  
lines,*

B

And

# The first Satyr of Juvenal.

And Marble pillars with *force reading* burst,  
Y<sup>e</sup> have these from the best Poets, and the worst.

Wee therefore from the (l) *Ferula* have tooke  
Our hand, and those (m) *vaine Mortarives* forooke,  
Wherein we counsell'd *Sylla* to become  
A private man and sleepe secure at home.  
Since most you meet are Poets, to forbear  
Paper that must be spoyl'd, fond pittie 'twere.

*Juvenals*  
reasons  
why hee  
writes Sa-  
tyrs.

But why the great (n) *Auruncan's* way we goe,  
If you're at leisure, and dispos'd, we'll show.  
When the soft Eunuch marryes, (o) *Mavia* goares,  
Bare-breasted, with her Speare the *Thucan* boares.  
When all the *Senat's* wealth's out-vi'd (p) by one,  
Who to my youthfull beard, offensive growne,  
Correction with his nimble fizzers gave.

A slave  
made a fa-  
vorite.

When part of *Nile's* slime, that *Campion* slave  
(q) *Crispinus* flaunts it in his (r) purple cloake,  
Which flying back, his shoulders still revokes;  
A Summer-boope his sweaty fingers swing,  
Nor brookes a heavier stone e should load his Ring.  
'Tis hard, not to write Satyrs: for what's he

Of such a stupid patience, as to be  
By this corrupted City so controll'd?  
Or who so made of *Iron* that can hold?

A lazy  
Lawyer,

When, fill'd with's owne bulke, in his new Sedan  
(s) *Marbo* the Lawyer comes; and then (t) the man  
That his great friend accus'd, and will the rest  
O'th' spar'd Nobility e're long digest;

Whom

# The first Satyr of Juvenal.

3

Whom(u) *Massa* feares, *Carus* with gifts attends,  
And *Thymile* her aw'd *Latinus* sends.

The petty  
Informers  
feare the  
great one.

When they shall juttle thee out of thy right,  
That labour for their Legacies by night:

45 Whom (th' easiest rise) to Heav'n th' old Lady heaves;

The bound-  
ry of lust.

To *Proculus* one poore(\*) ounce she leaves,  
To *Gill* eleven, each hath his weight and measure,  
Heyre to her wealth, as he advanc'd her pleasure;  
The price of his blood wasted let him take,

30 And turne as pale, as he that on a Snake  
With naked feet improvidently treads,  
Or he in(x) *Lions* who at the *Altar* pleades.

A wicked  
Guardian.

What fury, think you, my partcht liver boyles,  
When with his traine the people's walk he spoyles,

35 That robb'd the Orphane, buggar'd now? When this  
Condemn'd by Senate but not punish is?

For what's the harme that infamy can doe,

30 The purse (safe? th' exile (y) *Marius* quaffs from two,  
Of th' angry gods he hath a blessing won,

An unjust  
Govern-  
ment.

But thou, victorious Province, art undone.

Are not these, *Horace*, worthy of thy Muse?

Shall I wave these? what should I rather chuse?

35 The Tale of (z) *Diomed*? or (a) *Hercules*?

The (b) *Minotaur*? the (c) boy that in the Seas

The sub-  
jects the  
Wits write  
on.

40 Dy'd fluttring? or the (d) man of Art that flies?

When the adulterers goods, which Law denyes(e)

The Wife should have, are by her husband tooke,

45 The Pimpe her husband, that is taught to looke,

A mercena-  
ry Wittoll  
Up

*The first Satyr of Juvenal.*

- Up at the feeling, and ore's liquor shoves  
 The trick of sleeping with a(f)waking nose. 70
- A Spend-thrift sui-  
 tor for a  
 Regiment. When for a Regiment of foot(g)he stands  
 Whose *stable* hath devour'd his *house* and *lands*,  
 That has not left of's father's wealth to lay  
 One wager, whilst in the (b) *Flaminian* way  
 So flyingly he whirls his Chariot on ; 75  
 Nay when he was the (i) *Boy-Automedon*,  
 He held the raines, and to his mantled Love  
 Brag'd what a Chariot-driver he should prove.  
 Would it not make one Tomes with Saryrs fill  
 In high wayes when that (k) *forger* of the *Will*, 80  
 A voluptu-  
 ous Will-  
 forger. Borne upon six men's shoulders (on both sides  
 The curtaines tuckt up, windowes open) rides  
 Lolling (l) *Mæcenæ*-like ; a blessed Rise,  
 Got by moist wax and parchment in a trice.
- A Lady-  
 Poysoner. Ther's the great Lady that, for *rich Wine*, brought 85  
 Her thifty Husband *poyson*, and hath taught  
 (Subtler (m) *Lacusla*) her rude neighbours how  
 Through *same* and *men* to beare *black corpses* now.  
 Do, *what short* (n) *Giarus* or *chaines* deserves,
- Virtue de-  
 preit and  
 Vice flo-  
 rishing. If thou'lt be made by't : *Virtue's prais'd, but serves.* 90  
 Tis Vice to which their *Palaces* they owe,  
 Faire Gardens, Tables, and that goodly show  
 Of Plate which on those Tables they set up,  
 And Silver Goate that stands without the Cup.  
 For Fathers-in-Law that covetous Daughters keep, 95  
 Men-Brides and loose young Gallants(o), who can sleep ?  
 If

# The first Satyr of Juvenal.

3

If nature will not, scorne a verse indies,  
Such stuffe as I, or (p) *Cluuienus* writes.

*Juvenal's*  
subject is  
the actions  
of men.

E're since (q) *Deucalion* sail'd the showre-swolne flood,  
100 To th' Oracle that on *Parnassus* stood,  
Since in soft stones a warme soule gently flow'd,  
And naked *maides* to men wise *Pyrrha* show'd:  
*What men doe, their hopes, seares, distastes, contents,*  
*Sports, words, this rapsody our Booke presents.*

105 And when was known more fruitfullnesse in Vice?  
When avarice so powerfull? when the dice  
In such request? *nor doe our gamesters lay*  
*Their purses downe, but set their trunks at play.*  
What Battailles their armes-bearing Stewards fight

Avarice  
the cause  
of game-  
ing.

110 You see; and doe you thinke his senses right,  
Can at one throw eight hundred pieces lose,  
Nor paies his shiv'ring man the coate he owes?

Who built so many (r) *villa's*? when was't knowne  
Our Fathers with seven Courses supt alone?

115 A (s) *little Basket* now before the doore  
They set forth, to be scrambled by the Poore.  
But first he viewes your face, for feare you crave  
By some false name, if known, your almes you have.  
Our (t) ancient *Trojans* summon'd are alowd,

Superfu-  
ous Coun-  
try houses  
Rich  
suppers  
without  
guests.  
The *Spor-  
tula* or  
Almesbas-  
ket.  
The Nobil-  
ity of  
*Rome* come  
to the  
*Sportula*.  
Wealth  
contesting  
with Ho-  
nour for  
precedency

120 For they themselves with us the threshold crowd.  
Give to the (v) *Pretor*, give the (w) *Tribune*; hold,  
The (x) Freed-man, I came first, and will be bold  
To keepe my place, why not? though neighbour borne  
Unto *Euphrates*, as these eare-mark's torne,

- Like casements, would confesse, though I deny. 125
- The sum  
that makes  
a Gent. by  
Orbe's law. Five houses worth three thousand pound have I,  
To make a (y) Gentleman what more's requir'd?  
Is not illustrious *Corvinus* (?) hir'd  
To keepe sheepe neere *Laurentum*? I've attain'd,  
More wealth then ere the *freed-man* (a) *Pallas* gain'd; 130  
The (b) *Licini* ne're knew so great a summe;  
Then let the *Tribunes* stay, let wealth o're-come,  
And sacred honour yeeld to him, whose feet  
Chalk'd o're for sale, did first our pavement greet.  
Monies  
divinity For here, to mony's Majesty we yeild 135  
Divine respects; though, satall gold, we build  
To thee no Temples yet, though silver hath  
No Altars like to those of Vertue, Faith,  
Peace, Victory, and (c) Concord that so creakes,  
Great men When to the Storke her nest a welcome speaks. 140  
reckon  
their co- But in their yeares accounts when our great men  
mings in by  
the Sportu- Th' *Almes-basket* summe, what may their (d) Clients then?  
la. Whose old shooes hang here, there a kind of cloake,  
And nothing else ith' house but bread and smoake.  
Cheats put  
upon the Sedan-fulls for these hundred *saribings* throng, 145  
Sportula. Pale or big-belly'd wives are tooke along,  
He beggs for th' absent, a flie tricke, now knowne,  
An empty close-chaire for his wife is showne.  
My *Galla's* here, dispatch her, why dost stay?  
Let's see her? shee sleepest, trouble'r not, I pray. 150  
The day's spent rarely, first th' *Almes-basket's* next,  
The (e) *forum*, (f) Councillour *Apollo* next,

And



# *The first Satyr of Juvenal.*

7

And our *triumphall Marbles*, where I marke,  
One stil'd th' (g) *Egyptian Prince* or th' *Arabarch*.

The statue  
of a Slave  
set up with  
Apollo

125 Of whom I know no more but onely this,

You may against his statue *more* then pisse.

Th'old Clients *my'd* march from their Patrons gate,

Where they long time did for (b) a supper waite ;

But now lay downe that flattering desire,

Ancient  
Requiers  
sent away  
while their  
Lords feast  
alone.

160 Vaine hopes of men ! they must buy *votes* and *fire*.

Meane time their *Prince* hath serv'd up to his board

All rarities the Seas and Woods afford :

On's empty Beds his ease he only takes,

And of so *many* old faire large *Tables*, makes

165 His choice of *one*, to hold his various meates,

And there alone his Patrimony eates :

He'll not allow the *Paradise* a place.

The para-  
dise not ad-  
mitted.

Who can indure a Luxury so base?

Strange Ravin to ingrosse *whole* (i) *Boares*, a beast

170 That onely was created for a feast?

But swift's thy plague, when, swelling and undrest,

Thou bath'st *crude* (k) *peacock* which thou'lt ne're digest.

The end of  
Gluttony.

Thus *youth* untimely, *age* intestate dies,

Newes, nor sad newes, to every table flies,

175 And at these fun'ralls ev'n their (l) angry friends

Applaud the justice of such fearefull ends.

*Posterity* can no new vices frame,

Vice in  
her height.

Our Nephewes will but wisb and all the same.

All sinnes are at their *zenith*. *Muse*, away,

180 Hoyst saile, spread all thy Canvasse. *Poet* stay,

Wher's

Poetics  
freedome  
lost.

Wher's wit to suit the matter? wher's th'old kind

Of writing whatsoever vext the mind?

That *liberty*, whose *name* we scarce dare use?

All's one, if (m) *Marius* cavill, or excuse.

No med-  
ling with  
a living  
favourite.

The dis-  
cription of  
the Christi-  
an martyr-  
dome.

*Touch* (n) *Tigillinus*; and thou shalt expire, 185

*Wraps up in pitch and flax, and sets on fire,*

*Like* (o) those with propt-up throats, that smoaling stand,

Who dragg'd to execution, plough'd the sand.

Whil'st he that poisoned his three unckles, borne

On's pendent couch, thy death shall laugh to scorne. 190

Cave adst.  
Ware the  
Informer.

If he come, lay thy finger o're thy lips,

Th'informers catches the least word that slips.

The dead  
to be writ  
on with se-  
curity.

*Aeneas* thou maicst safely bring to fight

With furious (p) *Turnus*, and move no mans spight;

(q) *Achilles* slaine hurts no one; (r) *Hylas* gone 195

After his broken pitcher, troubles none.

The dan-  
ger of a  
Satyrift,  
that ven-  
tures on  
the times.

But when *Lucilius*, as with brandisht Steele,

Prints his hot fury, be whole spirits fole

Cold guilt, his crimes lay'd open blushing beares,

His conscious entrails sweate; hence rage and teares. 200

These things before the trumpet sounds debate,

The plumed combatant repent too late.

Well then, I'll try what wee of those may say,

*Interr'd* ith' (s) *Latine* and *Flaminian* way.

# ANNOTATIONS

## UPON

### The first Satyr of Juvenal.

(a) Verse 2. Hoarse *Codrus Thebais*] The *Thebais* were Bookes of Chevalry, containing the valiant acts of *Thebes* of *Athens* writ in heroick Verse by the Poet *Codrus*, a tedious reader of them, as appeares by his hoarseness; and a miserable poore man, as you may see by his Inventory, Satyr 3. verse 237.

(b) Verse 4. *Telephus*] The Tragedy of *Telephus*, who (being dangerously hurt in the left thigh by *Achilles*) had this answer from the Oracle, that there was no hope of his recovery but by receiving a new wound in the same place by the same speare, or to procure the rust thereof, which weapon-salve or magnetick application cured him.

(c) Verse 5. *Orestes*] The Tragedy of *Orestes* sonne of *Agamemnon*, who to revenge his fathers death by his mother *Clytemnestra*, punishing her finnes of Adultery and Murder with his sinne of Matricide, 'for which the Furies haunted him.

(d) Verse 8. The Grove of *Mars*] The Grove in *Alba* where the Woolfe gave suck to the two sons of *Mars*, *Romulus* and *Remus*.

(e) Verse 8. *Vulcan's Grotto*] The sulphurous wombe of the Mountaine *Ætna*, where it was believed that *Vulcan* hammered out his thunderbolts, making the sparkes flie into the adjacent Countries.

(f) Verse 9. Th' *Æolian Cliffs*] The *Liparene* Rocks, right against *Ætna* in the *Tyrrhene* sea, where *Æolus* (supposed God of the winds) first arrived, who afterwards reigned in *Syracyle*, one of the *Liparene* Islands.

(g) Verse 10. *Æacus* inflicts] one of the three just infernall Judges, whose office was to see justice executed, *Rhadamanthus*

*manibus* being appointed to make the inquest, and *Mimos* to pronounce sentence.

(b) Verse 10. What Theife ] *Iason*, who assisted by *Medea's* charmes, lay'd the Dragon in a sleep, while he stole the golden Fleece from *Cholchu*.

(i) Verse 12. *Centaures* ] *Thessalians*, who being the first Horse-men were fabled by the *Poets* (or perhaps by the feare of their enemies the *Lapyths*) to be halfe Men, halfe Horses, and to cast young ashes pluckt up by the rootes for Javelins.

(k) Verse 12. *Fronto* ] *Julius Fronto*, a noble Roman, Who in the heate of *August*, when the Poets used to read their workes, accommodated them with shady Walks and marble Galleries.

(l) Verse 15. The *Ferula* ] the triviall exercises of schoole-boyes corrected with the *Ferula*.

(m) Verse 16. Vaine Hortatives ] Rhetoricall Declamations, whose commonest Theme was to advise *Sylla* to lay down the soveraigne power of his *Dictatorship*, and to end his daies in a retired quietnesse.

(n) Verse 21. *Auruncan* ] *Lucilius*, the first *Latin Satyrist*, borne at *Aurunca* a Towne built by *Anson* son of *Ulysses* and *Calypso*, of whom that part of *Italy* where *Beneventum* and *Cales* stood, was called *Aufonia*.

(o) Verse 23. *Mævia* ] a *Roman Amazon* a she Fencer, that on the Stage play'd her prize against the *Tuscan Boares*, which were the fiercest in *Italy*.

(p) Verse 25. By one ] *Cinnamus* the Barber, who was raised to the fortunes of a *Roman* gentleman by the bounty of his Mistris, and afterwards banisht to *Sicily*.

(q) Verse 29. *Crispinus* ] *Nero's* freedman, of whose advancement, and demeanour therein, read the beginning of the fourth Satyr.

(r) Verse 29. Purple Cloake ] Purple of *Tyre*, a colour worne by the *Roman* Gentry and Nobility.

(s) Verse 38. *Matbo* ] One that of a poore Lawyer, by the favour of *Domitian Caesar*, was become a rich informer.

(t) Verse 38. The man ] *Ægnatius Celer* the Stoick, who accused his Pupil *Bareus* as you may see in the third Satyr, verse 139.

(u) Verse

(u) Verse 41. *Messa*] *Messa*, *Carus*, and *Latinus*, were Stage-players, and Informers to *Dominian*, but all of them poore rogues in comparifon of *Agnatius*, as you may fee by *Latinus* his ferious part acted at Court, which was to prefent his own Wife *Thymile* for a bribe to the *Stoick*.

(w) Verse 46. One poore ounce] The Inheritance, by the Civill Law, is divided into twelve parts called ounces; the absolute Heyre to all is called *heres ex affe*, the first named in the Will *Heres prima cere*, a Legatee *heres in ima cere*.

(x) Verse 52. in *Lions*] *Cæfar Caligula* instituted certaine exercifes at *Lions* in *France*, where the best Orator had a royall Donative, which the vanquished were to prefent him or elie to eate their own Orations, or in default of fuch obedience to be drowned.

(y) Verse 58. Th'exile *Marius* Quaffes from two] *Marius Prifcus* Proconfull of *Africa* being complained againft by the *Africans* for his extortion and plaine plundering of them in his government ( for hee ftrip them almoft to their very shirts ) was for his faid infufferable mifdemeanors banifhed *Italy*, and fined at 7000 *Sestercii* to be paid into the Exchequer. The poore *Province*, having this fentence paffed in their behalfe, received no benefit by it; but the condition of *Marius* was much bettered, who went away with a vaft fum of their money, and in his banifhment (according to the cuftome of the barbarous Nations) began his riotous feafting earliyer, drinking from the eight houre, that is, from our two a Clock in the afternoone, which was the houre wherein at *Rome* he ufed onely to go into his Bath to prepare his body for a fupper.

(z) Verse 63. *Diomed*] The Romance of *Diomed* is, that it was his fortune in a Duell with *Aeneas* to wound *Venus*, who was come to affift her fonne: in revenge whereof *Venus* caufed *Aegialia* *Diomed's* Wife to fall in love with *Sthenelus*, who laying an ambufh for her Husband as hee returned from the Siege of *Troy* routed him, his men flying to the Sea, where they found wings, being transformed into Birds.

(a) Verse 63. *Hercules*] The fon of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*, upon whom the twelve famous labours were impofed by his cruell Stepmother *Juno*.

(b) Verf.

(b) Verse 64. The *Minotaur* ] Halfe Man, halfe Bull, the monstrous birth of King *Minos* his Queene *Pasiphae*, who took the Bull in a cow of wood made by the art of *Daedalus*. *Si Grecia vera.*

(c) Verse 64. The boy that in the Seas ] *Icarus*, who fell head-long (his waxen wings being melted with his ambitious flight) and was drowned in the Sea.

(d) Verse 65. The man of Art ] *Daedalus*, who (being with his sonne *Icarus* imprisoned by *Minos* of *Greece* in the same Laborinth where the *Minotaur* was) invented Wings for his own and his sonne's escape, and lighted at *Cuma* in *Italy*, where hee put off his feathers, as you may read in the third Satyr, verse 30,

(e) Verse 66. Law denies ] Adulteresses were by *Domitian* made incapable of inheritance, and of using close Chayres or Sedans.

(f) Verse 70. waking nose ] The Pimpe, perhaps *Larimus*, making as if he snored while *Aegnatus* kist his Wife.

(g) Verse 71. He stands ] *Fuscus*, who having spent all the Estate left him by his noble Ancestors in horse-races, and Chariot-matches, made suite to have a Regiment or Cohort which contained three Maniples, every Manipule two Centuries, every Century one hundred men.

(h) Verse 74. In the *Flaminian* way ] A high-way from *Rome*, where they used to ride their Coach-matches, and by the sides whereof were placed divers urnes and monuments of the *Romans*.

(i) Verse 76. The Boy *Automedon* ] *Automedon* was Coachman to *Achilles*, and when *Fuscus* was but the Boy-*Automedon*, before hee was able to drive a Chariot, yet to shew his love to that art, of which the Ladyes were so enamoured, hee would hold the raines and discourse to his Mistris in the Coach.

(k) Verse 80. Forger of the will ] *Tigellinus*, one of *Domitian's* favourite informers, who poysoned three of his Unckles (as you shall read in the end of this Satyr) and forged Wills wherein he made himselfe Heyre to them all.

(l) Verse 83. *Mecenas*-like ] *Mecenas* was so great a Patron to the Poets, that now his very name signifies a favourer of learning,

learning, and (as it appeares by this allusion) it may likewise signifie a voluptuary.

(m) Verse 87. *Locusta* ] A woman so expert in the art of imppoysoning, that being chid by *Nero* for dealing gently with *Britanicus*, shee gave him a dose that killed him at Supper, before the Boule wherein hee dranke it was taken from his hand.

(n) Verse 89. *Gyarus* ] One of the narrowest of the *Cyclades* Islands, in the *Aegean* Sea, to which the *Romans* used to banish their greatest Delinquents.

(o) Verse 94. *Gallants* ] The young Nobility of *Rome*, called *Prætextati* of the *Prætexta* (or gown imbrodered about with gards of purple filke) whereof untill they were devested they could not be araigned by Law.

(p) Verse 96. *Cluviens* ] an unlearned Poet, contemporary with the Authour.

(q) Verse 97. E're since *Deucalion* ] Ever since the beginning of the world after *Deucalion's* Flood, when landing on the top of the Mountaine *Parnassus* his Wife *Pyrrha* was advised by the Oracle of *Themis* to cast stones over her shoulder for the restoring of mankind.

(r) Verse 111. *Villa's* ] Country-houses.

(s) Verse 113. A little Basket ] The *Sportula* or little Basket sometimes contained only money, as in this place, and then the Patron was at the cost of one hundred farthings to entertaine his Clyents, and sometimes the *Sportula* was enlarged into a pannier wherein there was meat for a hundred Clyents, as you may read in the third Satyr, vers. 289.

(t) Verse 117. Our ancient *Trojans* ] The old *Romans*, derived their Pedigrees from *Trojan Aeneas*.

(u) Verse 119. The *Prætor* ] an Officer in the nature of our chiefe Justice.

(w) Verse 119. The Tribune ] The *Tribunes* of the people from the number of *two* in their first institution, afterwards increased to ten; they were Protectors of the people, they sat at the doore of the Senate, they were the grand Jury to informe the Lords; no act could passe unlessse they subscribed it with a T; but they themselves had not authority to make an act, notwithstanding in proesse of time they usurped such a power.

(x) Vers.



(x) Verse 120. The freedman's first] These are the words of *Crispinus*, or of some other freed-man borne either in *Cappadocia*, *Mesopotamia*, *Assyria*, or *Arabia*, for the River *Euphrates* runs through all those Countries.

(y) Verse 125. To make a Gentleman] foure hundred *Sestertia* or 3125 l. or thereabout, was the *cenſus equeſtris*, or eſtate of a Gentleman of *Rome*; a freed-man that had ſo much might challenge all the priviledges belonging to the *Gentry*; and a Gentleman that had leſſe, could not legally ſo much as ſit on the Benches and Cuſhions in the *Circus* or great Show-place, as you ſee in the third Satyr, verſ. 183.

(z) Verse 126. *Corvinus*] A Gentleman of the Noble Family of the *Corvini* grown ſo extreemly poore, that he was inforced to be a Shepheard's man neere to the Towne of *Laurentum*, in his own native Climate.

(a) Verse 128. *Pallas*] The wealthy freed-man of *Claudius Ceſar*.

(b) Verse 129. The *Licini*] *Licinus* (freed-man to *Auguſtus*) having *Galla* given him for his Province, extorted an infinite maſſe of money out of the *French*. It ſeemes there were more rich freed-men of that name.

(c) Verse 137. Concord that ſo creakes] There was a Storkes neſt in the Temple of *Concord*, where ſtill when the old Bird returned to feed her young ones, they opened their harſh ill-ſounding throates to entertaine her.

(d) Verse 140. Their Clients] The Clients had relation to ſome of the Nobility as their Patrons. The Patron was obliged in honour to protect his Client; the Client, beſides his attendaunce in publike, was bound by Law to contribute towards their Patrons Aſſeſſments, and the Marriages of his Daughters, and if any Client was proved to be unfaithfull to his Patron, to informe, depole, or give his vote againſt him, or for his enemy, hee was for ſuch Treason devoted to the infernall Gods, or accuſed by the Prielt, and out-law'd by the Judge, ſo that it was lawfull for any man to kill him.

(e) Verse. 150. The *Forum*] Where the Hall and Courts of Juſtice were, whether the Client waited upon his Patron.

(f) Verſ. 150.



(f) Verse 150. Councellour *Apollo*] Neer to whose Temple the Judges sate.

(g) Verse 152. Th' *Egyptian* Prince or th' *Arabarch*] among the monuments of the noble *Romans* was placed the Statue of the aforesaid *Canopian* slave *Crispinus* inscribed *Arabarch* or Prince of the *Arabians*.

(h) Verse 156. For a Supper] The Supper anciently bestowed upon the Clients was called a plaine Supper, or *Cena recta*, to distinguish it from their Patrons, *Cena dubia*, or doubtful supper, where was such choice of dishes as made the guest a skeptick at his meat, *doubting* where to begin.

(i) Verse 167. Whole Boares] The first that brought up this fashion of having Boares served whole to the table was *P. Servilius Rullus*.

(k) Verse 170. Crude Peacocke] The Peacocks flesh (if we beleave the authority of Saint *Augustine*) putrefieth not at all; no marvell therefore if it were raw upon the gluttons stomach when he went into his bath againe to prepare himselfe for another meale. *Hortensius* the Augur first brought Peacock in estimation at the *Roman* feasts.

(l) Verse 173. Their angry friends] they could not chuse but be vext at the losse of the Legacies they might have had, if their friends *gluttony* had suffered them to make their will.

(m) Verse 182. *Murinus*] A poore knave, persecuted by *Lucilius* in his *Satyrs*.

(n) Verse 183. *Tigellinus*] A Favourite to the Emperour *Domitian*, that made himselfe heyre to three of his Unckles by forging of their Wills as aforesaid.

(o) Verse 185. Like those] *Christians*, of whose bodies *Nero* made bonafires, using them as he had done *Rome*, whose setting on fire he charged them withall.

(p) Verse 192. *Turnus*] The Generall of the *Rusilians*, who fought a single combate with *Aeneas*, and was intraged with his owne Patronesse *Iuno*, because she tooke him away, and would not suffer him to make an end.

(q) Verse 193. *Achilles* slaine hurts no one] who before *Paris* shot him in the heele, was so terrible to the *Trojans*, and so vexatious even to *Agamemnon* himselfe.

(r) Verse

(?) Verse 193. *Hylas*] A delicate boy, favourite to *Hercules*, who sending him to fetch fresh water from the river *Asestus*, the poore Boy's pitcher broke into the stream, and drew him after it, where he was drowned.

(1) Verse 202. *Latin and Flaminian way*] High wayes neere *Rome* full of Monuments of the deceased as afore-  
said.

(2) Verse 203. *Whole Nation*] The whole Nation of *Rome* being so full of Monuments of the deceased as afore-  
said.

(3) Verse 204. *Whole Nation*] The whole Nation of *Rome* being so full of Monuments of the deceased as afore-  
said.

\*\*\*\*\*

(4) Verse 205. *Whole Nation*] The whole Nation of *Rome* being so full of Monuments of the deceased as afore-  
said.

THE

(5) Verse 206. *Whole Nation*] The whole Nation of *Rome* being so full of Monuments of the deceased as afore-  
said.

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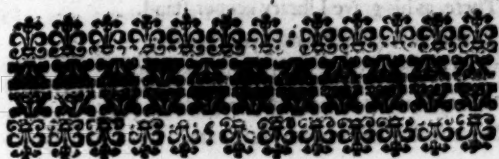
(6) Verse 207. *Whole Nation*] The whole Nation of *Rome* being so full of Monuments of the deceased as afore-  
said.

(7) Verse 208. *Whole Nation*] The whole Nation of *Rome* being so full of Monuments of the deceased as afore-  
said.

(8) Verse 209. *Whole Nation*] The whole Nation of *Rome* being so full of Monuments of the deceased as afore-  
said.

(9) Verse 210. *Whole Nation*] The whole Nation of *Rome* being so full of Monuments of the deceased as afore-  
said.

(10) Verse 211. *Whole Nation*] The whole Nation of *Rome* being so full of Monuments of the deceased as afore-  
said.



## The second Satyr of JUVENAL.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Men are not what their looks averre,  
 Ther's vice itb' grave Philosopher.  
 The Judge the bench'es honour stains,  
 The Priest his holy rites prophanes.  
 The armed Generall paints his face:  
 The nobly-borne foule acts debase.  
 The cause is, none but Children now  
 A Hell for wicked soules allow.*



Eyond (a) *Sarmatia*, and the (b) frozen sea,  
 My self I hence could willingly convey.

Upon our manners when their boldnes call, Hypocrite-  
reformers.

That *speake* like (c) *Curii*, live like (e) *Bacchanals*.

Th' *unlearn'd* first, though (f) *Crysis* statues be

In all their studies, for a rare man's he

Th' effigies of (g) *Pittacus* can get,

Or purchase (h) *Aristotle's* Counterfeit.

Philoso-  
phers pi-  
ctures stu-  
died, not  
their books

And bids (i) *Chambers*, drawne by a master's hand,  
There, as his grave Library keeper stand.

10

*No trust to faces.* For what street but fills  
With reverend vices? thou rebuk'st our ills,  
When thou thy selfe art knowne to be so right,  
So perfect a (k) *Socraticke* Caramite.

Indeed, rough hairy limbs and armes that beare  
Such stiffened bristles, promise minds severe.

15

But from their smooth posteriors when he files

Short haire  
worne by  
pretended  
gravity.

Th' unnaturall tumours off, the Surgion smiles.

They dote on silence, seldome speake; and haire

Shorter then that upon their eye-browes, weare:

20

A simple  
knife com-  
pared with  
a politick.

More truth and candour (l) *Peribonius* shoves,

He whose debauchter face and *miene* disclose

His mind's diseases; doubtlesse 'tis his *face*,

I his *simplicity* commiserate,

Meere *madnesse* pleades in his excuse. But them

25

As farre the baser persons, I condemne,

That vice, with words like (m) *Hercules* assaile,

And magnifying vertue, wagge the taile.

Shall I, defam'd (n) *Varillus* sayes, feare thee,

Great *Sextus*? wherein dost thou better me?

30

*Let him that up'right goes the lame deride,*

*The sayre the Ethiop.* But who can abide

The (o) *Gracchi* a sedition should decry?

Who'd not mix heav'n and earth, the sea and sky,

If (p) *Milo* should dislike a murderer,

35

*Verres* a theife, (q) *Clodius* a whore-master,

(r) *Cariline* treason in *Cethegus* blame,

(s) *Sylla's* three schollers 'gainst his acts declame?

What

# The second Satyr of Juvenal.

19

What foule incestuous coupling (1) *one* contriv'd,

*Domitian  
Cesar  
revives  
the law a-  
gainst adul-  
tery when  
himselfe  
liv'd in lu-  
cifer.*

Of late, and then that (2) bitter *law* reviv'd,

That all men, nay, ev'n *Mars* and *Venus* scarr'd :

Whil'st with *abortives* the poore *Julia* marr'd

Her fruitfull wombe, and lumps of flesh thence teem'd,

That ev'n the pictures of her *unkle* seem'd.

Such *fainted Scauri* who but well may slight,

Though ne're so bad, and rated turne and bite?

Wher's now the *Julian* law a sow'r fir cry'd;

Sleeps it? (x) *Laronia* with a smile reply'd,

Blest times, that make thee *Censor*, chastly giv'n

*A woman  
reproves  
the effemi-  
nate Phi-  
losophers.*

*Rome* now'll be, a third *Caio's* dropt from Heav'n.

Th' oyle that perfumes thy *hairy necke*, lets know

Where it was bought; blush not, thy *druggist* show.

But if you *wake* the *statutes*, reinforce

The (y) Law *Scantinian*, note *men*, they doe worse.

But number *their* *Batalia* defends

And close-joyn'd *sheilds*: loose *livers* are fast friends,

Our sex hath none of your detested tricks,

*Tedia*, *Cluvia*, *Flora*, never licks

*Carulla*. Hisp<sup>r</sup> passive pleasure knowes,

And pale with doing and with suffering growes.

Doe *wee* plead? study *wee* your *Civill Lawes*?

Shake *wee* your *Courts* with bauling in a cause?

Some *few* of us eate *diet-bread*, some *sence*,

You spin wooll, and in baskets carry thence

Your worke; you from the pregnant spindle twine

Threads nimbler then (z) *Arachne*, and more fine

Then chaste (a) *Penelope*, or she that spins,

Shiv'ring i'th' stocks, a' penance for her sins.

*The Ro-  
man Sardi-  
napoli, men  
womaniz-  
zed.*

Virious fe-  
crefy re-  
warded.

'Tis known, why *Hister* made's *freed-man* his Heyre,  
And living gave his *Wife* so large a share.

70

*She's rich that lies third in a great mans bed.*

*Silence earne's jewells; hold thy peace and wed.*

Yet for a law, that's death to us, you moue.

*Censure acquits the Crow, condemnes the Dove.*

Sham'd by *Laronia* our *sofi Stoick* fly,

75

For what deliver'd she they could deny?

A Femi-  
nine Judge  
passing sen-  
tence upon  
wenches.

But what in others can deform'd appeare?

When thou, grave *Judge*, dost mingled *sarcenes* weare,

Nay sitt'st in those thin filks, amazing *Rome*,

And dost our *(b) Procula's* and *Pollinea's* doome?

80

*Fabulla* will the deed you wot of doe,

Let her be punisht for't; *Carfinia* too;

Against her be, what e're thou wilt, decreed,

She will not, though condemn'd, weare such a weed:

But *Iuly's* hot, I sweate; then naked go,

85

For madnesse will not halfe disgrace thee so.

His wan-  
ron robe  
condemn'd  
from the  
gravity of  
the ancient  
Romans.

This robe had our *(c) victorious Fathers* seene

Thee passing lawes in, when their wounds were greene,

Or had our Mounrainers beheld it, how (plough?

Would they have hear'd thee, when they came from 90

Heav'n, that a *Judge* should such a Robe invest?

Wer't handsome if a *Winnesse* were so drest?

Thou *(d) Cretan master* that *free lawes* hast taught,

Th'art growne *transparent*, this disease th'hast caught,

And others will, as where our *pastures* lie,

95

If one *sheep's* rotten the whole flock will dye;

As swine th' *insellious meazles* cannot scape,

And that *grape* rots that sees a tainted *grape*.

This

# The second Satyr of Juvenal.

21

This shamelesse habit will not be the worst,

100 In time ; *none ever was stark naught as first.*

(e) One of those *Priests* thoul't by degrees become,  
That in long fillets bind their haire at home,  
Be-jewell all their necks, and with a great  
Full goblet and a young sow's paunch, intreat

The pro-  
greffe and  
degrees in  
sinning.

Priests  
drest up  
like Curti-  
zans.

105 The goddesse *Bona*, an unusuall way.

No *female* th'altars of this goddesse may  
Approach, to men they only open lye,  
You prophane women get you gone, they crye;  
None sounds a Call with her lowd eornet here.

110 At *Athens*, such the *Baptists* Orgyes were,

When they their secret torches did advance,  
And tir'd-out their *Cotistus* with a dance.

The sect of  
the Dippers

He with a black and oblique pencill dyes  
His eye-browes, lifting up his trembling eyes;

115 He wine out of a glasse-*Priapus* swills ;

~~That~~ he a gold-cawle with huge long tresses fills ;  
Sky-coulour'd sheild-worke, or white fartin weares,  
And by his master's (f) *Juno* his man sweares.

He holds that mirrour pathick (g) *Otho* bore,

A Woma-  
nish Gene-  
rall descri-  
bed.

120 (h) (*Astor Aruncus*'s spoiles) which when he wore

His *armes* he view'd himselfe in, when he gave  
The Battail's signall, and bad th'Ensignes wave :  
A gallant subject, for new Annals fit,

And should in our time's History be writ.

125 A looking-glasse did lead the Genrall's carre,

And was the baggage of a Civill warre.

Oh 'twas done like a Generall, was it not ?

And a true Roman, (i) *Galba*'s death to plot,

I'th (k) *Bebriacke Field* to hope with spoyles to grace

The *Capitol*, to grease and paint the face?

130

Which proud (l) *Semiramis*, when shee put on

Her *Quiver*, would not doe at *Babylon*.

Nor did the pensive (m) *Cleopatra* dippe

Her *Pencill*, when aboard her *Asian* shippe.

The chiefe  
Priest of  
Cybell an  
Epicure.

(n) Here's lewd discourie, at Table no respect,

135

Foule *Phrygian* talke, the lisping dialect

Taught by th'old white-hair'd man, of speciall note

For his so spacious and authentick throat,

The chiefe-Priest, by celestiall pow'rs inspir'd,

A master for the *Gusto* to be hir'd.

140

Why doe not these with *Phrygian razours* take

That flesh away of which no use they make?

A Piper, or a Trumpeter, had fowre

The Pro-  
digy of a  
Nobleman  
married as  
a Wife to  
a Piper.

Hundred sestertia for (o) *Gracchus* Dower:

Deeds were drawn, joy giv'n, a great Supper made,

145

The *Bride* was in his Bridegroom's bosome layd.

You Lords of *Rome*, do we the (p) *Censor* need,

Or the (q) *Aruspex*? these strange sights exceed

All monsters, though a woman should be damme

Unto a Calfe, or (r) a Cow calve a Lambe.

150

He who the sacred shields th' (s) *Ancilia* bore

By unseen thongs, toying and sweating sore,

Weares a fring'd *pesticote* and flame-colour'd veyle.

O god of War! how did these crimes assaile

The *Latian* shepherds? how (t) *Rome's father*, sprung,

155

These nettles up that have thy children stung?

Behold a man, great both in wealth and birth,

*Martyr's* a man; yet thou into the Earth

Ruast



Runst not thy speare, nor thy plum'd helmet shak'st,  
160 Nor a complaint unto thy *father* mak'st.

Goe then, and to some other pow'r Divine  
Those dreadfull(u) fields, which thou neglect'st, assigne,  
To morrow morning early, on my friend  
I in(w) *Quirinus* vally must attend.

165 Why thither? cannot your own guesse decide  
That question? *my he-friend's to be a Bride.*  
They bid few now, but to the World they'l give  
Notice, and hav't recorded, if they live.  
Meane time, the *female's* troubled much, she can

170 No *issue* have so to oblige the man.  
But 'tis well nature pow'r to th'minde denies  
The body to transforme. She barren dyes;  
Swolne(x) *Lide's* salve-box helps not, nor to stand  
Where th'active(y) *Luperci* may clap her hand.

175 (?) More monstrous Fencer *Gracchus* did appeare,  
In's cassock, arm'd with his three-forked speare,  
And view'd the lists round, as he fled the chace;  
Borne nobler, then the whole(a) *Capitolin* race,  
(b) *Marcelli*, (c) *Caruli*, the (d) *Fabian* name,

A Lord  
turnes  
common  
Fencer.

180 Those who their pedigree from (e) *Paulus* claime,  
And all that from the scaffolds saw the sport  
He made, not bating(f) him that paid him for't.

That there be ghosts and regions under-ground,  
And th'oare, and black Toades in the(g) *Strygian* Sound,  
185 And thousands row'd in one boat; finds not faith  
With *boyes*, but such as(h) pay not for their Bath.  
*Believe thou.* What(i) *Camillus*, what *now* knowes  
(k) *Fabricius*, (l) *Curius*, (m) both the *Scipio's*,

Hell not  
beleev'd in,  
but onely  
by very  
little chil-  
dren,

Yet Juvenal ex-  
horts the  
living to  
believe in  
another  
World  
which the  
dead now  
know.

The Con-  
querers  
teach de-  
bauchery  
to the van-  
quish't.

The edu-  
cation of  
strangers  
children in  
Rome.

The(u) Legion that fell upon the traine

At *Cremera*, the(o) youth at *Canna* slaine,

Soules of so many Battailes? Ever when

Our Ghostes descend, the spirits of these men

Would(p) purifie themselves, if they could get

Sulphur and torches, and a lawrell wet.

To them alas we wretches go. We boast

Our conquests, strecht beyond the *Irish* coast

And th'(q) *Orcades* now ours by Marriall right,

And *Brittaine*, pleas'd with very little night.

Yet, what by us, the conquerours, is done,

The vanquish't scorne: (r) *Zalates* only, one

Of those *Armenian* youths, more lewd (they say)

Then all ours, to the Tribune's flame gave way.

See what acquaintance does! he came to *Rome*,

A Hostage, herther boyes for breeding come,

And had these stay'd, they all had lovers tooke,

Their country cloths, whips, bridles, knives forsooke.

Thus back to their(s) *Artaxata* they beare

The manners of the loose young Gallants here.

190

195

200

205

ANNO-



# ANNOTATIONS UPON.

## *The second Satyr of Juvenal.*

(a) Verse 1. *Sarmatia*] A vast tract of the earth anciently called *Scythia*, part in *Europe* and part in *Asia*, it contained *Poland*, *Russia*, *Muscovia*, and *Tartary*; the *Sarmatians* (or as *Juvenal* calls them, the *Sauromatians*) being in his time held to be the farthest people Northward, as the *Garamantes* were esteemed the farthest Southward.

(b) Verse 1. *Frozen Sea*] The North Sea, where the *Hollanders* have discovered *Nova Zembla*.

(c) Verse 4. *Curii*] *Marcus Curius* (one of the temperate Family of the *Curii*) triumphed over the *Sabines*, *Sammites*, and *Lucanians*, &c. beate *Pyrrhus* out of *Italy*. To instance how great his moderation was, when Embassadors from the *Sammites* found his Table covered by the fire side furnished with earthen dishes, and himselfe roasting rootes for his supper, and offered him (being in that poore condition) a great sum of money, he refused it, assuring them that he had rather still eate in Earth, and command them that were served in Gold.

(e) Verse 4. *Bacchanals*] The assembly at the *Bacchanals*, or those barbarous feasts of *Bacchus*, where it was death to be virtuous, they that refused to sacrifice to lust, being themselves made sacrifices to fury.

(f) Vers. 5. *Chrysippus*] Schollar to the Stoicks *Zeno* and *Cleanthes*, so great a Logician that it grew into a Poverbe, if the Gods would study Legick they would read *Chrysippus*.

(g) Verse 7. *Pisacus*] One of the seven Sages of *Greece*, who having seven yeares bin absolute Governour of his Countrey *Mihylene*, willingly resigned his authority.

(b) Verse 8. *Aristotle*] Prince of Philosophers, Tutor to *Alexander* the great.

(i) Vers. 9.

(i) Verse 9. *Cleanthes* ] A famous Stoick, who was so poore when he went to schoole to *Zeno*, that necessity inforced him to worke by night, to keepe himselfe from hunger and scorne in the day time.

(k) Verse 14. *Socraticke* Catamite ] *Socrates* Tutour to *Alcibiades* did not only read vertue to his Pupill, but was shrewdly suspected to have practised vice with him.

(l) Verse 21. *Peribonim* ] The *Archigallus*, or chiefe Priest of the *Pbrygian* Goddesse *Cybele*, who uttered his wanton discourses publikely at the Table, where hee showed his cunning pallat, as you shall have it in his description in this Saryr, verse 135.

(m) Verse 27. *Hercules* ] The Authour refers to the Dialogue where *Xenophon* brings in Virtue and Vice arguing with *Hercules*, who confutes this Monster with Arguments, as he had done others with his Club.

(n) Verse 29. *Varillus* ] An infamous poore Man, who is censured by *Sextus* a wicked rich man.

(o) Verse 33. *Gracchi* ] *Tiberius* and *Caius Gracchus*, those two seditious Tribunes of the people (sons to that excellent patterne of modesty *Cornelia*) both slaine in the commotions which they themselves had raised in the State of *Rome*.

(p) Verse 35. *Milo* ] A murderer, though eloquently excused and acquitted by *Cicero*; that in another of his Orations made *Verres* famous for his theft, who robbed not one man, not one City, but his whole Province of *Sicily*.

(q) Verse 36. *Clodius* ] That impudent and sacrilegious adulterer, who came disguised like a singing-woman to meet *Cæsars* Wife at the solemnity of the Goddesse *Bona*, where it was not lawfull for any but women to be present. See the sixth Saryr, He married his own Neece, injoyed three Sisters, and corrupted *Marcella* the daughter of that religious Pontifex *Maximus* who lost his eyes with his zealous care to preserve the *Palladium* or wooden image of *Minerva*, when her Temple was on fire.

(r) Verse 37. *Catiline* ] *Salust* writes the History of *Catiline* at large, who conspired against the Republick with *Lemulus*, *Catagus*, &c.

(s) Verse 38. *Sylla's* three schollars ] The *Triumviri*, *Cæsar*, *Anthony*, and *Lepidus*, who made an Association, imitating *Sylla's* bloody acts of Proscription, wherein so many of

the *Roman Nobility & Gentry* were marked out for slaughter.

(i) Verse 39. One contriv'd ] *Domitian Cæsar*, who kept his Neece *Julia* ( the daughter of his noble brother *Titus* ) and inforced her to take so many receipts to make her part with her conception , that at last what was meant to preserve destroyed her.

(u) Verse 40. That bitter Law ] The *Julian Law*, by which *Adultery* was made death, preferred by *Julius Cæsar*, and revived by *Domitian*, whilst he himselfe lived in incest with his Neece ; a Law not only terrible to Men, but that would have affrighted a God and Goddesse, if *Vulcan* might have pleaded it, when he took *Mars* and *Venus* in his Net.

(w) Verse 45. *Scauri* ] *Marcus Scaurus* was thrice Prince of the Senate and twice Censor, so that hee might by his place correct abuses in manners.

(x) Verse 48. *Laronia* ] A rich wanton Lady of *Rome*, who tells this rigid Philosopher, that *Cato* the Censor by his office, and his Nephew the Censor by his exemplary life, being both laid in the earth, it seems there is a third *Cato* come from Heaven ; meaning this censorious Stoick ; by the by, she takes notice that he weares a perfume, and asks where he had it, that she might buy at the same shop, it being as proper for her soft sex, as contrary to his severe profession..

(y) Verse 74. The Law *Scantinian* ] *C. Scantinius* being accused by *C. Marcellus* for offering to ravish his Son ; a Law passed in Senate, that set a fine of 10000 HS upon the like attempt, and in default of payment made it death.

(z, Verse 66. *Arachne* ] A maid of *Lydia*, that challenged *Pallas* to weave with her, for which presumption, the victorious Goddesse transformed her into a Spider , that is still weaving to no purpose.

(a) Verse 67. *Penelope* ] The chaste wife of *Ulysses*, who, to put off her Suitors (that grew importunate in the long absence of her Husband at the Siege of *Troy* ) promised them, that when she had finished a piece then in the loom, she would resolve upon a second Marriage, and present it to him shee would make choyce of ; but shee unwove by night what by day she had woven, till her Husband's returne decided the controversie.

(b) Verse 80. *Procula* ] *Procula*, *Pollinea*, *Fabulla*, *Corsinia*, were the names of *Roman* Curtizans.

(c) Verse 87. Our victorious Fathers ] The old *Romans*, whose richest apparrell was their wounds, their strongest fortifications the Mountaines; and their healthfullest exercise the Plough; with what indignation would they have beheld the more then strumpet-like impudence of these sarfenet Judges.

(d) Verse 93. *Cretan Master* ] The just Judge *Minos* was a *Cretan*.

(e) Verse 101. One of those Priests ] Which gave out that they sacrificed to the *Roman* Goddesse *Bona*, or good Goddesse, when indeed they used quite *contrary* ceremonies; for there men were forbid to come here no woman was admitted, there they were called by the sound of a Cornet, here by the silent lifting up of a Torch: in this they agreed that a young Sow was sacrificed by both; which was a victim likewise offered to the *Arbenian* Goddesse *Corytus* by the *Baptists* or Dippers, the very parallels to these effeminate Separatists.

(f) Verse 118. His Master's *Juno* ] A man used to make protestation by his *Genius*, a woman by her *Juno*.

(g) Verse 119. *Otho* ] The effeminate successour to the Emperour *Galba*.

(h) Verse 120. *Astor Aruncus* spoiles ] A massy Speare that *Turnus* in *Virgil* won in fight from the great Souldier *Astor Aruncus*, which was not greater for a Speare then *Otho's* Trophy was for a Looking-glassie.

(i) Verse 128. *Galba's* death ] *Galba* being a very old man, was slaine in *Rome* by his owne tumultuary Souldiers at the instigation of *Otho*.

(k) Verse 129. I'th' *Bebriacke* Field ] Where *Otho* was overthrown by *Vitellius*..

(l) Verse 131. *Semiramis* ] That manly spirited Queene of *Assyria*, in the day of battaile when she put on her Armes, painted not her selfe as *Otho* did, though she was so lustfull as to make love to a horse.

(m) Verse 133. *Cleopatra* ] Who at the Battaille of *Aelium* had reason to make her selfe handsome, when *Marc. Anthony* ventured halfe the world to fight for her.

(n) Verse 135. Here's lewd discourse ] Betwixt *Periboninus* and his schollers that imitated him in all things but the using of *Phrygian* Razours, viz. Fish-shels to geld themselves withall.

(o) Verse 144. For *Gracchus* Dower ] A Gentleman (or rather a Prodigy) of that noble Family of the *Gracchi* married himselfe as a Bride to a Trumpeter, and brought him for a Dower or Portion 400 *Sesteria*, (that is) about 3125 pound being the *cenſus equeſtris*, or legall estate of a Gentleman of *Rome*.

(p) Verse 147. *Cenſor* ) Who was inabled by his office to puniſh faults of manners even in the Nobility.

(q) Verse 148. *Arufpex* ] A Priest that foretold things to come by beholding the entrailles of ſacrificed Beaſts, part of whoſe duty was to purge the place which had bin contaminated with any monſtrous birth.

(r) Verse 150. A Cow calve a Lambe ] here *calve* is the proper action of the Cow in bringing forth a Lambe; but in the precedent verſe, *Damne* is the denomination which the woman receives after ſhee hath brought forth a *Calfe*, I explaine herein, leſt my Reader referring both words to the ſame action, I might be thought to tranſgreſſe againſt the Rules of proportion.

(s) Verse 151. The ſacred Shields th' *Ancilia* ] The *Ancile* was a brazen Shield round at both ends, and halfe-moon'd at the ſides, which in *Numa's* Reigne (when miracles were frequent at *Rome*) fell downe from Heaven at the ceaſing of the Plague, a voyce being heard (out of the Cloud from whence it dropt) that promiſed health to *Rome* ſo long as that *Ancile* ſhould be kept ſafe, whereupon *Mamurius* was commanded by *Numa* to make eleven more ſuch Shields, which he did, and made them all ſo like the firſt, as they were indiftinguiſhable; theſe twelve *Ancilia* were delivered to the cuſtody of twelve Priests of *Mars* (one of whoſe Colledge this *Gracchus* was, before he was married to the Trumpeter) called *Salian* or dancing Priests, becauſe their cuſtome was to dance when they carried the *Ancilia*.

(t) Verse 155. *Rome's* Father ] *Mars*, ſtilled father of *Rome* by conſequence, as being Father of the founder of *Rome*, *Romulus*, who was bred among the Shepherds, and whoſe Poſterity in his right are here named *Latian* Shepheards, and his Pallace is called the old ſheep-coat *Sar. 6.*

(u) Verse 162. Thoſe dreadfull Fields ] *Campus Martius* : a large circuit of ground neere the River of *Tiber*, beſtowed on the people of *Rome* by *Caia Tarracia* a *Viſſall Virgin*,

and



and taken from them by *Tarquinius Superbus* for his owne use; but after his expulsion restored againe to the first purpose; for which it was dedicated to *Mars*, to exercise the *Roman Militia*, and to be (as *Strabo* calls it) *Romes* great Schoole of Warre.

(w) Verse 164. *Quirinus* vally] The vally of *Romulus*, who after he was Deified, was called, and pray'd to by the name of *Quirinus*.

(x) Verse 173. Swolne *Lide's* salve-box] A charme against barrennesse, worne by the superstitious *Roman* women, and sold by those quack-salving goships of *Lidia*. About the understanding of this word *Lide* there have been great controversies amongst the Criticks; *Junius* will have *Lide* to be the *Lidian* mayd *Arachne*, and so to signifie a Spider, which (the Naturalists say) if it be worne about a woman, will make her fruitfull; *Politianus* will have *Lide* to signifie one of those *Lidian* women that went about *Rome* to sell Receipts to the Ladyes. Now doe but suppose this Spider of *Junius*, to be put in *Politianus* salve-box, & to feed upon the unguent that imbalanced the inside thereof (as those Spiders doe that at this day are worne in baggs or walnut-shells against a Tertian Ague) and then either interpretation of *Lide* may stand good, and so the Spider may be sold for a charm against barrennesse by the *Lidian* women, that should best know her nature who was their country-woman, and consequently the two Criticks are reconciled, without the learned scruple, that if *Lide* had signified a Spider, *condita* must then have been the nominative case, and so the verse have wanted the true quantities. And thus much shall suffice for criticismes of Interpreters.

(y) Verse 174. Th'active *Lupercals*] Two young Gentlemen, which at the *Lupercals*, or feast of *Pan* had their foreheads smeared with the blood of two sacrificed Goats, which was presently dried up againe in their wooll dipped in their milke, then they cut the Goats skins into thongs; and ranne (as far as modesty suffered) naked through the streets, striking whomsoever they met of either sex. The barren women standing purposely in their way, in hope to be made fruitfull by their blowes.

(z) Verse 172. More monstrous] Another of that great House of the *Gracchi*; who turned a common fencer, and came upon the stage in a blew coate, as a *Restarius*, or Net-

bearer,



bearer, so named from a kind of floate Net, which he carried in his hand ayming to cast it about the head of the *Sequutor*, or pursuer, who played against him, and prest upon him with a Sword and Target; the *Retiarius*, if he missed his draught, still flying till he could recover and put his Net into a posture of offence: in the meane time defending himselfe with a three forked Speare.

(a) Verse 178. *Capitolin race*] The posterity of *Marcus Manlius* surnamed *Capitolinus*, because he advised to man the *Capitol* after the enemy had taken *Rome*.

(b) Verse 179. *Marcelli*] *Marc. Marcellus* in a single combat slew the Generall of the *Gaules*, tooke *Syracusa* in *Sicily*, was five times Consull, and at last perished by one of *Hanibal's* stratagems: another *Marcellus* first made *Rome* understand that *Hanibal* was not invincible.

(c) Verse 179. *Catuli*] *Q. Lucretius Catulus* (who ennobled this House of the *Catuli*) with a Fleet of three hundred *Roman* Ships, had the day of six hundred Saile of *Carthaginians*, and put an end to the first *Punic* war.

(d) Verse 179. The *Fabian* name] Of which name three hundred and six, under the conduct of the Consul *Fabius* were all slaine together, by an Ambush layd by the *Veians* at the River of *Cremeta*.

(e) Verse 180. From *Paulus*] *Paulus Æmilius* the Consul slaine at the fatall battell of *Cannæ* in *Apulia*.

(f) Verse 182. Not baring him] The Tribune, that hired this *Gracchus* to venture his life thus ignobly upon a Stage.

(g) Verse 184. The *Stygian* Sound] The River of *Styx* over which *Charon* (with the Oare here mentioned) ferries millions of soules together at one Fare.

(h) Verse 186. Pay not for their Bath] No Boyes at *Rome* were exempted from paying for their Bath, but such as were not foure yeares old, and it appears that none but such did beleive the punishment of Soules in the next world.

(i) Verse 187. *Camillus*] *Furius Camillus*, who conquered the *Falisci*, overthrew the *Gaules*, and was of so known integrity, that he was chosen Dictatour in his absence.

(k) Verse 188. *Fabricius*] Read his nobler Character in *Valerius Maximus*.

(l) Verse 188. *Curius*] Of whom in the beginning of this Satyr.

(m) Verse

(m) Verse 188. Both the *Scipio's*] These two thunderbolts that from their victories in *Asia* and *Africa*, bore the Surnames of *Asian* and *African*.

(n) Verse 189. The Legion] The three hundred and six *Fabians* aforementioned.

(o) Verse 190. The Youth at *Canna*] The flower of all the *Roman* Militia, upon whom the *Carthaginians* at the battaile of *Canna* did execution so long, till *Hannibal* himselfe cryed out, *Souldiers no more blood*.

(p) Verse 193. Purifie themselves] The *Aruspex* when he purified a place defiled with monsters, used a Torch and Sulphure with water, and a Laurell sprinkle.

(q) Verse 197. Th'*Orcades*] *Claudius Caesar* added the Islands of the *Orcades* to the *Roman* Empire.

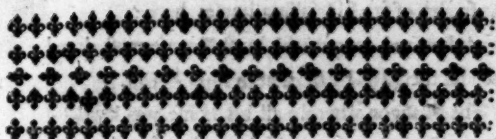
(r) Verse 200. *Zalates*] One of the *Armenian* Children sent hostage to *Rome*, and there debauched by the Tribune, who had the custody and breeding of him.

(s) Verse 207. *Artaxata*] A City in *Armenia* neer the River of *Araxes*.



ANNO-





## *The third Satyr of JUVENAL.*

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### THE ARGUMENT.

*Umbricius lyes the Poet downe  
 The reasons why he leaves the Towne,  
 No living there for th'honest poore :  
 The Greeks turne Romans out o' doore.  
 What pleasure the safe Country knowes,  
 Th'ill arts and frights of Rome be shewes ;  
 And saying on, is put in minde  
 Of parting, by the sun declin'd.*

◆◆◆◆ Hough my old friends Remove my foule doth

◆ T ◆ I joy that he's for empy(a)Cuma bound,(wound,

◆◆◆◆ On Sybil to bestow one Dweller more.

'Tis th'entrance to the Bath,a pleasant shore

For sweete retirement : ev'n their(b) Prochytae

Does our (c) Suburra in my mind surpasse.

Juvenalis  
 joyes in his  
 friends' re-  
 solution to  
 leave  
 Rome.

D

For

For what's so lonely, wretched, horrid there,  
As frights of fire, still falling houses here?  
And thousand dangers this curst Towne must dread,

Hearing  
the Poets  
read, the  
greatest  
trouble of  
the Town.

Besides the (d) Poets, that in August read.  
The Waggon, wherein all his house was lay'd,  
At moist (e) Capina and th' old Arches stay'd,  
Where (f) Numa every night his Goddesse found,  
Whose Temple and the Woods that still surround  
Her sacred Fountaine the Jewes hire; which they

10

15

Numa's  
grove and  
Temple let  
out to the  
poore Jewes

Doe furnish with a basket and some bay.  
For of each Tree the people's rent is made,  
The Grove now begs, no more the Muses shade.  
Into Eggeria's valley we descend,

Art taxed  
for pre-  
suming to  
mend na-  
ture.

To those fayre Wells, which Art presum'd to mend.  
How much Diviner had those waters beene,  
If with a border of eternall greene,  
The grasse about the spring had still remain'd,  
Nor marble had the native stone prophan'd?

20

Umbricius  
his reasons  
why he re-  
moves  
from  
Rome.

Here then (g) Umbricius say'd, since for our paines  
In honest Arts, the City yields no gaine;  
My stock's lesse this day then the day before,  
Yet will to morrow shrink that little more:

25

I meane to goe and settle in that Towne,  
Where (h) Dadaus his wearyed wings lay'd downe.  
Whilst my straight Age of youth's not quite bereft,  
While my hayre's (i) gray, while there's a remnant left  
For (k) Lactesis to spin, whilst I walke on

30

Under-  
takers for  
all places  
of Profit.

My own legs, need no staffe to leane upon,  
I of my birth-place take my last farewell.  
There let (l) Arisburus and Catulus dwell

35

# The Third Satyr of Juvenal.

35

*Men that turne black to white, that can with ease*

*Farre holy Earth, the rivers and the seas,*

Be scavengers, bodies to burning beare,

Sacriledge.

o] And sell slaves under the commanding(m)speare.

These village-known cheeks, that in Country listes

Were fencers men, these sometimes Flutenistes,

Beare office now, and with(n) reverst thumbs kill,

The people shouting, what poore Rogue they will.

X

15 5 Returning thence, hire the gold-finders place,

Indeed what not? *since they are of that race*

*Rise to high honours from the meanest birth,*

*As oft as fortune is dispos'd to mirth.*

What should I doe at Rome? I cannot ly,

The viti-  
ous Arts  
of Rome.  
Flattery.

20 6 Nor when a Booke is vilely writ, comply

And beg a copy. How your planet runs

I know not; promise fathers deaths to sons,

Nor can, nor will I: I did ne're disiect

Fortune  
telling.

(o) Toades entrails: what commands lewd friends di-

Impoyson-  
ing.

25 7 To others Wives, convey'd by others be:

(rect Pandaris-  
me  
Theft.

No thiefe shall his receiver make of me.

I therefore walke, as a maim'd man, alone,

Like th' uselesse body when the right hand's gone.

*Who's now below'd, but he that can reveale*

The cruelties  
of wicked  
friendship

30 8 Foul trusts, which he for ever should conceale?

*He owes thee nothing, nothing will bestow,*

*That lets thee but an honest secret know.*

Verres with deare regard will that man use,

Can Verres when he is so pleas'd, accuse.

35 9 Let not rich(p) Tagus buy thee from thy sleep,

Good  
Councill.

*Nor all the gold that rolls unto the deep.*



Take not base bribes, which thy sad soule rejects,  
Whilst thy great friend the faith he hires suspects.

Now what they are our rich men love so well,

Rome pest-  
red with  
Greeks and  
Syrians.

I loath so much, I hast, nor blush to tell.

I cannot, *Romans*, this (q) *Greece* Towne abide ;

Nor's all *Greece* filth ; for long since, with the tide,

To *Tiber*, *syrian* (r) *Orontes* flow'd,

Their oblique strings and fiddlers, language, mode,

Their Country Cimbals too they brought a-land,

And hackney-wenchies, that ith (s) *Circus* stand.

Walke thither you that doe a fancy beare

To *Curtezans* that painted *Miters* weare.

The dif-  
ference of  
the ambi-  
tions of  
the Roman  
and *Greece*  
Clown.

(t) Our noited *clowne* prize-playing ornaments,

Or a poore *Basket*-scrambling gown contents :

Theirs borne at (u) *Andros*, *Samos*, *Amidon*,

At *Trallos*, *Alaband*, high *Scieyon*,

Have th' honour in th' (w) *Esquilian Mount* to live,

Or that to which a name the (x) *wickers* give.

Now *Servants* in great houses, some yeares hence

Their *Lords*, thanks to their desperate impudence,

Their nimble wit, and ready tongue that goes

Swift as the torrent from (y) *Heus* flowes.

Tell me what's he in whom comes every man ?

The Cha-  
racter of a  
*Greece*  
Mo inte-  
bank.

A *Rhetorician*, a *Grammarian*,

A *Painter*, *Nointer*, *Augur*, *Geometrician*,

A *Dauncer*-o'the ropes too, a *Physitian*,

And a *Magician*, he does all things know ;

T'heav'n th' hungry *Greece* will, if you'll have him, go.

In short, wings were not by a *Thracian* womie,

*Tartar* or *Moore*, but one at *Athens* borne.

Should

*The third Satyr of Juvenal.*

37

Should I not fly from these great Lords? shall he  
Seale first, and at a feast take place of me,  
Hath by the same wind wasted hither bin

70 100 That brings us (a) *Syrian* figs and Sea-cole in?

Is it no priviledge that we were bred  
In Roman ayre, with (b) *Sabine* olives fed?

*The wise Greeke parasite will the speech commend  
Of his unlearn'd, the face of's ugly friend;*

The sense  
and regret  
of a true  
Roman,  
A Greeke  
flatterer.

75 105 His long weake neck t' *Alcides* back compare,

When he holds tost (c) *Anteus* in the ayre;  
Admire his small voyce, which sounds duller then  
The Cock that treading bites his mate the Hen.  
We the same flattery may use, but they

80 110 Find credit, they do't better; When they play

The naked (d) *Doria*, or a modest wife,  
Or (e) *Tibullus*; why, they doe it to the life;  
The woman's seene, 'tis not the *Attius* speaks;  
All's plaine beneath the waste, and gently breakes.

Greeke  
Players.

85 105 Nor should (f) *Demetrius* be so much esteem'd,

*Antiochus*, *Stratocles*, such wonders deem'd,  
Or soft-tong'd *Hæmus* thought so rare a man,  
The very Nation's a Comedian.

Smile you? a lower laughter shakes him; weep?

Mimick  
flattery.

90 120 He his friend company, in teares will keep,

But grieves not; if you say the winter's cold  
And call for fire, he'll in a rug be roll'd;  
Cry but 'tis hot, he sweats. Is ours then fit  
To be compar'd to his transcendent wit?

95 125 Can day or night, on every little chance,

Alter the copy of his countenance?

D 3

Who

Who praises his friends (with hands at's face,

If he belch well, or piss with a good grace.

Or if the bottome oib' gilt bowle turn'd up,

He fetcht the froth off with a gallant sup.

136

Then nothing's safe from's lust, or unprophe'd,

Not your chaste wife, your soune till then unflam'd,

The yet-smooth bridegroom, or your virgin-child;

Has's none of these? thy house is then desil'd.

They'le chamber secrets know, and thence be fear'd.

138

A Philo-  
sopher  
turn'd in-  
former.

And since some mention of the *Greekes* y'have heard,

To their (g) *Gymnasium* passe, where our youth learns,

And heare a crime the reverend gowne concernes.

A friend by an informer, (b) *Bareus*

By th'*Stoicke*, his grave tutor, murdered was,

140

That old knave, who did there an *infant* dwell,

(i) Where from the *flying horse* a feather fell.

No place for any *Roman* here remaines,

Greece Po-  
liticians.

Where (k) *Erimantus* or *Protophenes* raignes,

Or *Diphilus*, that by's nation's vice will owne

145

No partner, but injoyes his friend alone.

For if his clime's or nature's venome fall

Into an easie eare, good night to all

My tedious service, out a' doore I'm hurld,

A client's the least losse in all the world.

150

Indeed, how can *poore people* hope reward,

For nightly running in their gownes so hard?

Visits  
made ith'  
night to  
know how  
great per-  
sons sleepe.

When now the *Prætor* bids his (l) *Lictor* make

Maine haste to's *childlesse friends* long since awake,

For feare least his (m) *Collegue* before him may

155

Wish (n) *Modia* or *Albina* a good day?

This



This gentleman's and that rich servants sonne  
(Who takes the wall of him) together runne,  
One of which beggars gives, what would have paid

160 The (o) *Tribune* for a (p) *Legion*, but to trade  
With (q) *Casiana*, or pant once or twice  
Upon *Calvina*, frighted at the price  
Thou courts poore sluts, and wilt the charges spare  
To take downe *Chio* from her lofty chaire.

165 At *Rome* produce a witnesse as sincere  
As (r) *Cybele* host, though (s) *Numa* should appeare,  
Or he, sav'd (t) *Pallas* from her temples flame,  
*First his estat's examin'd, last his same :*

What servants keeps he, what's he worth in land ?

170 On's board how great, how many chargers stand ?  
*As much come as in's coffers each man hath,*  
*So much is th' estimation of his saith ;*  
Shouldst thou make oath by all those sacred power's  
The (u) *Samothracians* worship, or by ours,

175 *That poore men thunder, and the Gods contemne,*  
*Tis held, and that the Gods dispense with them.*

Then one's a common theame for mirth and scorne,  
If's Gowne be fordid, his Cloake old and torne,  
His Shooe-sole gape, or in the sticht-up wound

180 The severall scars by the new thread be found.

*In wretched beggery nothing's harder, then*

*That so ridiculous it renders men.*

Get y'out, whose meanes fall short oth'law, one cries,  
For shame from off the noble cushion rise:

185 Let th'issue of some stewes, or the spruce Heyre  
Oth'cryer fit and give his plaudit there.

Fortune  
pretend  
before ho-  
nesty in  
Courts of  
Justice.

Poverty  
despised.

## The third Satyr of Juvenal.

- With fine young Fencers, Basquet-scamblers, thus  
 It pleas'd vaine (w) *Otho* to distinguish us.  
 Who here to sonnes in-law with meane estates,  
 Gives portions? who the poore his Heyre creates? 190  
 When's he oth' (x) *Ædiles* counsell? e're this day  
 We meaner *Romans* should have troopt away.  
*Where want keepe's virtue downe, men seldom rise,*  
 But 'tis at *Rome* the hardest enterprife.
- The vaine  
 expence of  
 the City. Here servant's bellyes your expence enlarge, 195  
 A base roome's deare, a slender meale great charge;  
 We blush to eate in *earth*, they doe not so  
 That hence removing to the (y) *Marsians* go,  
 That are contented with (z) *Sabellian* food,  
 And onely weare a course *Venetian* hood. 220  
 Ther's a great part of *Jra'y*, where none  
 With Gownes are cover'd, but the dead alone;  
 Where if some feast-dayes Majesty looke bigge  
 Oth' flowry stage (concluding with th'old jigge,  
 Wl i'e the poore country child in's mother's arme 205  
 Feares the (a) pale gaping thing will doe it harme)  
 All goe alike, there in one Equipage  
 You see the people and those next the stage.  
 White garments serve the *Ædiles* of the towne,  
 And 'tis esteem'd a robe of high renowne. 210  
*Here's gallantry beyond our meanes, here's more*  
*Then neede, oft taken from another store.*  
*Ambitious poverty's our common vice,*
- How deare  
 great mens  
 favours  
 cost the  
 poore. In short, all things in *Rome* are at a price.  
 What (b) giv'st thou to have *Cassius* daigne a word, 215  
 Or great (c) *Vicinus* but a looke afford.

# The third Satyr of Juvenal.

41

This mowes a beard downe, he'll the favorite trimme;  
The Patrons house is fil'd, with gifts for him.

This for your selfe fir, tribute we must pay

220 To servants, and make them as rich as gay.

Who feares or ever fear'd in country townes The Countries security.

Their bane, at moist (d) *Preneſte*, where wood crownes

The (e) *Volſian* cliſſis, among the ſimple ſort

Of (f) *Gabians*, or in bending (g) *Tibur's* ſort ?

225 We fill a towne ſhoard-up with ſlender poles

The Cities danger.

Brought by the Boore, who th'old wide-gaping holes

Dawbes over, and then bids us ſleepe ſecure,

When we to ſleep for ever, may be ſure.

Let me live where no night-ſhrieks terrify,

330 Here one, fire fire, here others water cry,

Deſcription of a Town on fire.

*Ucalegon* tugs out his lumber there;

Below they've chimneys, therefore fire may feare,

But thou (h) three ſtoories high unwarn'd art took,

That couldſt for no miſchance but drowning look,

235 The raine from thy loſt being kept away

Only by tiles, where eggs ſoft pidgions lay.

Shorter then (i) *Procula Codrus* had a bed,

Six litle pitchers crown'd his cupboor'ds head,

And under it there lay a two-ear'd pot

240 By *Cheiron's* herball; Item, he had got

A cheſt with ſome *Greeke* Authors, where the ſeince

And barbarous mice gnaw'd never-dying verſe.

That *Codrus* was worth nothing, who but knowes ?

Yet he poore wretch did all that nothing loſe ;

245 And to compleat this naked beggers grieve,

None gave him houſ-roomie, or a meales reliefe.

A poore Poet that could not get a bed long enough for the Dwarf's wife. His Inventory.

Poor men's miſeries unpitied.  
But

Great men But when *Arthurus* his great house was burn'd,  
thrive by  
their losses. The city droopt, the *Conscript-Fathers* mourn'd,

The *Prætor* straight adjournes the Court, the fate  
Of *Rome* we groane for, fire it selfe we hate.

250

While th'house burnes, one sends marble & great sums,  
With milke-white naked statues th'other comes :

(k) *Euphranor's* worke or (l) *Polyelet's* rare piece  
This gives, old *buskins* of the Gods of *Greece* ;  
Bookes, shelves, *Minerva* to the wast, he brings.

255

A bushell full of silver he ; more things  
And better then he his could ever call,  
This *Perſian* now receives, more rich then all  
*Rom's* childlesse men, suspected to conspire  
(Good cause) the setting his own house on fire.

260

An invita-  
tion to a  
Country  
life.

Could you be from the (m) *Circus* wean'd, you may

Buy a neate house at (n) *Fabrateria*,

At *Sora* or *Frusino*, for what here

You fit at, to hire darkenesse by the yeare.

There your short Well no bucket needs, but wets

265

With ease your little garden's tender sets ;

Live, love thy rake, and fallers neately drest

Which may a hundred (o) *Pythagorians* feast ;

'Tis somewhat, be where't will, to be decreed

Lord of so much as may one lizzard feed.

270

Most sick men here with over watching dye,

Such crudities breed meates that baking lye

Oth' burning stomacke. *What refreshment get*

Poore Trades-men next the street ? *sleep's for the great,*

Hence *spring diseases* ; when the wagons meet

275

Ith' oblique turning of some narrow street,

No see-  
ping next  
the street  
for the  
noise of  
Car-men.

The

# The third Satyr of Juvenal.

43

The Carr-men there that stand and scold would keep

Dull (p) *Drusus* or the Sea calfe from his sleep.

When businesse calls, the crowd a rich man shuns,

With what  
ease rich  
men doe  
their busi-  
nesse.

280 Whil'st o're their heads in's huge Sedan he runs,

Reads, writes, or sleeps within it as he goes,

For sleepe will come if he the curtaines close.

Yet he's there first; for as we hast, we find

A streame before us, and a tide behinde.

Poor mens  
difficulties  
& affronts.

285 He shoves with's elbowes, he with harder blocks,

Our heads this cowle-staffe and that barrell knocks.

*Dirt noints our thighs, and then the great foot kicks,*

*And in our fingers th'horse-mans rowell flicks.*

Seest not what smoake the Almes-basket celebrates?

The enter-  
tainment  
of the rich  
at the meat  
Spurrusa.

290 A hundred Guests, on each his kitchin waites,

Scarce (q) *Corbulo* could such huge chargers lift,

And chafing-dishes, as one Groome makes shift

To beare on's steady head, *and runs so fast*

*He fannes the coales, and teares his cloaths with hast :*

295 Now meets he Carts wherein tall firre-trees quake,

Now some that pine-trees at the people shake,

Suppose the Axel-tree should breake that beares

(r) *Ligurian* stones, if pow'rd about his eares,

That mountaine shall thy shiver'd slave intombe,

The def-  
cription of  
a Slave  
kild with a  
load of  
stones.

300 What thinkst thou of his carcase would become ?

Where any limme lyes who could finde the hole ?

His *body* sure would vanish like his *soule*.

His fellowes safe at home the dishes wash,

Blow with their mouths the fire, the nointers clasp:

305 And boyes doe in their severall places toyle,

To fold up napkins full of sweat and oyle.

while

While Novice-Ghost he sits upon the shore,  
 Affraid of (1) *Charon*, hopelesse to get o're  
 Foule *Styx*, from's mouth not able to defray  
 (Poore foule) that token, should his waftage pay. 310

The danger of  
 night-walkers.

Now note more dangers that attend the night,  
 To beat our braines out, from how great a height  
 Fall Pots, which crackt, or slipping, *bow they print*  
*The pavement with their weight, and hurt the flint?*

*Thoult' be thought dull, senselesse of casuall ill,*  
*To sup abroad, and first not make thy Will;* 315

For with so many fates thou art to cope,  
 As in thy way are waking windowes ope;  
 Wish therefore, wretch, nay pray they may but crowne  
 Thy head with that foule fullage they cast downe. 320

The abusive young  
 Gallant.

The wild and drunken youth, unlesse he fight  
 And kill his man, can take no rest that night,  
 But like *Achilles*, when for's (1) friend he mournes,  
 Now on his face, then on his back he turnes.

*His owne he looses, if Romes peace he keep,*  
*A quarrel still is prologue to his sleep.* 325

Yet though rash yeares and hotter wine provoke,  
 He's subtle, and avoids the *purple* cloake,  
 And his long traine of friends and groomes, that passe  
 With burning torches and with lamps of brasse. 330

But I that have the *Moone* before me borne,  
 Or husband a short candle, am his scorne.  
 Heare how we quarrell'd, if a quarrell 'twere,  
 Where he layes on, the blowes I onely beare;  
 He stands before me, and commands me stand,  
 And I must be obedient to's command: 335

Alas?

- Alas, what would you have a man to doe,  
 It'h hands of one that's mad, and stronger too? (gurg)  
 Whence com'st, he cries, whose beanes have swel'd thy  
 340 Whose vinegre hast drunk? what cobbler put  
 His purse to thine, some rare chopt leeks to buy,  
 T'eat with a fry'd sheepes face? wilt not reply?  
 Speake or I'll kick thee; say, where dwel'st thou? what  
 Church-porches shall I find thee begging at?  
 345 Frame answers, or say nothing, all's alike,  
 He'll beat thee, and make oath that thou didst strike:  
*A poore mans liberty is onely this,*  
*He must be hand that bastinades him, kisse;*  
*And give his beater thanks with all his heart,*  
 350 He'll let him, with some few of's teeth departs.  
 Nor is this all thy danger, he's not farre,  
 Will rob thee, when their doores shop-keepers barre,  
 When every hinge is silent, theeves then creepe  
 To cut thy throat; for when our souldiers keepe  
 355 The (u) Pontine fenns, and guard the (w) Gallinewood,  
 Rogues thence run hither for their livelyhood.  
 What forge, what anvill but where chaines are wrought,  
 Such store of Iron's to make fetters bought,  
 That shortly to want plow-shares we may feare,  
 360 That pruning-hooks and mattocks will be deare.  
 Our great-grand-fathers grand-fathers were blest,  
 They under Kings and Tribunes liv'd the best,  
 When throughout Rome one prison serv'd for all.  
 I could say more, but see the cattell call,  
 365 The Sun too is declining, I must go,  
 The carter cracks his whip, and tels me so.

Night-  
theeves,

Adieu,

Adieu, be mindefull of us, and when *Rome*  
 Lets thee to thy refreshing(x) *Aquine* come,  
 As thou to(y) *Elvin* *Ceres* spurst thy horse  
 And thy *Diana*, me from *Cuma* force ;  
 To your moist fields, if us *this* do not shame,  
 I'll come in(z) *tales*, and more *Satyr*s frame.

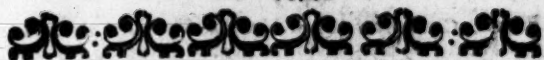
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AN-







# ANNOTATIONS

UPON

## *The third Satyr of Juvenal.*

(<sup>a</sup>) Verse 2 Empty *Cuma*] A City in *Campania* the most ancient of all the Townes in *Sicily* and *Italy*, situated neere the Sea shore in the way to *Baia*, where the hot Bathes were; it was built by *Hypocles Cymæus*, and gave the Title to *Sybi la Cumæa*, who had her Chappell there.

(b) Verse 5. *Prochyta*] A solitary Island upon the Coast of *Campania*.

(c) Verse 6. *Suburra*] The fairest and most frequented street in *Rome*.

(d) Verse 10 Poëts that in *August* read] The *Romans* used still to go into the Country in the heate of summer; yet even in *August*, when the Town was thinnest, one could not walke the Streets but he should meet Poëts, that would importune him to heare them read, although the hot ayre and their frozen verses were enough to kill him.

(e) Verse 12. Moist *Capena*] The Aqua-ducts, or Pipes that conveyed the water that served *Rome*, passed over the old Arches at the Port *Capena* in the *Appian* way, where the *Proconsuls* used to be sworn.

(f) Verse 13. *Numa* and his Goddesse] It was believed, that King *Numa* and the Nymph *Egeria* met at these Arches in the night, and that she there advised him in those Rites and Ceremonies of the Gods which hee established among the *Romans*: neere to this place lay the vally of *Egeria*, wherein there was a Grove consecrated by *Numa* to the Muses the assistants of this Goddesse, and a Temple dedicated to her; all which ground and buildings were now let out by the people of *Rome* to the poore *Jews* that got up their Rent with begging.

(g) Verse 25. *Umbricius*] Who this *Umbricius* was that speaks the rest of this Satyr I find not, more then his present Character discovers; that is, an honest, and therefore a poore

*Roman.*

*Romum.* Certainly if it had bin that *Umbrius* the *Aruspex* which *Pliny* sayes was so excellent at divination, and who as *Tacitus* writes, foretold the murder of *Galba*, his art would have bin able to have maintained him in *Rome*.

(b) Verse 30. Where *Dadalus* ] *Cuma* must needs be a delicate sweet Seate, which was made choyce of by *Dadalus*, who flying viewed the whole world (if we believe the Poets) or that (if we unweave their Fables) made discoveries of the world by Sea with his winged Sailes, and at *Cuma* furled them, bidding farwell to the Ocean.

(i) Vers. 32. Whilst my haire is gray ] before it turn white.

(k) Verse 33. *Lachesis* ] That fatall sister that spinnes the the thread of life, *Clotho* holding the distaffe, and *Atropos* cutting off.

(l) Verse 36. *Arthurius* and *Carulus* ] Once poor Rogues, now Officers, that make use of their authority to monopolise all beneficiall places and good bargaines.

(m) Verse 40. The commanding Speare ] At the Auction or publike sale of any mans personall estate (part whereof his slaves were) It was the custom of *Rome* to stick up a speare to give notice to the Town, an Affix or bill of the goods being posted for the buyers to read, the Cryer sitting under the speare with his merchandise, and crying, who gives most? and some Officer (some *Arthurius* or *Carulus*) standing by, for vouchers.

(n) Verse 43. With reverst thumbs ] When there was any Sword-play, or fighting on the Stage, it was in the power of the people, if a Fencer were in danger of his life to compell him to fight it out though he dyed for it, by pressing down their thumbs; or by bending them back, to discharge him. It seemes *Arthurius* and *Carulus* had the leading thumbs.

(o) Verse 54. Toades entrails ] The cunning'st *Aruspex* at divining by the entrails of a Toade was *Locusta*, and much employed therein by *Nero's* Mother, *Agrippina*.

(p) Verse 65. Rich *Tagus* ] A River in *Lusitania*, whose Sands have a mixture of gold.

(q) Verse 71. This *Greek Town* ] Meaning *Rome*, where the vices of the *Greeks* (expressed in their very Language) were in fashion with men & women; as you may read *Satyr* fix v. 209.

*Don't cry (oh Luxy, and use it) crowd,*

*Those words the bed-cloths but ev'n now did shrowd.*

(r) Vers. 73.

(v) Verse 73. *Orontes*] A River in *Syria* (anciently named *Typhon*) that ran by the City of *Antioch* as *Tyber* by *Rome*.

(s) Verse 76. *Circus*] The great show-place neer Mount *Aventine*, where the *Romans* beheld the playing of Prizes by the Fencers, the baiting and chasing of wild beasts, riding of great horses, &c. *Tarquinius Priscus* made Galleries about it that would containe 150000 Persons; underneath were Cellers and Vaults where the Gallants after the publike sports were ended, had their choice of wenches of all Countries.

(t) Verse 79. Our nointed Clowne] It was the custome of the meanest sort of *Roman* Fencers to have their necks nointed with a kind of artificiall clay made of oyle and earth; but the *Greeke* peasants though far meanlyer born (as being subject to these) despised their low thoughts of honour won by Sword-play, and poor wayes of getting money by th'almes-basket.

(u) Verse 81. *Andros*] *Andros* is one of the Islands of the *Cyclades*; *Samos* is an Isle in the *Ionian* Sea: *Amyden* a City of *Peonia*: *Trallis* a Towne of *Asia*: *Alaband* a City of *Asia* Minor: *Sicyon* an Island in the *Aegean* Sea.

(w) Verse 83. Th' *Esquilian* Mount] (Or *Esquiline* Mount if you like this epithet better, for I contest not about words) is one of *Rome's* seven Hills, where divers noble *Romans* had their houses, as you may see in the complaint made by the upbraided Client, Sat. 5. verse 89.

(x) Verse 84. The wickers] Another of the same Hills tooke the name of *Mont Viminus* from the Oziers or wicker twiggs growing upon it, and gave a name to *Jupiter* who was called *Viminus* from the Altars there erected to his honour.

(y) Verse 88. *Iseus*] An Orator of a most fluent tongue Tutour to the eloquent *Demosthenes*.

(z) Verse 96. At *Athens* born] *Dædalus*.

(a) Verse 100. *Syrian* Figgs] These and Sea-coale were waisted to the coast of *Italy* by the same wind that brought in the *Greekes*, and to the same purpose, both the Figgs, Sea-coale and *Greeke* coming thither to be sold.

(b) Verse 102. *Sabine*] The *Sabines* were neighbours, to the *Romans* at the foundation of *Rome*, and furnished them with Wives though against their wills, for the *Sabine* women were caught by a stratagem of *Romulus* who invited them to the *Consualia*, or games celebrated in honour of *Neptune*.

(c) Verse 106. *Anfis*] A Gyant, one of the sonnes of the Earth; and it concerned *Hercules* when they wrestled together to hold him in the ayre, because he recovered his strength as often as he touched his mother the Earth.

(d) Verse 111. *Doris*] A sea Nymph, whose part the *Greeke* Players acted as her Picture was drawne, naked.

(e) Verse 112. *Thais*] A Courtezan.

(f) Verse 115. *Demetrius*] *Demetrius*, *Antiochus*, *Stratocles*, and *Hemus* were *Gracian* Actors that set up at *Rome*.

(g) Verse 137. *Gymnasium*] The Philosophy schoole.

(h) Verse 139. *Bareus*] *Bareus Soranus* was put to death in *Nero's* reigne upon the accusation of his Tutour *P. Egnatius*, but a just judgement overtook this impious Schoole-master; for he himselfe in the reigne of *Vespasian* was condemned and executed upon the information of *Musonius Rufus*.

(i) Verse 142. Where from] *Tarsus* a City in *Cilicia*, where *Egnatius* was borne, & where a feather moulting from the wing of *Bellerophons* horse, *Pegasus*, he fell and sprained his Fetlock, whence the City tooke the name of *Tarōs*.

(k) Verse 144. *Erimantus*] *Erimantus*, *Protagenes*, and *Diphilus* were the names of *Gracians*, that were Tutours to the Children of *Romans*.

(l) Verse 158. Lictor] The Lictors were in their first institution Serjants that went before the Prator or Lord chiefe Justice of *Rome*, carrying in their hands a bundle of Rods with an Axe in the middle, to signifie the different punishments of great and petty offenders.

(m) Verse 155. His Colleague] His fellow in office, the other Prator.

(n) Verse 156. *Modia*] She and *Albina* were rich childlesse women, which were court ed by the Nobility and sent unto before day to know how they had slept, in as servile a way, as the Nobility were bid good morrow by their Clients.

(o) Verse 160. The Tribune] A Field-officer in the nature of our Serjeant Major Generall. There were likewise another sort of Tribunes in the Armie called *Tribuni Rustici* or *Suffecti*, that were a kind of Committee, having Consular power appointed by the protectors of the Commons or Tribunes of the people, and authorized by the Lords in Senate.

(p) Verse 160. Legion] A just Legion consisted of 6000 men.

(q) Verse 161. *Carina*] She, *Calpurnia*, and *Chio* were rich Curtezans.

(r) Verse

(r) Verse 166. *Cybel's* host] *Scipio Nasica*, whose house for the Masters integrity was made choice of by the Senate to entertaine the Image of the *Phrygian Cybel* Mother of the Gods, untill a Temple could be built for her at *Rome*.

(s) Verse 166. *Numa*] The second King of *Rome*, Author of the Rites and Ceremonies of their Gods.

(t) Verse 167. Sav'd frighted *Pallas*] *Lucius Metellus*, the *Pontifex Maximus*, that when the Temple of *Pallas* was on fire rescued her *Palladium* or wooden Image with the losse of his eyes, rather choosing to venture his owne life, then to let *Rome* be in danger as *Troy* was, to be lost for want of the *Palladium*.

(u) Verse 174. *Samotheacians*] The Deities *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Pallas*, &c. were brought to *Rome* from *Samotheacia*; *Mars* and *Romulus* were Gods peculiar to the *Romans*.

(w) Verse 188. Vaine *Oibo*] *L. Roscius Oibo* Tribune of the people preferred a Law, that there should be fourteene Benches set apart at every stage or Theater only for such *Romans* whose estates amounted to 400. *H S*-or *Sestertia*, that is, about 31251 Sterling, which was (as the Poet notes in his first Satyr, verse 125) the summe that made a Gentleman, at least at the Theater; for he that had lesse and sate upon these Benches, was punishable by the *Roscian Law*.

(x) Verse 191. *Ædiles*] The *Ædiles* were primitively Officers that had the charge to see houses belonging to the City kept in reparation, as also Temples; these were called *Ædiles Curules*, from the Chariot they rode in, and were constantly chosen out of the *Patricians* or Nobility. But another sort of *Ædiles* (which are those here spoken of) were chosen out of the *Plebeians* or commons. And had besides the former authority the charge of *Aqueducts* or publike Conduits, with power to examine weights and measures, and to force the seller to take againe his sophisticated wares. The *Patrician Ædiles* governed one yeare, the *Plebeian Ædiles* the next, and so still by turnes.

(y) Verse 198. *Marsians*] A poor people of *Apulia* in *Italy*.

(z) Verse 199. *Sabellian* food] Such hard fare as the *Samnites* were accustomed to, a people dwelling upon the mountaines betwixt the *Sabines* and the *Marsians*, conquered by *Marcus Curius* the Dictator.

(a) Verse 206. The pale gaping thing] the foole with his vizard on.

(b) Verse 215. What giv'st thou ] viz. to my Lord *Cossus* his Chamber-keeper.

(c) Verse 216. *Veiento* ] *Fabricius Veiento* was a Lord of the Senate, so proud of his honour and excessive wealth, that he would hardly vouchsafe to speake to any inferiour person, but his Wife *Hippia* was not of his mind, for she left him and ran away with a Fencer, Satyr 6. verse 86.

(d) Verse 222. *Præneste* ] A Towne in the heart of *Italy*, now called *Palatrina*.

(e) Verse 223. The *Volscian* Cliffs ] In *Latium* upon the *Campanian* Sea coast.

(f) Verse 224. *Gabians* ] A Towne of the *Volscians* at this day called *Gallicano* or *Zaggerolo*.

(g) Verse 224. *Tibur* ] A City of the *Sabines* in *Latium*, now *Tivoli*, nineteen miles from *Rome* upon the River *Anio*, where there was a strong Fort, that notwithstanding looked as if it were falling down.

(h) Verse 233. Three stories high ] The poor *Romans* such as *Ucageon*, dwelt in Garrets, as you may read in these verses of the tenth Satyr.

*Longinus was girt therefore, by command,  
From Nero, with a military Band.  
Seneca's Gardens, like his riches, great;  
And the faire Lateran buildings were beset  
By a whole Cohort. But in that sad time,  
Seldome the Souldier did poore Garrets climbe.*

(i) Verse 237. *Procula* ] A She-dwarfe married to the Poet *Codrus* who could neither procure money, nor make freinds for a Bed long enough for her.

(k) Verse 253. *Euphranor* ] A rare Picture-drawer.

(l) Verse 253. *Policles* ] An excellent statuary.

(m) Verse 261. *Circus* ] the great show-place formerly described,

(n) Verse 262. *Fabrateria* ] *Fabrateria* was a City in *Campania*. *Sora* a Town neer the Mountaine now called *Monte di Silvestro*. *Frusino* another City in *Campania*.

(o) Verse 268. *Pithagorians* ] the Schollars of *Pithagoras*, who held it unlawfull to eate any thing that ever had a sensitive life, and therefore for the most part lived upon Herbes, abstaining only from the vegetable Beanes.

(p) Verse

(p) Verse 278. Dull *Drusus*] One that was as drowfie for a man, as the Seal or Sea-Calf for a Fish.

(q) Verse 291. *Corbulo*] A wrestler, of a Giantly Stature.

(r) Verse 298. *Ligurian Stones*] Marble, hewen out of the Quarries in *Liguria* upon the *Appennine* Mountaines, between *France* and *Hetruria*, now the Territories of the great Duke of *Florence*.

(s) Verse 308. *Charon*] The Ferryman of hell, who carries over no soules under farthings a piece.

(t) Verse 323. For's friend] *Patroclus*, *Achilles* his Foster-brother, slaine by *Hector*.

(u) Verse 355. *Pontine Fenns*] Drown'd-Land of the *Volscians*, neer the *Forum Apii*, drained (as some say) by *Julius Caesar*, a place where many robberies and murders were committed

(w) Verse 355. *Gallin wood*] A Forrest in the Bay of *Cuma*, resorted unto by Theeves and Out-laws.

(x) Verse 368. *Aquine*] A great City in the Latin way, but by the birth of *Juvenal* far greater in fame, then Territory.

(y) 369. *Elvin Ceres*] *Ceres* The Goddesse of husbandry, had a Temple built in honour of her by the *Aquinates*, who likewise in the *Minturnian* Forest sacrificed to *Diana* the Goddesse of Hunting.

(z) Verse 372. Tases] Pieces of Armes for the thighs, it seems *Umbritius* aymed to weare something more then Buskins, at the writing of his next Satyr.

## ES THE





## The fourth Satyr of JUVENAL.

### The ARGUMENT.

*The Mallet that Crispinus bought  
Minds th' Author of a Turbut brought  
To th' Emperour, so huge, no pot  
That would containe it, could be got;  
The Senate's call'd, the Fathers sit,  
On a designe for boyling it,  
They all are are character'd, devise  
Away to cooke it, and then rise.*

The Cha-  
racter of a  
mean borne  
favourite.  
His com-  
mon lusts.



Behold (a) *Crispinus*, once againe comes forth,  
And oft I'll shew him, monster, who no worth  
Redeemes from vice, weak, only strong in lust?

Who meereley does the *widdow's* sweets disgust.

His state, What matter then, his beasts what acres toile,

How farre he's carri'd through his shady soile,

What house or land by th' (b) *Farum* he enjoy?

His incest No bad man's happy, much lesse the Decoy,

Th' incestuous, who a (c) veyled Nun deflowr'd,

That was alive, by th' Earth to be devour'd.

His crimes But stil'd his slighter errour this must bee,  
past over as gracefull Yet hadst thou done't, the (d) Judge had sentenc'd thee.

But



But what would prove (e) *Titius* or *Seius* base,  
Or any other, did *Crispinus* grace ;

10 His person's fouler than his crimes, who'd have

To doe with him ? he for a *mules* gave

(f) Six thousand, the full weight in gold ; 'tis said,

By those by whom great things are greater made.

I should commend him, if it were his drift

15 To winne th'old childlesse man with such a gift,

To write his name first when he seales his Will :

There might be further reason in it still,

Should he this present for's great friend prepare,

Borne in her close and large glasse-window'd chaire ;

A Sedan.

20 But no such matter; for himselfe 'twas bought.

We see things done, that make *Apicius* thought

(g) *Frugall*, and poore. *Crispine*, was fish so deare,

When thou didst thy owne country paper weare ?

No question, but he might have bought for lesse

He exceeds  
*Apicius* the  
rich *Glut-*  
ton.

25 The fisher, then the fish ; one may possesse

A Lordship in a (h) *Province* at that rate,

(i) Nay here in *Italy* a faire estate.

What dainties may we think the *Emperour* eates,

When this poore dish scarce mis'd among his meates,

30 Had so many *Sestertia* given for't,

Belcht by the purple buffon of the Court,

Now *Master* of the *Horse*, that cry'd of old

Stale broken ware, and fish of (k) *Nilus* sold.

Begin (l) *Calliope*, here let's make a stand ;

35 No matter, for a *Madrigall's* in hand :

Sing you (m) *Picrian* Girles, this story's true,

But 'tis enough that *Girles* I've stiled you.

'Tis com-  
plement  
enough to  
stille old  
women  
girles.

When

The history of the great Turbut.

The necessity of presenting the Fish to the Emperor.

Winter.

When the last (n) *Flavins* th' half-dead world disturb'd,  
When great *Rome* as his slave (o) *bald Nero* curb'd,

A monstrous (p) *Adriatick* Turbut lands

Where *Venus* Fane in (q) *Greece Ancona* stands ;

It fill'd the wharfe and stuck upon the shore,

Like those ice-bound (r) *Maotia* covers o're,

Till summer force it into (s) th' *Euxine* flow,

*With long cold fasted, and with fat growne slow.*

This Monster, th' owner of the Boate and *lines*,

For our (t) *Pontifex Maximus* designs :

For such a Turbut who durst sell or buy,

So many inquisitours and informers nigh ?

These sea-weeds scattered on the shoare, would fall

Oth' naked Fisher-man, nor stick to call

The Fish a very *fugitive*, that fled

From (u) *Cesar's* Ponds, where it had been long fed,

And ought to be return'd to its old Lord ;

For if *Palsurius* credit we afford

Or *Armillatus*, 'tis *Imperiall* food,

If it be rare and excellently good,

On whatsoever *Billow* it be cast.

This therefore must be given, for fear's be lost.

Now sickly *Autumne* froze, the Patient fear'd

A quartan, Winter foule and stiffe appear'd.

What he had caught would keepe, the Fisher knew,

Yet he makes hast as if the *Southwind* blew.

The Lake past, at (w) robb'd *Alba* he arrives,

Where still poore *Vesta's Trojan* fire survives.

The wondring crowde first stopt him ; but when they

Their admiration satisfy'd gave way,

45

50

55

60

65

70

The

The presence-hinges nimbly turne about,  
The Fish goes in, the Senate waite without.

- 75 'Tis brought(x) to Atrides, thus the(y) Fisher sayes,  
Vouchsafe, what is so great it would amaze  
A private *kitchen*, graciously t'accept,  
Be this day to thy(?) *Genius* sacred kept;  
With speed thy stomach cleare of *common meate*,

The fish-  
ers speech  
to *Caesar*.

- 80 And this untill thy time-kept-Turbut eate.  
'Twould needs be caught. Could any raskall gloze  
More plainly? yet his *Peacocks feathers* rose,  
Nothing so grosse but will believe incline,  
When that power's prais'd equals the power's Divine.

- 85 But there's no boyler bigge enough, his States  
He therefore calls to councell, whom he hates:  
While their lookes show the *paleness* of a great  
Sad *friendship*; th'*Usher* cries, make hast, he's set.  
First *Pegasus* whips on his purple Gown,

A councell  
call'd a-  
bout dress-  
ing the  
Fish.

- 90 Who was the *Baliffe* of th'amazed Town.  
What then were(a) *Presects* more? whereof the best  
He was, and of our *Judges* th'honestest;  
And yet his *un corrupted Tongue* was charm'd  
In those dire times when *Justice* was disarm'd,

The Cha-  
racter of  
the Chan-  
cellor of  
*Rome*.

- 95 There likewise did old pleasant(b) *Crispus* meet,  
Whose nature, like his eloquence, was sweet.  
Could he, that Rules the Earth, Seas, and People, chuse  
A friend, he might with more advantage use,  
If when his thoughts to bloud and vengance move

A weltem-  
pered  
Councell-  
er.

- 100 He'd suffer him his cruelty reprove;  
And that he would his honest counsels heare,  
But what's more violent then a *Tyrant's* care?

The Na-  
ture of a  
Tyrant.  
With

58 *The fourth Satyr of Juvenal.*

With whom oth' windy Spring, Raine, Heate, his friends  
Discourfing, on their words their fate depends.

*He therefore never swam a stroke to break*

105

*The Torrent, nor durst any Roman speake*

The truth his foule thought, or in doing good

Imploy his time: he many Winters stood,

And saw his eightith Solstice, in this sort,

At this guard lying safely, in that Court.

110

The Mar-  
tyr Domi-  
nus with  
his father.

Next him as old (c) *Acilius* doth attend

With his (d) young son, unworthy of an end

So cruell, now design'd him by the Prince ;

*But old Lords shew'd like Prodiges long since.*

So that I'd rather be, then of great birth,

115

The Gyant's Brother, th' off-spring of the earth,

Poore youth, he scapt not, though he naked threw

His Javelin in the *Alban* lists, and slew

*Numidian* Lions : that *Patrician* Art

Who knowes not ? who admires th' old subtil part

120

That *Brutus* acted ? 'twas an easie thing

To put a trick upon a (e) bearded King.

A base but  
impudent  
Court-  
Lord.

(f) *Rubrius* as sadly goes, although borne base,

Conscious of his not-to-be nam'd disgrace,

Yet he our Pathicke Satyrift out-bragg'd.

125

A Glutton

(g) *Montanus* belly comes, with midriff sagg'd,

And then *Crispinus*, sweating oyles oth' East,

That would have serv'd two funerals at least.

A bloody  
flatterer.

Then he that cuts a throat with lesse adoe,

With a soft whisper (h) *Pompey*, (i) *Fuscus* too,

130

An unact-  
ive Gene-  
rall.

Whose bowells kept for *Scythian* vultures are,

Whiles he in's marble Villa studies war.

With

# The fourth Satyr of Juvenal.

59

A wife and  
a cruell  
council.  
lout coup-  
led.

- With wife(*k*) *Veiento* dire *Carullus* came,  
Whom love oth' unseen virgin did inflame,  
335 Our times great monster, a blind flatterer,  
Whom *begging* did to's place at Court perfer;  
Fit to run after *Aricine* Horses heeles,  
And seeme to kisse the waggons nimble wheeles.  
None more admir'd the Fish, much he did say  
40 To's left hand turn'd, when that on's right-hand lay.  
So the(*m*) *Cilicians* fight and blowes he prais'd,  
And th' Engin which the boyes to th' canvasse rais'd,  
*Veiento* came not short of him, for he  
*Divin'd*,(*n*) *Bellona*, as inspir'd by thee.  
45 A mighty *Omen*, Sir, this Fish must bring  
Of some great triumph, or some captive King.  
Or from the Pole of's *British* Chariot  
(*o*) *Arviragus* shall fall; perceive you not  
It is a *forrein* Monster, by the scales  
50 Prickt up on's back? *Veiento* only failes,  
In that he is not able to presage  
The Turbut's *native-climate*, and his age.  
Shall's cut him? speake: *Montanus* cries, oh no,  
'Twere a dishonour, Sir, to use him so:  
55 Let's have a thin-wall'd earthen vessell made,  
Wherein his whole circumference may be lay'd:  
Some rare(*p*) *Prometheus* would straight mould the pot,  
With all speed let the wheele and clay be got:  
To follow's Campe from henceforth *Caesar* may  
60 Command the Potters. This vote won the day,  
Worthy the man, who th' old Court-riot knew,  
And *Nero's* midnights, and a hunger new,

Tis world,  
ly wisdom  
to flatter  
Tyrants.

The judge-  
ment of  
the Court  
about the  
fish.

When

60 *The fourth Satyr of Juvenal.*

When(q) *Falerne* wine inflam'd the lights : in all  
My time, his tast was most authentically.

If(r) *Lucrin* Rocks or *Circe's* th'oisters bred, 165  
Or were they with(s) *Richborough* water fed  
He found at the first taste, and by the looke  
Of crab-fish told upon what Coast 'twas tooke,  
The Councell rises, and the Lords receive

Commands, the Roome, and *Alban* Tow'r to leave. 170

To which in such hast and astonishment

For them our mighty Generall had sent,

As if he'd treat of something which the sterne

(t) *Sicambri* or the (b) *Catti* did concerne.

Or had receiv'd from th' earths far distant coasts

Distracted Letters, brought by (w) flying Poasts. 175

The blood  
of the No-  
bility re-  
weng'd by  
the Com-  
munalty.

And would to Heav'n he had spent all that time

Thus *innocently*, when he rob'd our clime

Of many a gallant and illustrious soule

Unpunisht, or without the least controule. 180

But he was lost when once the Clown began

To feare him, he reweng'd the Nobleman.

ANNO-



# ANNOTATIONS UPON.

## The fourth Satyr of Juvenal.

(\*) Verse 1. *Crispinus*] The Slave mentioned in the first Satyr, vers. 29. borne at *Canopus* in *Aegypt*, and for his vices sake advanced by *Domitian Caesar* to be Master or Generall of his Horse.

(b) Verse 7. *Forum*] About the time wherein this Satyr was written, the City of *Rome* had four great *Forums* or *Piazzas*, 1. *Forum Romanum* or *Vetus*, wherein was the *Comitium* or Hall of Justice, the *Rostra* or Pulpits for Orations, *Saturnes* Sanctuary or the common Treasury or Chamber of *Rome*, with *Castors* Temple, and their old Exchange, 2. *Forum Julium* built by *Julius Caesar*, 3. *Augustum* the Structure of *Augustus Caesar*, 4. *Transitorium* ( being the passage into three of their petty *Forums*, or market-places) begun by the Emperour *Domitian*, and perhaps at this time finished by *Nerva*.

(c) Verse 9. A veyled Nun] A Vestall Virgin, who upon prooffe of the breach of her vow of Chastity was to be carried out of the *Collin* Gate into the *Campus Sceleratus*, or field of execution, and there in her close Chaire to be let down into a Vault, wherein was a Couch, a Lampe burning, and a little meate. The hole they put her in at, was presently stopped up, and so this poore *Anchorite* lived and died in her grave; the reason of this kinde of death and buriall was, because they held it unlawfull to lay violent hands upon a Vestall, and unfit to burne her body, who had kept the sacred fire with no more sanctity.

(d) Verse 12. The Judge] The Emperour *Domitian*, who had adjudged *Cornelia* to be executed according to the letter of the Law made by *Numa*. against the transgressing Vestalls, and who ordered likewise, that the Adulterers should be whipped to death in the *Comitium*, or Hall of Justice.

(e) Verse 13. *Titius*] *Titius*, and *Seius* are names which the Civill Lawyers use, as our common Lawyers do *John a Nokes* and *John a Stiles*.

(f) Verse 17

(f) Verse 17. Six thousand] Six thousand *Nummi* of *Sestertii*, a thousand whereof make one *Sestertium*, being a pound-weight.

(g) Verse 27. Frugall and poore] This excess at the Table of *Crispinus* makes the profusenesse and wealth of *Apicius* to be thought frugality and poverty, although *Apicius* was so exquisite a glutton, that hee wrote a booke of the art of Cookery, and so rich, that hee made all his experiments at his own Table.

(h) Verse 31. A Province] All Countries out of *Italy* to which the *Romans* sent a Praefect, Proconsul, or any other Governour, were called Provinces.

(i) Verse 32. *Apulia*] That part of *Italy* now called *Puglia*.

(k) Verse 38. *Nilus*] The great seven channel'd River of *Egypt*, to which *Crispinus* was a neighbour borne.

(l) Verse 39. *Calliope*] One of the nine *Muses*.

(m) Verse 41. *Pierian* Girles] The *Muses* were called *Pierian*, from the victory they had over the nine Daughters of *Pierus* who challenged those nine Goddesses to sing with them, and were for that saucy ambition transformed into Meg-pyes, but in this place the Poet adds to their victorious Epithet the title of Girles, which he takes to be a great complement to the *Muses*, for as-much as they must needs be old women.

(n) Verse 43. The last *Flavius*] *Domitian Caesar*, who was descended of the *Flavian* family, which terminated in him.

(o) Verse 44. Bald *Nero*] A nick name put upon *Domitian*, who was like his cozen the Tyrant *Nero* in all things, but he wanted his head of haire.

(p) Verse 45. *Adriatick*] The *Adriatick* Sea parts *Italy* from *Dalmatia*, and is now called the gulf of *Venice*.

(q) Verse 46. *Greck Ancona*] The chiefe City of *Pisa* (now *Marchia d' Ancona*) built by the *Dorick Græcians* upon the shoare of the *Adriatick*, and beautified with a Temple dedicated to *Venus* by the *Romans*.

(r) Verse 48. *Meotis*] the dead lake in *Sybia* (frozen over all the Winter) which receiveth the River *Tanais* that divides *Europe* from *Asia*.

(s) Verse 49. *Euxine*] *Meotis* in the Summer time disburdeneth it self South through the Straits called *Bosphorus Cimmerius* in the *Euxine* Sea, at the North whereof is another *Bosphorus*



porus (or strait, where cattle have adventured to swim over) called *Thracius*, which openeth into the *Propontis*, the South end whereof is called *Hellepont*, from whence to the *Mediterranean*, it beares the name of the *Aegean* Sea.

(1) Verse 52. *Pontifex Maximus*] There was in *Rome* a Colledge of Pontifices, which were exempted from the authority of any Lay-court of Judicature, having power to hear and determine all controversies of Religion, either between the Priests of the Gods, or private persons; the President of this Colledge was stiled *Pontifex Maximus*, which office and stile after the inauguration of the *Roman* Emperours devolved unto the Crown.

(2) Verse 58. *Cæsar's Ponds*] Although Fishes, being *Fere nature*, are by the Civill Law any man's that can catch them; yet if a Fish could be proved to have bin once inclosed within a Pond, though it were afterwards taken in a River, it ought to be returned to the first propriety of it: so far *Palsurius* and *Armillatus* had studied book-cases, to follow their accusations with some colour of justice and legality.

(3) Verse 69. *Robb'd Alba*] The City of *Alba* upon the lake, built by *Ascanius*, the son of *Æneas*, was destroyed by King *Tullus Hostilius*, who robbed the *Alban* Temple of *Vesta*, and carried away from it *Ascanius* his Trojan fire to *Rome*, where a prodigious storm of haile stones hapning, the *Romans* were admonished to return the fire, & suffer the ceremonies of *Vesta* to be observed at *Alba*, though in a poorer way then at *Rome*.

(4) Verse 75. *Atreides*] *Agamemnon*, a name which the Poet gives *Domitian*, only because hee wore a Crown; as he gave him (a little before) the stile of *Pontifex Maximus*, not for any abilities hee had to discharge that office, but only that hee could make his *Pontifica cana*, a profuse feast, which bore the title of *Pontifex*, as well as *Domitian*.

(5) Verse 75. *The Fisher*] the *Pisan* (so *Juvenal*) the Fisherman being born in *Pisa*, somewhere about the Lake of *Alba*.

(6) Verse 78. *Genius*] The spirit of man, and the spirit or God (according to the Heathens believe) appointed to attend upon us from our nativities, so that any thing wherein the spirit or soule delighted, was called sacred or peculiar to the *Genius*, especially feasting and Marriage.

(7) Verse 91. *Præfects*] *Pegasus*, a great Civill Lawyer (born in *Alba* where *Domitian* now resided) was at this time

*Præfectus Urbis* or Chancellor of *Rome*, all causes of what nature soever, if they were within a hundred miles of *Rome*, being brought into the *Præfects* Court ; but in the time of the Tyrant *Domitian*, this great Judge stood but for a cipher, and to be *Præfect* of *Rome* was no more then to be Baylis of a Village.

(b) Verse 95. *Crispus* ] *Vibius Crispus*, a rich subtle and smooth old-man, who kept himselfe in favour with many Emperours of severall dispositions by being a willow and not an Oake. He in a Progresse followed *Cæsars* Chariot on foot ; and being a boy, when *Nero* said to him, *Crispus* hast thou enjoyed thy Sister ? he answered, not yet, Sir ; not willing to confesse an untruth, nor daring to deny it, lest the Emperour should thinke himselfe toucht, who had bin kind with his own Sisters ; when one asked him if any were within with the Emperour *Domitian* ? the pleasant old-man replied, not so much as a flie Sir. It being *Domitians* custom in the beginning of his Empire to be private an houre a day for the killing of flies.

(c) Verse 111. *Acilius* ] *Acilius Glabrio* ; hee had seene his eightith Summer *Solstic* too, being fourescore year old as well as *Crispus*, and a Noble-man likewise, which the Author admires as a prodigy in the Reigne of those Tyrants they lived under.

(d) Verse 112 His young son ] *Domitius* whom the Emperour *Domitian* ( though it seemes he liked his Father *Acilius* well enough ) could never indure, which the youth perceiving hoped to have blinded *Domitian* as *Brutus* did *Tarquin* with a counterfeited madnesse, which *Domitius* acted to the life, fighting naked with fierce *African* Lions before the Emperour at his Pallace in *Alba* ; but nothing would satisfie the jealousie *Domitian* had conceived of *Domitius* his brain, untill he had taken off his head.

(e) Verse 122. A bearded King ] *Tarquinius Superbus* whom *Brutus* beguiled, wore his beard long, for, in his time the Barbers were not come over to *Rome* from *Sicily*.

(f) Verse 123. *Rubrius* ] *Rubrius Gallus* who in his youth committed some such foule crimes as pathick *Nero* did, and being come to mans estate was as bold a Writer of Satyrs against others as *Nero* was.

(g) Verse. 126. *Montanus* ] *Currius Montanus* a huge fat glut-ton, whose belly rather then himselfe the Poët here takes no-

tice of, but he leaves him not so, you shall finde him againe in this Satyr, verse 153.

(h) Verse 130. *Pompey* ] *Pompeius Ruffus*, who though not so fine as the *Arabarch Crispinus* in his Easterne Balsome, was yet far subtler in his whispering of accusations.

(i) Verse 130. *Fuscus* ] *Cornelius Fuscus*, who having only heard of battailes, and meditated stratagems of war within the marble walls of his *Villa* or country house, was sent General by *Domitian* against the *Scythians* of *Dacia*, where his Army was defeated, and he himselfe slaine.

(k) Verse 133. *Veiento* ] That rich and proud Senator described in my notes upon the third Satyr.

(l) Verse 133. *Catullus* ] A blind man and a bloody informer, raised by *Domitian*, from begging at the foot of the *Aricine* hill in the *Appian* way, to be one of his Councillors of Estate; the Emperour thinking (as it seems) that the tongue which begged so well, would urge an accusation better. *Pliny* in his Epistles saith, *Domitian* used to cast *Catullus* at noble Persons, like a blind dart that will spare no man.

(m) Verse 141. *Cilician's* ] A Fencer of *Cilicia*, whose blowes and way of fighting this impudent blind man had formerly commended upon the Stage, as he did likewise the Engine (such as we have in Masks) by which the boyes ascended to the Canvas that covered the top of the Play-house.

(n) Verse 144. *Bellona* ] *Minerva* Goddesse of war, (Sister and Charioteer to *Mars*.) whose Priests sacrificed their own blood to her, and immediately she so inspired them that they explained things present, and foretold the future.

(o) Verse 148. *Arviragus* ] A King of the South *Brittaines*, youngest son to *Kymbeline*, a great opposer of the *Romans* in this Island, both in *Domitian's* reigne (when, it seemes, hee flourished) and *Cladius Cæsar*, whose daughter *Genissa* (if we may believe our *British* Historians that hee had such a one) our *Arviragus* married.

(p) Verse 157. *Prometheus* ] That inimitable Potter, who was carried to Heaven by *Minerva*, being much taken with his wit, where he made further demonstration of it, by stealing fire from the Suns Coach-wheels, wherewith he inanimated his man of clay.

(q) Verse 163. *Falern Wine* ] The Grapes growing upon the *Falern* Mountaines in *Campania*, made a rare Wine in

*Juvenal's* time, as you may see by his frequent use of the word *Falerne*, and it is, even at this day, the absolute best Wine in *Italy*, as they say that have met with it where it is pure, which is only in the Cardinals or some great Printes Cellar.

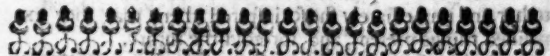
(r) Verse 155. *Lucrin Rocks or Circe's* ] The *Lucrin Rocks* were in *Campania* in the Bay of *Lucrinum*; Rocks of *Circe* were neer unto *Ciseta*, where was a Chappell dedicated to *Circe*, and a Mountaine that likewise bore her name.

(s) Verse 156. *Richborough* ] In *Ken.*

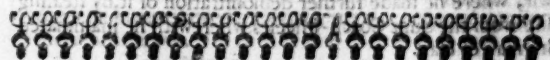
(t) Verse 174. *Stembri* ] The people of *Gelderland*, between the Rivers of *Mosel* and the *Rhen*.

(u) Verse 174. *Catti* ] *Germans* now called *Hassi*; against whom *Domitian* made one voluntary expedition, as he did another of necessity against the *Sythians* of *Dacia*, where his whole Legion was overthrowne, and the Generall *Fuscus* slaine.

(v) Verse 176. *Flying Posts* ] Some have supposed he meant *Bettors* brought by *Carrier-Pidgeons*, but he calls them not *flying Posts* either for speed of bird or man, but because in *Packets* of *Overthrowes* or *Insurrections* the *Romans* used to stick a Feather in the presses of *Victory*, a *Lawrell*.



THE





## The first Satyr of JUVENAL.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Client Trebius is reprov'd,  
Who will with no affront be mov'd  
Proud Virro's table to forbear,  
Where he but seldome must appeare.  
And then, poore Creature, only sees  
The pretious wine, but drinks the lees.  
At Virro's Feast eats scraps, or serves,  
Nor better, That brookes this, deserves.*

♦♦♦♦ Ham'lt not? dost still, as thy chiefe good, intend The af-  
♦ S ♦ Upon another's trencher to depend? fronts sus-  
♦♦♦♦ Canst thou endure more base affronts, then ere fred at  
great mens  
Tables.

At Caesar's bitter jeering table were

5 By humble (a) Galba or (b) Sermentus borne?

I'd scarce believe't, wert thou a witness sworne.

I know the belly's cheaply fed; put case.

Thou had'st not to fill up that empty space,

Is there no hole, no bridge, no cottage nooke?

10 Art thou with th' injury of a meale so tooke?

So hung'ry-gutted? thou maist shake for feare

Far more genteelely, and gnaw dog-crusts there,

The re-  
ward of a  
Noble-  
mans ser-  
vice.

Ich'first place, thou, when bid to supper hast  
The full reward of all thy service past,  
*A great friends' bounty, meat*; he thinkes so, though

15

He bids thee seldome, *yes* he thinks it so.  
After some month's neglect, if he admit  
A Client, lest there should want one to fit  
On's (c) third bed, we'll (sayes he) together eate;  
What wouldst thou more? thy wishes are compleat.

20

What  
paines they  
take that  
ingratiate  
themselues  
with great  
persons.

*Trebium* oblig'd, has that for which he must  
Break's sleep, and run ungarter'd and untrust,  
For feare least his (d) saluting rivalls may  
Have fill'd the ring by dawning of the day;  
Or at the time when the sev'n stars do roll  
Their cold and sluggish waine about the pole.

25

What  
wine be-  
low the  
Sale.  
Old Re-  
tainers set  
together  
by the ears  
to make  
their Lord  
sport.

But then, what kind of supper is't? thy cup  
Is fill'd with wine, moist wool would scarce drink up.  
The gheft's transform'd to (e) *Cybel's Priests* you see,  
Made with foule words their first encounters be:  
Anon the cups they drinke in fly about,  
And thou thy wound wip'st with a crimson clout,  
How often do the (f) *Libertines* and you,  
Pots of (g) *Saguntum* furiously imbrow?

30

Wine se-  
venty  
years old,  
none  
drinks but  
the Lord.

What th'untrim'd (h) *Consuls* saw, his servant skinks,  
The grape prest in the Civill Wars he drinks:  
Nor with one little tast of it would part  
To's friend, that has the trembling of the heart.  
From (i) th' *Albane* or the (k) *Setine* hills, next day  
He something drinks, whose age hath tooke away  
The dusty hogshead's (l) date, and climate; such  
*As (m) Thraseas* and *Helvidius* would touch,

35

40

When

*The fifth Satyr of Juvenal.*

69

When they dranke(n) crown'd, on the *naivities*  
Of *Cassius*, and both the *Brutus*.

- 55 *Virro*'s owne wine's into large amber put,  
Or sea-green(e) *Berill* into fascets cut.  
They trust not thee with gold, or if they do't  
Sometimes, a keeper is annext unto't,  
Who counts the gems, marks where thy sharp nayle  
50 Excuse him, there the precious *Jasper* flames. (aymes,  
For *Virro* to be a *la mode*, does those

The rich-  
ness of the  
Lords  
Bowles,

Not trust-  
ed in the  
hands of  
poore  
guests.

- Rich stones from's *Rings* into his *bowels* transpose,  
Which in his *hills* the(p) youth, preferr'd before  
The jealous-spirited *Hiarba*, wore.  
55 Thou drain'st a foule four-induted glasse, that's call'd  
The(q) *Beneventine* Cobler, old and gall'd,  
And going to the Glasse-house every day  
For scraps of brimstone to be truckt away.  
With wine or meat if thy Lord's stomach glow,  
60 Boild water's brought him coold in *Scythian* Snow;  
*Did I complaine none of the same wine came*  
*To your share, 'las your water's not the same.'*

Jewells  
first worne  
in sword-  
bills, then  
in Rings  
and lastly  
in Bowles.  
The glasse  
for a mean  
guest.

- Thy cup is fill'd by the(r) *Getulian* boore,  
Or raw-bon'd fingers of the *Blackamore*,  
65 Whom you'd not meet at midnight; as you stray  
By th' Monuments ith' rugged *Latin* way.  
The Flow'r of(r) *Asia* on thy Patron waites,  
Bought at a higher price, then the estates  
Of(r) *Tullus*, warlike(u) *Ancus*, in a word  
70 Then all the Kings of *Rome* could ere afford.  
In which respect, thou must when th'art a-drye  
On thy (w) *Getulian Ganimel* cast thine eye.

By what  
gastly crea-  
tures the  
poore is  
waited on  
at great  
mens  
tables.

The  
Lords fine  
Pages,



Can he so many millions cost, be page  
 To th'poore? high lookes become, his forme, and age,  
*This yeoman of the mouth too,* when doth hee  
 Though call'd upon, vouchsafe to come to thee?

The pride  
 of servants

No, he disdaines th'old client should command  
 His service; or should sit when he must stand. (those  
*Each great house with proud servants swarms. How*

Grumble to reach thee bread, a knife would pose, 80  
 Hard mouldy crusts, which do the grinders spoyle,  
 And yet are hardly enter'd with long toile?

The dif-  
 ference of  
 bread.

Thy Lords loaves are of soft and snow-white flower,  
*Keepe in thy hand, reverence the Butlers power:*  
 Shouldst thou be bold with it in jest, a clowne 85  
 Stands o're thee that will make thee lay it downe.

(x) Remember, sawcy Sir, how you've bin fed,  
 And know the colour of your household-bread.

The re-  
 tainers  
 complaint.

Was't this, for which I left (so many a time)  
 My wife, the cold (y) *Esquilian* Mount to clime, 90  
 When Winter *Jove* pour'd down his cruell raine,  
 And my fur'd-coate did raine it o're againe.

The dif-  
 ference of  
 Fish for  
 the Lord  
 and client

See how the charger bends with thy *Lord's* Fish,  
 What *Sparagus* begarnishes the dish;  
 And how his tayle the table seemes to scorne, 95  
 When he's ith' hands of the tall servant borne.

Thy Crab, with halfe an egge about it shred,  
 Comes in a plate, a (z) supper for the dead.

Difference  
 of oyle.

Upon his fish (a) *Venafrican* oyle he poares,  
 What smells oth' lampe dawbes thy pale colyflowers. 100  
 The stuffe brought in (b) *Micipsa's* picked cane  
 Thy sawcer fills, for which all *Rome* refraine,

The



# The fifth Satyr of Juvenal.

571

The Bath stunk up by *Bochar* to come nigh,

From which the very *Lybian* Serpents flye.

105 Thy Patron's mullet (c) *Corfica* sends in,

Or (d) *Tauromenian* Rocks, when ours begin

To faile us, when our luxury to please,

We for the shambles rob the neighb'ring Seas,

And will not let the *Tyrthen* fishes breed;

110 The Provinces must then our kitchins feed.

Thence to (e) *Aurelia* (f) *Lenas* fish presents,

Which in the Market once againe she vents;

*Virro's* great *Conger's* brought him from the (g) Straits

Of *Sicily*, for when the South-wind waies

115 A prisoner, and his downy feathers dries,

*Charybdis* our bold fisher-men despise.

Thy Eele is cozen to the slender Snake,

Which th'ice of *Tiber* did so spotted make,

That bred ith' mud, and by the kennell kept,

120 Oft ith' (h) *Suburra's* common shore had crept.

I'd speake a word in *Virro's* eare; None crave

What (i) *Seneca*, brave (k) *Piso*, (l) *Gotta* gave

To their poore friends, (for great as *Falces* then

Or Titles bounty shin'd in noble men)

125 Only a civill usage we intreate,

Let's eate at the same table the same meate,

Do this and be, what most to be contend,

Rich to thy selfe, poore only to thy friend.

To *Virro* a great Goose's liver's set,

130 Girt with cramm'd Fowle, or rarities as great:

A wild *Boare* foaming lyes upon his board,

Worthy the faire-hair'd (m) *Meleager's* sword.

Luxury  
described.

The feed-  
ing of an  
Eele.

The Cli-  
ents rea-  
sonable  
request.

The Gene-  
ration of  
Mushrom's

Then if it be(n) Spring-time, the par'd Mushrom's dress,  
If wist. for thunder make a greater feast.

Alledim cryes, your Come you Lybians spend, 135  
Unyoake your Oxen, so you Mushroms send.

The de-  
scription  
of a Car-  
ver.

In the meane time, least any thing should be  
Left out to vex thy patience, thou shalt see  
The Carver flourishing his knife, advance  
As if he were beginning of a dance; 140  
Nor ends till all his Masters tricks are done,  
Till over all the dishes he has run,  
And shew'd you what the diff'rent postures are  
Of cutting up a Pullet and a Hare.

Suff'r and  
be silent.

But thou, as *Hercules* dragg'd(o) *Cacus*, must 145  
Drawn by the heeles out of the doore be thrust;  
Shouldst thou, as if thou hadst three names, repine,  
To thee when offers *Virro* his own Wine,  
Or pledges in thy dreggs? which of you are  
So rash, so lost, that to your Monarch dare 150  
Say, drink Sir, *many words may not be spoke*  
*By a poore fellow in a ratter'd cloke.*

The alter-  
ation of  
welcome  
to a poore  
mangrown  
rich.

But should some God, or God-like man, then Fare  
More kinde, give thee a Gentleman's estate?  
Poore Rogue! how high from nothing wouldst thou rise? 155  
How gracious wouldst thou be in *Virro's* eyes?  
Give *Trebius* this, let *Trebius* that meate,  
Wilt please you (brother) of these entrailes eate?  
*Oh Money! be this honour doth to thee,*  
*'Tis Virro and thy selfe that brothers be.* 160  
But if thou wouldst be one o'th' better sort,  
A Lord, and thy Lord's Prince; about thy Court,  
There

# The fifth Satyr of Juvenal.

73

There must no young (p) *Ænema* playing runne,  
Nor daughter, more a darling then a sonne.

165 A barren wife makes a friend sweet and deare.

Yet if thy *Mygale* should children beare,

Now thou art rich, set on thy knee three boyes,

I'th' pretty parrat-Babes he likewise joyes.

For the greene stomacher his servant goes,

170 The small nuts, and the penny he bestowes

That's ask't him, when this begger of small summes

This little *Parasæ* to his table comes.

To poore friends dangerous toad-booles they afford,

The Mushrooms are serv'd onely to the Lord.

175 Pure Fungo's, such as (q) *Claudius* eate, before

His wife's came, after which he ne're eate more:

*Virro* and th'other *Virroes* apples tast,

Whose smell alone to feed upon, thou hast.

You'd think *perpetuall* *Autumne* yeilded these,

180 From the robb'd orchard of th'(r) *Hesperides*.

Thou eat'st *crabs*, such as he gnawes in the workes,

That under's sheild, and in his helmet lurkes,

And feares the whip, when as he learnes the art

From the rough hairy goat to cast the dart.

185 That *Virro* spares his purse thou mayst believe,

But he does this onely to make thee grieve;

What *Comedy*, what *Mimicke* can excite

More laughter, then the cor'ned appetite?

Know 'tis his aime in teares to see thee wash

190 Thy rage, to heare thy longing grinders gnash.

Your Lord's guests, *freemen* you your selves doe thinke,

He thinkes you *slaves* tooke with his kitchin's stinck,

And

Childless  
persons  
most cour-  
ted.

The cock-  
ring up of  
others  
children.

Difference  
of Mush-  
romes and  
Apples.

Why poor  
Clients are  
ill used.

And he thinks right ; for what *poore man* that had

(1) *Hetrurian* bubbles when he was a *lad*,

Or wore a knot, with that so *poore* devise

Of (1) leathern thongs, that can indure it twice.

Oh, but a hopefull supper failes us now,

You'll see another time he will allow

Some part of the reverfions of a Hare,

Wee shall a Chick or the Boare's haunches share.

This makes you lie *perdue* with untoucht bread :

He's wife that lets you be no better fed ;

For if thou canst with all these scornes sit down,

In time thou'lt let him shave and crack thy crowne.

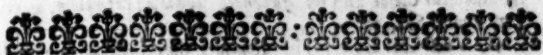
And take a good sound whipping in the end,

Worthy of such a *feast* and such a *friend*.



ANNO-





# ANNOTATIONS

## UPON

### *The fifth Satyr of Juvenal.*

(a) Verse 5 *Galba*] *Apicius Galba*, a rare Buffon that lived in *Tiberius Cæsars* time, you shall heare of him often in the Poet *Martial*.

(b) Verse 5. *Sarmenus*] A Jester recorded by *Horace* in his fifth Satyr, where he describes his scuffle with *Messius Cicerius*. This *Sarmenus*, notwithstanding that he was continually abused at *Augustus Cæsars* table, still put himselfe upon the Emperour, and at length became very gracious with him.

(c) Verse 19. On's third bed] In the *Triclinium* or dining roome, there was a table in the fashion of a halfe Moone or *Hemicycle*, against the round part whereof they set three beds, every one containing three persons, and at extraordinary times foure; the *Hemicycle* being left for the waiters.

(d) Verse 23. Saluting Rivalls] The rest of the Clients that used to come and bid good morrow to those on whom they depended, at day-breake if not before, as you may see by this description of *Charles waine* turning about the Pole.

(e) Verse 29. *Cybel's* Priests] Who were masters of the *Gusto*, and therefore likely to quarrell at the Table.

(f) Verse 33. Libertines] A Libertine originally was the issue of a freed-man and a freed-woman, but after the Censorship of *Appian Cæcus*, *Liberti* and *Libertini* were both taken for freed-men, and *Jingenui* for their children or free-borne persons.

(g) Verse 34. Pots of *Saguntum*] Earthen Pots made at *Saguntum* in *Spainne*.

(h) Verse 35. Th' untrim'd *Consuls*] When the *Consuls* were bearded like their Kings, as before in the fourth Satyr.

(i) Verse 39. The *Alban*] The *Alban* hills bore (as *Pliny* saies) an excellent sweet grape.

(k) Verse 39. *Setine* hills] The *Setine* Wine was preferred by

by *Augustus Caesar* and by *Juvenal*, *Regis ad exemplum*, as you may read Sat. 10.

(l) Verse 41. Date] The *Romans* dated the wine-vessells which they intended to keepe, from the yeare of the foundation of *Rome*.

(m) Verse 42. *Thraseas* and *Helvidius*] *Thraseas Pater* and his Father-in-law *Helvidius Priscus* would as gladly have adventured their lives to have freed *Rome* from the tyranny of *Nero*, as *D. Junius Brutus* ventured his, to free *Rome* of *Tarquin*: or *M. Brutus* and *Cassius* theirs for delivering *Rome* from the incroachment of *J. Caesar*; *Thraseas*, because he would not flatter *Nero* in the murder of his mother *Agrippina*, being by the Ministers of State accused of treason, would not make his defence, but offered his veins to be cut, and turning to his friends, said, We sacrifice this blood to *Jove* the infranchiser. *Helvidius Priscus* was banished *Italy* by *Nero*, after whose death he was repealed by *Galba*.

(n) Verse 43. Drank crown'd] When the *Romans* indulged or sacrificed to the *Genius* (which was, as aforesaid, either at the Nativities or Marriages of themselves, or those they honoured) it was their custome to crown their heads with cooling flowers to allay the heat of the wine, and by binding of their foreheads to suppress the fumes ascending from it.

(o) Verse 46. Beril] A pretious stone often mentioned in the sacred Scripture; that it was the fashion in *Juvenal's* time to set the bowles they drank in with rich stones, appears by this place & those verses last quoted out of the tenth Satyr.

(p) Verse 53 the Youth] *Aeneas* (prefer'd by *Dido* before *Hiarbas*) who had some eminent part of his sword set with Jaspers, like so many Stars, as *Virgill* describes him in the fourth booke of his *Aeneids*.

——*Stellatus faspide fulva*

*Ensis erat.* ——

(q) Verse 56. *Beneventin* Cobler] An ill-favoured Glasse called by the name of *Vatinus* the drunken Cobler of *Beneventum*, who had a nose (if we may believe the Epigrammatist *Martial*) longer then his monumentall Glasse-nose.

(r) Verse 63. *Gerulian* Boore] a Negro of *Gerulia* in *Africa*.

(s) Verse 67. *Asia*] One of the four parts of the earth, severed from *Africa* by the red Sea and the *Aegyptian Isthmus*, but farther distant in the degree of complexion then of cli-

mate,

mate, the *Africans* looking like devils, the *Africans* like Angels.

(i) Verse 69. *Tullus*] *Tullus Hostilius* the third King of *Rome*, who conquered *Alba*, and carried away the Vestall fire to *Rome*, robbing her Altar at *Alba*, as you read in Sat. 4. ver. 69. he was of a more stirring nature then *Romulus*, and least the people should grow effeminate with peace, took occasion (as *Livy* notes) to quarrell with his neighbours.

(u) Verse 69. Warlike *Ancus*] The fourth King of *Rome*, who for his wisdom to direct, and courage to execute, was Surnamed the Martiall, he was the first that ever made a Prison in *Rome*; to which one Prison there was no numerall addition during the reignes of the three Kings that succeeded him, nor a long while after, as you see in Sat. 3. verse 364.

(w) Verse 72. *Getulian Ganymed*] *Ganymed* was a lovely boy, sonne to *Tros* the King of *Troy*, and Cup-bearer to *Iove*; but this *Negro*, this *Getulian Ganymed* might have been Cup-bearer to *Pluto*.

(x) Verse 87. Remember] 'Tis the speech of a proud servant waiting at the Table, replied to (in the next verse but one) by the poor upbraided Client.

(y) Verse 90. *Esquiline Mount*] Where many Patricians had houses, as I have formerly noted Sat. 3.

(z) Verse 98. A Supper for the dead] The *Romans* used to bring to an urne or Monument of the dead, a little milke, honey, wine, water, and an olive, supper enough for a spirit.

(a) Verse 99. *Venasian Oyle*] The purest oyle of *Campania*.

(b) Verse 101. *Micipsa*] *Micipsa* is the name of a *Numidian* king, successeur to *Massinissa*, *Bochar* the name of an *Aegyptian* king. It seemes the oyle that came from those parts, and which those country-men noited with, when they bathed, was such abominable stufte, as the very *African* Serpents would not indure the smell of it.

(c) Verse 105. *Corfica*] An Island in the *Tyrrbene* Sea called *Cernus* by the *Greekes*.

(d) Verse 106. *Tauromenian Rocks*] The Sea coast neere *Taurominum* in *Sicily*.

(e) Verse 111. *Lenus*] One that bought up the rarities of the market to present to his childlesse friends; a complement in fashion with the *Romans*, as you may read in Sat. 6 verse 42.

(f) Verse 112. *Aurelia*] A rich childlesse woman to whom  
these

these *Lens'es* brought so many dainties more then she could spend in her house, that she served the market with them againe.

(g) Verse 113. The Straits] The dangerous passage betwixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*.

(h) Verse 120. *Subura*] The fairest street of *Rome* (as I have noted in the beginning of Sat. 3.) under whose stately buildings the common-shoare passed into the River *Tiber*.

(i) Verse 122. *Soneca*] Tutor to *Nero*, the most rich and most learned *Roman* of his time, and in my opinion there needs no greater testimony then the honourable mention here made of him, to prove all impeachments of sordid thrift wherewith he stands charged, to be false and scandalous.

(k) Verse 122. *Piso*] *G. Piso Calpurnius*, that so gallant man in his munificence both to friends and strangers, who was (as *Tacitus* affirms) adopted by *Galba* for his successor in the Empire.

(l) Verse 122. *Cotta*] *Aurelius Cotta* a liberall minded Noble-man, that likewise lived in *Nero's* time.

(m) Verse 132. *Meleager*] See the fable of *Meleager* in the *Metamorphosis*, where he kills the fatall *Calpdonian* Boare, sent to execute the wrath of *Diana* upon the country of his father *Oeneus*.

(n) Verse 133. Spring time] The best Mushromes grow in *Africa*, in the Spring of the yeare, immediately after thunder, which though it blast the corne, is notwithstanding wished for, by such as *Alledius*, who had rather have the *Lybians* to send their Mushroms then their corne.

(o) Verse 145. *Cacus*] The *Aventine* Shepherd, that stole the Oxen from *Hercules*, and to keepe himselfe from being tracked by the Beasts feet, dragged them by the tayles into his Den; but *Hercules* (finding them out by their bellowing) served *Cacus* as he had done his Cattell, drew him out by the heeles and knocked out his braines. See *Ovid* upon this fable in his *Metamorphosis* and *Virgil* in his *Æneids*.

(p) Verse 163. Young *Æneas*] The Author alludes to Queene *Dido* in *Virgil's* *Æneids*, and telleth the Client *Trebius*, that although he should grow rich, and so come to have a Court as *Dido* had, yet (if he meane that his Patron *Virro* shall be one of his Courtiers) he must not wish, as she did, to have a young *Æneas*; notwithstanding if *Virro's* wife *Mygale*

should



Should bring him three young *Emases*, *Virro* would make  
much of them all, as he did of their father, and for the  
above-named consideration, viz.

*Oh money! he shld honour doib to thee;*

*'Tis Virro and thy selfe that brothers bee.*

(q) Verse 175. *Claudius*] *Claudius Caesar* loved Mush-  
romes excessively, *Locusta* perceiving it, taught the Em-  
peresse *Agrippina* to poyson one of them, which dispatched  
the old man to Heaven downwards, as you shall read in Sat.  
6. verse 664.

(r) Verse 180. *Hesperides*] *Atlas* king of *Mauritania* (so the  
fable goes) had an Orchard, wherein were trees that bore  
golden Apples, which he bestowed upon the *Hesperides*, the  
daughters of his brother *Hesperus*, *Egle*, *Aresbus* and *Hyper-  
busa*, trusting both them and the fruite to the guard of a  
watchfull Dragon which *Hercules* slew, and carried away the  
golden apples into *Greece*.

(s) Verse 194. *Ettrurian bubbles*] King *Tullus Hostilius*  
first brought the fashion to *Rome* out of *Ettruria* (now the  
Dutchy of *Florence*) for Noble mens children to weare gol-  
den bubbles.

(t) Verse 196. *Leathern thongs*] The children of Liber-  
tines or Freed-men wore a leathern thong or cord tied on  
a knot.

THE



## The sixth Satyr of JUVENAL.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Roman women full of Taints  
And Blemishes, the Poet paints,  
And sends them represented thus,  
To old Ursidius Posthumus:  
Of whom he does compassion take,  
And counsels him his choice to make  
Of any Death, ere such a Life  
As he must looke for with a Wife.*

The chastity of the Golden Age.

**I** Grant that *chastity* when (a) *Saturne* reign'd,  
Was seen on earth, when a cold *Cave* contain'd  
A little household, fire, and (b) *Lar*; and made  
For *Shepherds* and their *Flock*; one common shade.  
When first the (c) *Montaine-wife*, leaves, sedges spread  
And skins of neighb'ring beasts, to make her bed.  
Not like thee, (d) *Cynthia*, nor (e) her that cry'd  
And swell'd her faire eyes when her Sparrow dy'd.  
But whilst *man* acornes belicht, his *wife* (more wild)  
Had her full breasts, drunk up by her (f) great child.  
For in th'earth's *non-age*, under heaven's new frame,  
They stricter liv'd, who from th' (g) *Oake's* rupture came,

And

# The sixth Satyr of Juvenal.

81

And clay borne, had no (h) Parents : Haply though,  
Much of that old chaste seed, or some did grow

- 15 Ev'n under *Jove*, but e're *Jove* had a(i) beard ;  
E're *Greekes* to (k) sweare by others heads were heard,  
When none fear'd *thieves* to rob their *herbes*; or *trees* ,  
But liv'd without inclosures. By degrees  
To Heav'n, then, *Chastity Astras* led,

The silver  
ages wan-  
tonnesse.

- 20 And so together the *two Sisters* fled.

*Posthume* : 'tis old to steale *another's* sweets,  
To slight the *Genius* of the sacred sheets ;  
*The Iron age* brought forth all other crimes,  
*The first Adult'ers were ish' Silver times.*

The Iron  
age.

- 25 Yet meetings, contracts, joyatures, (m) motion't thou  
In our *Age*. Nay, the master-barber now  
Trimm's thee, perhaps thy (n) Pledge her finger fits.  
Wilt thou wive *Posthume* ? sure thou had'st thy wits ?  
What snake-hayr'd fury haunts thee ? canst obey

Diswacons  
from mar-  
riage.

- 30 A wife ? so many halters i'thy way ?  
So many windowes open, those so high ?  
The courteous (o) *Emilian* bridge so nigh ?  
If in this *choice* of *deaths* none pleasing be,  
Thinke, is't not better thy Boy sleep with thee ?

- 35 Thy Boy that scolds not i'the night, nor faines  
A coyneffe, till presented : nor complaines  
Because thou spar'ft thy back, or that so oft  
As he commands, thou dost not come aloft.  
Oh, but *Ursidius* now likes the care

- 40 O'th (p) *Julian* law. He meanes to get an Heyre,  
And loose those (q) gifts the *shambles* sends him in,  
The greater *Turtle* and the *Mullets* sinne,

*What is not possible, if Urſid wed.*

*If this old Gallion thruſt his fooliſh head ?*

45

*Into the marriage halter, that lay preſt*

*So oft, halfe ſmother'd, in (r) Larinus cheſt ?*

Quere a  
chaſt wife  
in the City

*Befides his Wife muſt be oth' old chaſt ſtraine :*

*He's mad, good Surgeon, cut his middle-veine.*

*Nice man ! proſtrate adore (s) Tarpeian love,*

50

*And a gilt Heifer kill to his (t) firſt Love,*

*If thou on a chaſt Matron light'ſt. Few ſuch*

*Live now, as merit (u) Ceres veyle to touch,*

*Whoſe lips their Fathers ſcare not. (w) Crown thy doores,*

*With Ivy, quilt thy thresholds, ſtrow thy floores.*

55

*One man thy (x) Iberina ſatiſfie ?*

*She'll ſooner be contented with one eye.*

A Coun-  
try-beau-  
ty.

*But She's much ſam'd lives at her Fathers Farme.*

*Let her live ſo ith' Village ; no more harme*

*Thinke in great Townes, the tale oth' Farme may paſſe.*

60

*But who'll ſweare, nothing done ith' mountaines was ?*

*Nor caves ? are Jove and Mars ſo aged growne ?*

The Roman  
ſpring-  
garden.

*Is there a beauty in our Gardens ſhowne*

Play-hou-  
ſes.

*Worthy thy choice ? our play-houſe boxes prove,*

*Can'ſt pick out one, thou may'ſt ſecurely love ?*

65

Women in  
love with  
the Play-  
ers.

*(y) Bathillus acting Leda, Thuſcia leaks*

*At's gambolls ; Apula, as tickled, ſqueakes.*

*Thymeſe the long-thing before, diſcernes,*

*And then, the Town-garbe Country-Thymeſe learnes.*

*The reſt grow ſad, when th' arras is rooke down,*

70

*And Noiſe, the Stage left, does the (z) Forum drown ;*

*And when, in (a) Cybel's Feaſts, men aſt not : they*

*Actum with's Viſard (b) Thyſe, and Codpiece, play.*

*Autones,*

# The sixth Satyr of Juvenal.

83

(c) *Autonoe's* mad Jigge, that laughter moves,

75 Sings *Urbicus*, him the poore *Elia* loves.

These spoyle the singing boy; at high rates those

Do buy th'unbutt'ning the Comedian's hose.

*Hispulla* the Tragedian doth affect,

That these should love (d) *Quintilian*, can y' expect?

80 The Fidler *Glaphyrus*, the wife thou dost take,

Or *Ambrose*-Piper will a Father make.

To straiten the high street long scaffolds raise,

Adorne thy Gates and Posts with solemne (e) bayes:

That (f) *Lenxulus*, thy canopy'd noble beire

85 May looke like rogue-*Eurialus* the sword-player,

A Senatour's Wife, *Hippia*, ran away

With one that on the Stage did Prizes play,

Following her *Gladiator* to the Isle

Of (h) *Pharos*; *Lagus* his lewde (i) Towne, and (k) *Nile*,

90 Lascivious *Canopus* crying downe

The impudence of this prodigious Towne:

No care of her house, of her sister tooke,

Her Lord's or Country's honour; she forooke,

Her tender Babes; what may yet more amaze

95 She left the fine-fac'd (l) *Park* and the Playes.

And though she, richly by her Father kept,

Had in his Downe and deepe-fring'd Cradles slept,

She scorn'd the Sea; *Fame* she long-since did scorne,

Whose losse on a soft Couch is eas'ly borne.

100 She, therefore (m) *Tyrrhene* waves, th'*Ionian* roare,

And oft-chang'd Seas with constant spirits bore.

If some just cause of danger shall appeare,

Their frozen hearts doe honest actions feare,

A]Senators  
Wife ran  
away with  
a Fencer.

Their trembling feet too weak to beare them are,

*They bring strong soules to things they souly dare.* 105

The difference of a wantons carriage to her husband, & to her servant

If husbands bid them goe aboard, they swoound ;

Then the Pompe's noisome, then the aire turnes round:

*She with her Paramour's we're sick. That bespues*

*Her husband ; t'eat with Saylor's ibis doth use,*

Walkes on the Decks, to pull hard cables loves. 110

But *Hippia*, what youth, what beauty moves ?

What did she see made her oth' Title doat

Of a she-Fencer ? for to (n) shave his throat

Her Favourite began, his scarres crav'd ease,

His face had many strange deformities ; 115

Worne bald with's helmet, midst of's nose a Wen,

His eyes sharpe, rhewme still dropt. *But he was then*

*A Sword-man ; this makes (o) Hyacinths.* this to her

Lord, Sister, Country, Babes, she did preferre ;

*Th' Steele they love. Had Sergius had to do*

*With the weak Wand, sb' had made him Cuckold too.* 120

The loose Emperiall Messalina.

Why do I one so meane as *Hippia* name ?

View the Gods Rivalls. List to *Claudius* shame ;

When his (p) Wife sonnd him sleep, she durst refuse

His royall bed, and a base mattresse chuse. 125

Th' Imperiall Strumpet with one maid, stole out

In her night-hoods, and having cast about

Her black haire, a red perriwigge ; she got

Into the Stewes, where th'old rugge still was hot ;

Had a spare roome kept for her. There gold-chain'd, 130

Bare-breasted stood, her name (q) *Lyaisca* fain'd ;

(r) High-borne *Britannicus*, thy womb display'd ;

Smil'd upon all that came, her bargain made.

And

And when the Wenches were dismiss'd, she last,

105 135 ('Twas all she could) sadly the doore made fast,

And many thirsted-for encounters try'd,

Departed tir'd with men, not satisfy'd,

And foul'd with candle-smoak, her cheeks smear'd or'e,

The Brothell-steame she to her pillow bore.

110 145 Their love-draughts, charmes, & druggs I could relate, Philters  
or love-  
potions.

Brew'd for the *Sonne in law*, that drinks his fate.

Their sexes Empire swells their wises so,

That lust appears a Peccadillio.

But why's *Cesennia* by her husband grac'd ?

115 150 She brought ten thousand, at that rate she's chaste.

Loves bow or torch, nor wounds nor burnes his heart,

Hence comes the flame, the portion casts the dart.

Her freedome's bought ; he by, she'll wise, or kisse,

A covetuous man's rich Wife a Widdow is.

Rich Wo-  
men draw  
Articles of  
marriage  
for the  
breeches.

120 155 How is't *Sertorius Bibula* approves ?

The truth discus'd, the face not Wife he loves.

Let but three wrinkles grow, her dry skinne shrink,

Her teeth looke rusty, her eyes deeper sinke,

Pack up, his freed-man bids her, and be gone ;

125 160 Th' art now a burden, thy nose drops, jogge on ;

Quick ; let another, that's dry nos'd, succeed.

Whilst fayre, he raignes, her Lord's (1) *canusian* breed

Of sheep and Shepherds, (1) *Falerne vine-yards* craves,

That's nothing. All fine boyes, all Jayles for slaves ;

130 165 What neighbours have, she wants, his purse must buy.

In Winter, when ashoare the Merchants lye ;

When th' icy tow'r the Pilots art controlls,

Great Crystalls he brings home, huge Myrrhine bowles:

Beauty  
commands  
obedience.

And the fam'd *diamond*, that richer show'd  
 On (u) *Berenice's* finger, this bestow'd  
 The barbarous *Agrippa*, he to his  
 Incestuous Sister once presented this,  
*Where bare-foot Kings the Sabbath feasts doe hold,*  
*And ancient pitty lets the Swine grow old,*

179

The description of  
 a char but  
 proud Lady.

Is one of all these worthy thy imbrace?

175

Be she fair, neat, rich, fruitfull; though she place  
 The *statues* of her Ancestours to guard  
 Her walk's, and be her selfe then those loose-hair'd  
 (w) Peace-making *Sabines*, more unknowne to Man:  
*A Bird as rare on earth as a black Swanne.*

180

Who'll brooke her if she be all this? Give me  
 A (x) *Venusine* maide (y) *Cornelia* before thee  
 Mother oth' *Gracchi*: if as proud as great,  
 Thou as thy dowre thy *Triumphs* dost repeat;  
 Thy *Hannibal*, thy conquer'd *Syphax*, 'pry'thee  
 Take and be gone, and take all *Carthage* with thee.

185

A woman  
 ambitious  
 of honour.

Hold *Phæbus*, *Phæbe* hold. No fault there lies  
 Ith' babes, their mother kill, (z) *Amphion* cries.  
 But *Phæbus* shoots. Thus *Niobe*, whilst her place  
 She boasts to be above *Larona's* race,  
 And fruitfuller then the *white sow*, her wombe:  
 Doth all her *Children* and her *Lord* intombe.  
 What's Modesty? what's beauty? that she shu'd  
 Upbraid thee with them? *Tiber's* in this rare good  
*No pleasure: when corrupted by proud hearts,*  
*More Aloës then Honey it imparts.*

190

195

Yet who so amorous but his love he may  
 Abhorre, and justly too, seav'n houres a day?

Some



# The sixth Satyr of Juvenal.

87

Some triviall things, no husbands patience brooks,

A Lady  
that speaks  
Greeke.

200 For what's more base? none thinks she handsome looks,

Till she her (a) *Tuscan* can in *Greeke* expresse,

And turnes pure *Atticke* from a *Sulmonesse*.

When they want *native Latine*, (more their shame)

They speake all *Greeke* : vex, tremble, laugh, proclaime

205 Their soule's deepe secrets. What more? To't they go

In *Greeke*. Old-woman, let young girles doe so ;

An old a  
la mode La-  
dy.

Wilt thou, fourescore and six, be *Greekish* now?

That language is not chaste, when in it thou

Dost cry, my life, my soule, and use ith' crowd

210 Those words, the bed-cloaths but ev'n now did shrowd.

What will not this Provocative command?

Ther's in a smooth and petulant tongue, a hand.

Speake thou more soft then (b) *Hemus*, charm our cares

*Carpoph'rus*-like ; Thy face summes up thy yeares :

215 If thou'l not love thy wife, 'tis to no end

The married  
mans  
Dilemma.

For thee to marry, and in vaine to spend

A supper ; and those Jellies made to give

High spirits, or that first-night's *Donative*,

When shining in rich Plate, she must behold

220 (c) *Dacian* and *German Caesar* cut in gold.

If thou'l't uxoriously to one adhere,

Submit thy willing necke the yoke to beare.

There's none will spare her Lover. Though she burne,

His spoiles and torments to her sport she'll turne.

225 To marry therefore him 'twill lesse behove,

Who would a kind and noble husband prove.

Against her will thou shalt give nothing ; nought,

But what she pleases, shall be sold or bought.

The Impe-  
rioufictle  
of wives.

She'll

Shee'll rule thy scule, that friend must be expell'd  
Now old, whose growing beard thy gates be held.

230

Husbands  
governed  
by Arbitra-  
ry power.

The priviledge of law when *Fencers* take,  
And *Bawdes* are free their testaments to make,  
Thou must to *Rival's* thy estate bequeath.

Hang up thy slave. How merits my slave death?  
Who's witnesse? who informes? heare what he'll say. 235



Upon mans life ne're was too long delay.

Foole, is a Slave a man? he's cleare, be's so.

We will, and our Will shall for reason go,

Thus she her Husband *owes*. Straight, quits this sway,  
Shifts houses,, teares her (d) bright veyle, flies away. 240

Treads th'old path to some scorn'd bed; Leaves the door  
New trimm'd, the rooms fresh hang'd, green boughs oth'  
Thus numbers she eight Husbands in five yeares, (floore.

How rare th' inscription on her tombe appears.

The dan-  
ger of a  
Mother in  
law.

Despaire of peace, whilst thy wives mother lives. 245

She, how to rob a Husband, Precepts gives.

She to a servant no rude lines rescribes,  
No simple stuffe. The guard she cheates or bribes.

Then her child well, for the Phisitian sends,  
Casts off the Ruggle. Whilst the hid knave attends, 250  
And mastuprates, mad to be so delay'd.

Why, thinke you, can a Mother of the Trade

Chast thoughts, or other then her owne, imprint?

Besides, a bawde's loose daughter is her mint.

Women  
teach Law-  
yers how  
to plead.

Most law-suits Women cause. (e) *Manilia* will, 255

If not *defendant*, be the *plantife* still.



Themselves draw *bills*, they doe *Exordiums* frame,  
Give notes, teach learned (f) *Celsus* to declaime.

Their

*The sixth Satyr of Juvinal.*

89

Women-  
Fencers.

- 230 Their (g) *Tyrian* cassocks, nointings for the field,  
260 Who knowes not, sees not, how with spear and shield  
The wounded *post* is charg'd by *maydes at armes*,  
And rarely well-train'd *Matrons*, whose alarmes  
May (h) *Floral* trumpets claime. Unlesse some prize  
They'll play oth'stage, and therefore exercise.  
235 265 Where's her chaste blush, that puts her helmet on,  
And her sex off? that, though she doate upon  
Man's strength, would not be man, for but compare  
Our pleasures, how little is our share?  
Twere fine, if one should thy Wife's Wardrobe crie.  
240 270 Her gauntlets, belt, plume, takes her left thigh  
Half-covering. Or if for all fights she be,  
Thou, blest, may'st sell her armour cap a pe,  
These are the dames that in thin holland sweate,  
Whose silks too much their tender bodies heare.  
245 275 Behold, how fiercely the taught thrusts she takes.  
See, what a blow her helmet bowes, and makes  
Her hipps spread, and thick folds in short gown.  
But smile, when she disarm'd, to th'pot squats down.  
Tell me, you Nieces to great (i) *Lepidus*,  
250 280 To blind (k) *Metellus*, spend-thrift (l) *Fabius*,  
What Fencers trull thus arm'd was ever knowne?  
When did (m) *Aulus* Wife thus fighting groane?  
Debates, alternate brawlings, ever were  
285 285 Ith' marriage-bed; there is no sleeping there,  
Fierce as a Tigresse robb'd, she then begins  
To chide, or figh, when guilty of close sins.  
Or her own children hates; or sweares he keeps  
A Wench, and as she did believe it, weepes.

The Cur-  
taine  
Lecture.

Her

## The sixth Satyr of Juvinal.

Her teares in troops still ambusht, waite to know

What's her designe, how she'll command them flow: 290

That 'tis pure love, thou pleas'd hedge-Sparrow think'st,

And from her lips the briny moisture drink'st.

What Letters mightst thou read, if thou couldst get

Into the jealous Strumpet's cabinet?

The impu- But she's caught, with this slave, that gallant. Come. 295

dence of a  
discovered  
strumpet.

Plead her excuse *Quintilian*. (n) We are dumbe.

Speake woman. 'Twas agreed, she doth replice,

Thou should'st doe what thou list, and so should I.

Our storme a tempest, th'ayre with clamour fill,

A woman will be found a woman still. 300

If once surpriz'd, th'earth has not bolder things,



Ev'n from their crimes their spleen and courage springs.

Prosperity  
the cause  
of wan-  
tonnesse.

But from what (o) *Lerna* have these monsters crept?

Their once-low fortunes chaste the *Latines* kept.

And vice out of poore houses, labour barr'd, 305

Short sleep, and hands with *Thuscan* wooll made hard.

*Hannibal* at our gates with all his powers.

Their husbands standing on the *Golline* Towers.

Long peace undoes us. Lust, then war more fierce

Revenge now she conquer'd Universe. 310



Forreint  
Luxury  
brought  
into Rome,

When poverty left Rome, no horrid sin

But enter'd, then, to our sev'n hills flow'd in

(o) *Rhodes*, *Malta*, *Sibaris*, *Tarentum* crown'd

With flowers, and still in wine and women drown'd.

That bande Cojne first strange fashions bitter brought. 135

Soft wealth she weaken'd world foule Riot taught.

For what cares *Venus* drunk? she does not know

Her upper Region from her coast below.

# The sixth Satyr of Juvinal.

91

She now at midnight her great Oysters eates,

When Falerne Wine with foamy unguents sweates,

320 When off the flaggons, round the chamber goes :

The table rises, each light double shoves.

Go now, why Tullia snorts, a doubt propose,

When she so snuffs the ayre up with her nose.

Or what Collatia to her Maura talkes,

325 When she by (q) chastity's old Altar walkes.

There their Sedans waite. They do there distill,

And the carv'd Goddesse with long spoutings fill.

They mount by courses in the Moone's chaste sight,

And so ride home. The morning scarcely bright,

330 Thou spatterst thy wife's water, as thou go'st

To bid those friends, good day, thou honour'st most.

The Goddesse (r) Bona's secrets are now blaz'd,

When to the Pipe they friske, and running maz'd

With wine and cornets, their haire wildly rowle,

335 And as Priapus (s) Bacchides, they howle.

Then how they long for't ! when it comes, what cries !

What torrents of old Wine flow down their thighs !

Laufella wenches at the nimble heave

Dares challenge, and the garland does receive ;

340 Then she whil'st Modullina lifts, kneesles downe.

And they call her their Queen that gets this crowne.

No girles-play here. All's done that may allure

Cold (t) Priam's heart, or Nesto, (u) Hernia cure.

Then lust growes furious, she's pure woman then,

345 And the whole vault cries, now let in the men.

Sleeps th'old adult'rer ? bid the younger blood

Run nimbly hither, drest up in my hood.

Discrip-  
tion of  
drunken-  
nesse, with  
other secret  
vices.

Comes

Comes none ? she'll meet her slaves, those out oth' way,  
 The tankard-bearer for his paines she'll pay ; 350  
 He absent, no man found, e're she'll abide  
 Delay, she'll let an asse get up and ride.

Would *publick rites* might this abuse eschew !  
 But *Moore*s and *Indians* a(w) *she* *finger* knew. 355  
 That could a more sufficient roll have shovvn  
 Then *Cæsar's* (x) *Anti-Cato's* both in one,  
 And brought it in, whence not a Mouse, that feares  
 His stones, but flies, where veyles man's picture weares.  
 What sawcy Atheist durst of old despise 360  
*Numa's* black bowle, the urne for sacrifice,  
 Or pot oth' *Vatican* that (y) earthen was ?  
 Now, where's an Altar but a *Clodius* has ?

Jealousy Hang on a lock, I heare old friends advise.  
 watches in Appoint a guard. But who shall watch the spies ? 365  
 vaine, Her art first drawes them in. To one degree  
 Of lust all now are come ; no chaster she  
 By whose rough hob-nayles the black flints are worn,  
 Then she thais on tall (z) *Syrians* shoulders born.

The poor To see a prize (a) *Ogulinia* hires a man, 370  
 taught Gown, clients, nurse, a cusheon, a sedan,  
 loolnesse by the rich. A red hair'd Maide, that her commands must waite,  
 And all her father's goods, with her last plaite  
 To active wrestlers prodigally gives.  
 At home, in great straites many, but none lives 375  
 I' th moderation that befits the poore.

Yet man sometimes weighs profit, looks before,  
 Provides for cold and hunger, feares to want,  
 Taught by the example of the frugall Ant.

# The sixth Satyr of Juvenal.

93

No forecast  
in wo-  
men.

Vaine woman feels not how the stock consumes,

380 That Gold will grow in empty bags presumes,  
And still to rake of full heaps: newer measures  
As what excessive rates she buys her pleasures.

Some the soft Eunuch's still smooth kisses love,  
And meere despaire of beard; no feare to prove,

385 And need abortion. Yet the pleasure's great.  
Because the Surgeon in ripe youth and heat  
Their dowcets cuts, the black down newly grown,  
These, when they come to weigh a pound a stone,  
He takes off, leaves the rest at its full size,

390 And only the poore Barber damnifies.

Into the Bath this goodly Enoch goes,  
And there, no doubt, so huge a bawble shoves,  
As may with (b) Bacchus, or Priapus, vie.

His Lady's Eunuch. With her let him lie.

395 But, Posthumus, I would not wish you trust  
Your favorite Bromius to this Eunuch's lust.

If she love Musick, let no voyce, that's sold  
To th' (c) Prators, hope to make his button hold,  
Her hands are still o'th Organs. Her Lute stuck

A Musi-  
call Lady

400 With gems, the strings with a rich quill are struck.

The young Hedymil's Lute takes her, this  
She hugs and gives the lov'd wood many a kisse.

The Lute  
belov'd for  
the masters  
sake.

One of the (d) Lanian house, and that great name,  
With Cakes and Wine to (e) Vesta and Janus came,

A great  
Lady sa-  
crifices for  
a Fidler.

405 To know if (f) Pollio's Lyre would Musick breath,  
Should crown him with the capitoll Oaken wreath  
Should her Lord ficken, what could she do more?

Or had she Dollours her young son given o're?

She

She stood at th' Altar, as the manner is,  
 And spoke the prompted words of sacrifice. 410  
 Nor for a Fidler sham'd her face(b) to veyle.  
 And when the Lambe was open'd, she turn'd(i) pale.  
*Thou(k) old God, father Janus, does Heav'n beare*  
*These prayers ? I see y' have litle businesse there !*  
 She must for(l) buskins, she for socks procure 415  
 Thy aide. Th'(m) *Aruspex* will grow *crooked* sure.  
 But let her sing, e're jaunt about t'invite  
 The Wits, and parley, in her husband's sight,  
 With men of Buffe and Feather, face to beard,  
 And naked-breasted. This is she hath heard 420  
 All newes, knowes what's in *Thrace* and *Scythia* done ;  
 The secre<sup>o</sup>oth'step-mother and the son.  
 Can tell, who loves, what wench was beguil'd,  
 And who 'twas, got the Dowager with child,  
 What day oth' moneth. Knowes, ev'ry Lady's phrase 425  
 She sports in, and how many severall wayes.  
 She first the *comet* saw, th' *Armenian* state  
 And *Parthian* threatning. At the City-gate  
 She way-layes fame, (n) *Niphates*, she gives out,  
 Hath drown'd the Men and Countries round about, 430  
 That th'earth shakes, Cities nod. In all our streets  
 She prattles this, to every one she meets.  
 Yet this is by a baser vice out-strippt,  
 Poore neighbours must intreat they may be whipt,  
 For if a barking dog disturbe her sleep, 435  
 She calls out to the varlets she doth keep,  
 Take your battoons along, without demur,  
 Braine the dog's *master* first, and then the cur.

A gossip-  
 ping Lady  
 describ'd.

A She-  
 Tyrant.

She



# The sixth Satyr of Juvenal.

95

How a  
male vo-  
luptuary  
spends the  
night.

She frowning, goes into her bath by Night.

440 Pots, pannes, the campe's remov'd by candle-light.

She loves to sweat in crowdes, till each arme falls

Tir'd with the waight of her two leaden(o)balls.

And then, the knave that noints her has the trick

To make his Ladyes thigh aloft, Cry click.

445 Meane time her clients sterv'd and hungry, droope.

At length she comes red-cheekt, and longs to swoope

A rundlet off, lay'd at her feet, and pour'd

From a full ewre: whence 'tother pint devowr'd

To force an appetite, she in her way

450 To supper, does oth'ground her stomach lay.

The marble-floore swift rivers interline,

Or the broad bason smells of *Falerne* Wine.

Like a long Snake into a Wine-fat cast,

She sucks it in, and spues it out as fast.

455 A fight that makes her husband's stomach rise,

Who to avoide the object, shuts his eyes.

She's worse, that *Virgil* at her boord commends,

And *Dido's* killing-of her selfe defends.

And then, compares the Poëts, *Virgil* layes

The Ca-  
racter of a  
Woman-  
wit.

460 In one Scale, in the other *Homer* waighes.

*Grammarians, Rhetoricians*, the whole crowd

She drownes, Lawyer, nor Cryer speakes so lowde,

Nor other Woman. Words burst from her tongue,

Youl'd sweare so many bells and basons rung.

465 Let none sound trumpets, or brasse kettles grieve,

She can, alone, the labouring (p) moon relieve,

Her wisdom sh'end to honest acts sets down.

If she'll show learned, let her girt her gown

About

Above her knee, to God (g) *Silvanus* flay  
 A hogge, and for her bath a (r) farding pay. 470  
*Let not thy Wife so speak high things affect,*  
 Nor nimble the short (r) *Emhymem* project,  
 Nor know all Histories, she may have got  
 A little, so she understand it not:  
 I have her that (r) *Palamon's* art revives, 475  
 That to discourse by rule and method strives.  
 That will a kind of Antiquary be,  
 Repeats you *verses* are unknown to me.  
 Her friend's false *Grammer* chides, men scarce regard,  
 Pray let her husband's solacisme be spar'd. 480

The mi-  
 fery of a  
 great por-  
 tion with  
 a Wife.



Her face  
 Physick,

*A Woman thinks all's lawfull, when she weares*  
*Those mighty pearle-pearles that waigh-down her Eares.*  
*And th'Emerauld-neck-lace; nothing makes man's life*  
*Unhappy, then a fortune with a Wife,*  
 Boil'd flowre like mortar's in her wrinkles laid, 485  
 Or that Pomatum which (u) *Poppes* made.  
 Her poore sook's lips she bird-limes, but comes in  
 To her adul'ter with a cleane-walht skin.  
 When goes she neat at home? she meets her friend  
 In all perfumes the meager *Indians* send. 490  
 At last she's seene undawb'd, then first she's known,  
 And nurs't with asses milke, whose breed's her own  
 And still tooke with her, least she be sent forth  
 An exile, (w) like *P. p. ea*, to the North.  
 But what's thus poultric'd, and thus plaister'd o're, 495  
 Is it a face? or may't be call'd a *fore?*

How mar-  
 ried wo-  
 men spend  
 the day.

'Tis worth your knowledge, what they do by *Day*.  
 If in the night her husband turn'd away,

Her

500 Her chiefe maide's dead, her dresser ready stript,  
Too late comes her chayre-bearer, and is whipt  
Because another fell asleep : His head  
Breakes her tough cane : Him rods, him cords dye red.  
There are that pay the Beadles by the yeare.

Their cru-  
elty.

505 She beates, by th'by, paints, does her gosips heare,  
Or her faire gold-embroyder'd garment viewes ;  
Beats on, and doe's the day's accounts peruse ;  
Which tooke ; and beating till the beadles groane,  
Be gone, she thunders in a horrid tone.

510 She rules and governess in no milder sort,  
Then if her *house* were a (x) *Sicilian Court*.  
For if some neater *dresser* she meditates,  
Or hasts to the *religious Bawds* that waites  
In *Ijis* (y) Fane, or some ith'walks expect,

515 Poore (z) *Pseas* still bare-breasted, naked-neckt,  
Her haire torne, combs her Lady's. Why's this lock  
So high ? straight, her bull-pisles gives a knock.  
*What hath your woman done deserves these blowes ?*  
*Is't her fault, Madam, you dislike your nose ?*

520 Another oth'left hand, unties the strings,  
Opens her hayre, and curls it into rings ;  
The *Matron* of the (a) *wheele* in councill sirs,  
Whose needle now, her Lady manumirs.  
She gives her vote ith' first place, as most sage,

A counsel  
cal'd about  
dressing my  
Lady.

525 Then her inferiours in art and age.  
As if that *fame* and *Life* were both at stake,  
So great's the care they of their beauty take.

Great care  
of heautie.

Her haire she doth in that rare method tie,  
And builds her head so many stories high.

H

You

You see (b) *Andromache* before, behind  
She's lesse, you there *another woman* find.

530

'Tis so. For you by her short waist may see  
A *Virgis Pigny* needs must taller be ;  
If her *chiopines* her Ladyship should misse,  
She sure must stand a tip-to for a kisse.

535

No re-  
gard of her  
husband or  
his profit,

Meane time, she to her husband's profit gives  
Just no regard, but as his Neighbour lives,  
In this more neer, that she his friends does hate  
And servants, and consumes his faire estate.

The de-  
scription  
of womens  
superstiti-  
ous follies

Behold, (c) *Bellona's*; (d) *Cybel's* Priests, the tall  
Grave halfe-man (with no obscene part at all,  
A fish-shell long-since cut off that) comes in,  
A *Phrygian* mirer ty'd beneath his chin.  
*Plebeian* bells, that hoares quire still'd, his mouth  
Sounds loud, beware September and the South,  
Unlesse she purge her with a hundred eggs,  
With these her *Fieulamort* old gownes he begs,  
Which cloths must all great sudden crosses beare,  
And be an expiation for that yeare.

540

She wades, in Winter, through the broken ice,  
And barthes in *Tiber* e'v'ry morning thrice ;  
In that fierce streame her timerous head she sleeps,  
O're (e) *Tarquin's* fields then, nak'd and trembling creeps  
On bloody knees. If't be white (f) *Jo's* will,  
T' *Egypt* sh' e'll pilgrimage, at (g) *Neroe* fill  
Warne drops to sprinkle *Isis* Temple, neere  
Th' old (h) *Sheep-coat* built; the Goddesse she dare sweare  
Speakes to her. See the spirit of a Saint,  
Whom with their minds by night the Gods acquaint.

545

550

555

This

# The sixth Satyr of Juvenal.

99

560 This then's her(i) darling priest, that's follow'd by  
The linnen-cloath'd ball'd crew, that houle and cry  
After his God(k) *Anubis*, whom he jeeres.  
He prays for her, that not the sport forbears  
On solemne dayes; great punishment remains

565 Due to the Wife that her cleane smock prophanes.  
The(e) silver Snake to move it's head appeares,  
Won with his study'd murmurs and his teares  
The sin to pardon. A great *Goose*, no doubt,  
Or a thin *Waser* bribes *Osiris* to't.

570 He gone, Her *bay* and *balquet* left, with feare  
The poore (n) she-*Jew* begs in my Lady's eare.  
This grove's high-priestesse, heaven's true messenger,  
*Hierusalem's* old Lawes expounds to her;  
Who fills her hand, but thinly, yet 'twill hire

The Gyp'y  
Jew.

575 Your Jew to sell what bables you desire.  
A childlesse rich mans legacy, a young love,  
Are found ith' lights of a warme trembling dove,  
The (n) *Comisigenian* Southsay'rs looke into  
A chicken's breast, the same th' *Armenians* do,

Scuth  
Sayers.

580 They view the entrailes of a dog, and reach  
Sometimes a child's; they do it and then peach.  
But the(o) *Chaldæan's* more believ'd, the things  
Th' *Astrologer* speaks flow from Jove's (p) secret springs,  
Since *Delphian Oracles* no more exist;

Mathe-  
maticians.

585 And man hath left the future in a mist;

But th' of est-exiles chiefe, whose scheme foretold  
(p) *Otho's* great Rivall's death, for love and gold.  
His Art finds faith, that hath had both hands chain'd,  
And in the campe a(i) pri<sup>o</sup>er long remain'd.

No math'matician a rare man is thought,  
 But that's condemn'd and ev'n to ruine brought.  
 That scarce got to the Cyclad's to be sent,  
 And not to be in close (1) Seriphus pent.

Questions  
 put by La-  
 dies to the  
 Astrolo-  
 gers.

These she consults, when the slow jaundice will  
 Dispatch her mother ; but thy (u) Tanaquil  
 Askes if thou shalt not die before her mother ?  
 And when her sister ? and her fathers brother ?  
 And if her servant shall her selfe out-live ?  
 For can the Gods a greater blessing give ?

Women  
 study  
 Astrology.

Yet knowes not she what (w) Saturne's frownes portend,  
 Nor in what aspect Venus smiles befriend,  
 Nor is so much an Artist, as to say  
 When 'tis a lucky, when a dismall day.

But shun her, in whose hands thou seest so soil'd  
 An (x) Ephemerides as if 'twere oil'd,  
 That askes not hers, but can thy fortune show.

That if into the field her husband go,  
 Or, the warres ended, for his country come,  
 (y) Thrasylus figures keepe her still at home.  
 Or if she move eight furlongs, th'how'r is took,  
 For riding of that mile, out of her book.

That will, if her rubb'd eye but itch, indure,  
 Till her nativity be cast, no cure ;  
 And though she lie sicke, yet will take no meate  
 Till th'how'r that (z) Petosiris bids her eate.

If poore, she to the fortune-teller shoves  
 Her hand and forehead, and a kisse bestowes :  
 Casts lots, first hallowing both ends of the lists,  
 The (a) Phyzian Augurs and (b) Gymnosophists

220 In both the globes verſt, the (c) *Patrinians* hire,  
 Or thoſe old Priests that watch (d) heav'n's winged fire.  
 (e) *Plebeian* fate the mount and (f) *Circus* bounds.  
 Bare-neckt, at (g) th'oval, tow'r before the rounds  
 Oth' *Dolphine* pillars, in her gold-chaine ſtands

625 A Proſtitute, who answers the demands  
 Of Goody-Ale-wife, if ſhe may forſake  
 Mine hoſt her husband, and a broker take.

Yet theſe the child-bed pangs and danger know,  
 And all a Nurſe's labours undergo ;

Arts us'd  
 for aborti-  
 on,

630 But in a rich wrought-bed ſcarce one lies in,  
 So prevalent have arts and med'cines bin  
 That unborne babes deſtroy. Rejoyce, thou wretch,  
 And for thy wife thy ſelfe the potion fetch,  
 For ſhould a boy ſpring in her pregnant wombe,

635 Thou father to an *Ethiop* woul'ſt become ;  
 Straight this black thing pretends to all thou haſt :  
 Ne're to be ſeen (h) before thou break'ſt thy faſt.

Suppoſitious children, *Bishops* pull'd  
 From the (i) ſoule lake, I mention not. Joy gull'd,

Fained  
 Child-  
 births.

640 Religion, honour mockt, whilſt falſe heyres claime  
 The (k) *Salian* *Prieſthood*, and great *Seauran* name.  
 Sly fortune or'e ſweet babes does nightly ſtand,  
 Which in her boſome warm'd, by ſlight of hand  
 She into great-men's houſes doth convey,

645 Then laughs in ſecret at the parts they play :  
 She is the mother of their ſecond birth,  
 And brings them forth to be her ſcene of mirth.

This charmes, (l) *Theſſalian* philters ſells that witch ;  
 So pow'rfull, ſhe may clap her husbands breech

Witch-  
 craft.

With

With his own slippers: hence thy soule growes blind, 650  
And things but now done, slide out of thy mind.

Yet were this well, would she not scruce thee up

To(m)Nero's uncles rage, into whose cup

Calpurnia did a(n) colts whole front infuse.

And what the prince his wife does, who'll not use? 655

All went to wrack in that disjoynted state,

As Juno should her Iove intoxicate.

Impoy.  
soning.

'Las Agrippina's gentler (o) Mushrome sped

One old-man, and but made his shaking head

And driveling mouth descend to Heaven: This drench 660

Not vulgar, mixt with noble bloud can quench,

(p) Fire, Steele, and whips this calls for. Could one soale

Thus much? what then could she that brew'd the boule?

Cruell  
step-  
Mothers.

They do, they may hate bastards, none denies.

But now their sons-in-law they sacrifice: 665

You richer Orphanes, stand upon your guard,

No dainties touch, pale poysons are prepar'd

Ey your own mothers, get you tasters; pray,

Let your wise guardians, e're you drinke, take Say.

This, sure, we faine! no Prefident appeares, 670

Our newer & atyr lofty buskins weares:

We raunt in Sephockean lines, too high

For our Italian hills, and Latin skie?

Would we did faine! but (q) Pontia did confesse,

+

My sons I would have poyson'd. Vipereffe, 675

What two? at one meale two? had I to seve'n

Beene mother, I had sent them all to heav'n.

(r) Medea's, (s) Progne's tragick scenes we may

Believe and pardon, women durst essay

Things



- 650 680 Things monstrous in those dayes, but not for gaine,  
 'Tis far lesse foule, when in an *angry* veine  
 Their sex proves mischievous: *when rage, once crost,*  
*Inflames their livers, they are headlong t'ist*  
 Like stones from *Precipices*, when th' earth slides,
- 655 685 And leaves to the [rock-head no mountaine-sides ;  
 But her *fbare*, that studier and commits  
 A foule crime, being in her perfect wits.  
 They looke upon (1) *Alcestis* on the stage,  
 And see her for her Lord her life ingage.
- 660 690 Were such a change now offer'd to a Wife,  
 She would prefer her *little birches* life.  
 You, (u) *Belides*, and (w) *Eriphyles* meet ;  
 And (x) *Clitemnestra*, dayly, in each street,  
 But diff'renc'd thus, th' old *Clitemnestra* held
- 665 695 A foolish gouty *Axe* she scarce could weld.  
 Now with a red *road's lungs* the scitte they do,  
 Yet have their fine *stelletto's* ready too,  
 If wary *Agamemnon* shall have got  
 (y) The thirce-foil'd Monarch's *Pontick* Antidot.

ANNO.





# ANNOTATIONS

## UPON

### *The sixth Satyr of Juvenal.*

(d) **V**erse 1. When *Saturne* reigned] in the infancy of the world, that for it's virtuous simplicity merited the title of the Golden Age.

(b) Verse 3. *Lar*] The God of the Family, figured in the shape of a Dogge, whose Temple was the House, the smoake his incense, and his Altar the Chimney.

(c) Verse 5. Mountaine wife] That dwelt in the Mountaine before such time as men, although they themselves came downe, durst bring their wives into the Levell.

(a) Verse 7. *Cynthia*] Mistresse to the Poet *Propertius*.

(e) Verse 7. Nor her] *Lesbia*, mistresse to *Catullus*, who writ a handiome funerall Elegie upon the death of her beloved *Starrow*.

(f) Verse 10. Great Child] Ere the debaucheries of Parents had lessened the stature of their children.

(g) Verse 12. Th'Oakes rupture] before men built houses, they lodged a-nights in hollow trees, which occasioned the Fable, that Trees were delivered of the first men.

(h) Verse 13. Had no Parents] whose vices they might inherite.

(i) Verse 15. Ere *Jove* had a beard] In the silver Age, so named, because it did participate more of Earth, & consequently of rust and corruption, then that of Gold; but the purest of this Silver Age was ere *Iove* had downe growing upon his chinne, for then the Metamorphosis will tell you what pranks he played among the women.

(k) Verse 16. To swear by others heads] The common forme of an Oath among the *Grecians* was, by anothers head.

(l) Verse 19. *Astrea*] *Iustice*, she and *Chastity* were twins, and as they together came into the virtuous world, so they together left the wicked earth.

(m) Verse

(m) Verse 25. Motion'st thou ] *Ursidius Posthumus*.

(n) Verse 27. Thy Pledge ] Upon the very marriage day in the morning, it was the custome for the Bridegroom as a Pledge of his never-ending faith to send his Bride a Ring. *Macrob. lib. 7.* which she wore upon her middle-finger, because an artery reaches from the heart to that finger, and therefore the Ancients thought fit onely that finger should be crowned in marriage.

(o) Verse 32. *Æmilian Bridge* ] *Æmilius Scaurus* (as aforesaid) built this Bridge over the River *Tiber*, in the *Ælaminian* way, a mile from *Rome*.

(p) Verse 42. *Julian Law* ] Which (as I have noted) forbade Adultery upon paine of death, a Law that *Ursidius Posthumus* desires may be in force, now that he intends to marry and live honest.

(q) Verse 42. Loose those gifts,) Such as hoped to be heires to childlesse persons used as I have noted, *Sat. 4.* to. present them what rarities the Shambles afforded.

(r) Verse 47. *Latinus Chest* ] *Latinus* the Comedian played the lover to an Adulteresse that upon her Husband's unexpected returne lockt himselfe up in a Chest, that part (it seemes) *Ursidius* had acted in earnest.

(s) Verse 50. *Tarpeian Jove* ] *Jupiter* had a Temple in the *Tarpeian Mount*, whence he derived the title of *Tarpeian Jove*, when the foundation of this Temple was digged the workmen found the head of one *Toius* which gave the whole Mount the name of the *Capitol*.

(t) Verse 51. His first Love ] *Juno*, the Patronesse of the chaste, and implacable persecutresse of immodest Women, to whom *Ursidius Posthumus* could not offer lesse then a gilded sacrifice, if she had cleered the Town of Wenches just when he was to marry.

(u) Verse 53. *Ceres* ] The Goddesse of Husbandry, whose Votrelles none but chaste women durst presume to be.

(w) Verse 54. Crown thy doores ] On the wedding day the doores and doore-posts of ordinary persons were crowned with flowers, and wreathed about with Ivy which likewise covered over the thresholds. But persons of honour had wreaths of Bayes instead of Ivy, and builded Scaffolds in the Streets for the Town to behold the solemnity of the marriage, as you may read in this Satyr, verse. 83.

(x) Verse 56. *Iberina*] *Ursidius* his Bride that was to be.

(y) Verse 66. *Baithyllus*] A Player that imitated the wanton mien of the Courtezan *Leda* with whose postures the City-Ladies, *Thufcia* and *Appula* were much taken.

(z) Verse 71. The *Forum*] The *Forum Romanum* or the old *Piazza*, where the Hall of Justice stood, &c.

(a) Verse 72. In *Cybel's* Feasts] The *Megalasian* Games were sacred to *Cybele* or *Magna mater*; they began on the fourth day of *Aprill*, and continued six dayes after, during which time common Stage-plays were prohibited. *M. Junius Brutus* dedicated these sports to the Mother of the Gods.

(b) Verse 73. *Thyrse*] A speare (wreathed about with vine-leaves and grapes proper to *Bacchus*) which the Player *Accius* used to carry in his hand.

(c) Verse 74. *Autonoe's* Mad-Jigge] *Autonoe* (the daughter to *Cadmus* and mother to *Alicon*) of whom some *Attellan* or ridiculous jeering rimes were made, that used to be sung upon the Stage after the acting of a Tragedy to make the spectatours merry againe; for rehearsing of this Jigge the poor beggerly *Elia* falls in love with the Player *Urbicus*.

(d) Verse 79. *Quintilian*] *Fabius Quintilianus* that famous Rhetorician; could it be expected such women could love so grave a man; no surely, rather a Fidler, or a Piper, as follows.

(e) Verse 83. Solemne bayes] Persons of honour at their nuptialls in the place of common Ivy, used to trimme their Gates with Bayes.

(f) Verse 84. *Lentulus*] The Poet would be thought to speak to some noble *Roman* of this name.

(g) Verse 86. *Hippia*] Wife to that rich Lord of the Senate (so often named) *Fabricius Veiento*.

(h) Verse 89. *Pharos*] An Island in *Egypt*, right against *Alexandria*.

(i) Verse 89. *Lagus* his lewd Town] *Alexandria* where *Lagus* (the Father of *Cleopatra* and *Ptolomy*) kept his Court.

(k) Verse 89. *Nile*] The principall River of *Egypt* where in *Canopus* was the most debauch'd Towne.

(l) Verse 95. *Paris*] A handsome younge Actor, in favour with the Emperour *Domitian*, which he made use of (as you may reade in the Authors life) to banish *Juvenal*,

and

and at last was himselfe put to death by his master *Domitian* for acting a lovers part with the Empresse.

(m) Verse 100. *Tyrrene Waves*] That part of the *Mediterranean* Sea lying under *Italy* (therefore called *Mare inferum*) between *Corfica* and *Sicilia*. Th' *Jonian* is part of the *Mediterranean* above the Straites of the *Adriaticke*, betwixt *Sicily* and *Crete*; through both which they must needs passe that saile from *Rome* to *Egypt*.

(n) Verse 113. To shave his throate] That is, he began to grow somewhat ancient, and was shaved, to appeare young in the eye of his mistresse.

(o) Verse 118. This makes *Hyacinth*] *Hyacinthus* was *Apollo*'s favourite, unluckily slain by the God as he was throwing the Iron bowle, and afterwards by the same power that killed him, revived into a purple flower that beares his name *Hyacinth*.

(p) Verse 124. When his Wife] *Messalina*, who when her old Husband *Claudius Caesar* was fast asleepe, went to the common Stewes disguised in a red Periwigge, which was a la mode with the *Roman* Prostitutes, as it was likewise to weare gold Chaines about their necks.

(q) Verse 131. *Lycisca*] A wench in great request, whose name was chalked upon the Chamber-doores where *Messalina* enter tained all comers.

(r) Verse 132. High-borne *Britannicus*] *Messalina*'s son, whom the Poet stiles high-borne, with the same scorn that towards the end of this Satyr, he sayes his supposed father *Claudius Caesar* descended into heaven.

(s) Verse 126. *Canusian breed*] *Canusium* is a Town in *Apulia*, where they had the best sheepe and finest wooll of *Italy*.

(t) Verse 163. *Falerne Vine-yards*] The purest *Italian* wine grew upon the *Falerne* Mountaines, as I have noted in Sat. 3.

(u) Verse 170. *Berenice*] Sister to *Herodes Agrippa*, king of *Judea*, who lived in incest with her, *Joseph. lib. 20*.

(w) Verse 179. Peace-making *Sabines*] The chaste *Sabine* women, that coming to *Rome* to see the solemnity of the *Consualia* were forceably detained, and married by the primitive *Romans*, that could get no wives amongst their neighbours by treaty, as aforesaid; but a warre growing about it betwixt *Tatius* and *Romulus*, these *Sabine* women, with their hayre scattered about their shoulders (as at a funerall) came betwixt

the

the Armies, bearing their young children in their armes, and made a peace between their fathers and their husbands.

(x) Verse 182. A *Venusine* mayde ] *Venusinum* was a miserable poor Town betwixt *Apulia* and *Lucania*, where none lived but almost Savage people.

(y) Verse 182. *Cornelia* ] Mother to those two (formerly named) valiant, but mutinous, Tribunes, *Cajus* and *Tiberius Gracchus*, and Daughter to *Scipio Africanus*, who conquered *Hannibal* and *Syphax* King of *Numidia*, and brought *Carthage* into subjection.

(z) Vers. 188. *Amphion* ] Son to *Jupiter* and *Amiopia*, he married *Niobe* the Daughter of *Tantalus*, by whom he had four teene sons and seven Daughters; *Niobe* proud of her birth, marriage, and fruitfulness, scorned the *Theban* Matrons for sacrificing to *Latona* that had but two children; but those two *Apollo* and *Diana*, sensible of this affront offered to their Mother, in one day shot to death all *Niobe's* numerous Issue, not sparing her husband, she her self weeping her self into a Stone-fountain, who had boasted her womb to be fruitfuller then the white Sow that had thirty sucking on her at once, as *Virgil* tells us.

(a) Verse 201. Till she her *Thuscan* ] Till she hath changed her *Thuscan* or *Italian* Mother-tongue into *Greek*; nay, her barbarous dialect of *Sulmo* into pure *Greek* of *Athens*.

(b) Verse 213. *Memus* ] A smooth-tongued *Greek* Comedian mentioned in Sat 3. one of whose fellow actors *Carpophorus* was.

Verse 220. *Dacian* and *German Caesar* ] *Domitian's* picture in gold (or rather a coin of *Trajan*, who deserved those titles) about the Ring whereof was engraven *Dacian* and *German Caesar*, such were usually presented by the Bride-groom in a piece of Massy plate to the Bride after his first night's lodging.

(d) Verse 240. Her bright veyle ] The Bride wore a red or blush coloured veyle (some say a yellow) to put her in mind, that she ought to preserve what she then covered, the blushes of a Bride.

(e) Verse 255. *Manilia* ] *Manilia* was that subtle Courtezan, who being accused to the Senate by *Hosilius Mancinus*, then the *Aetilius curulus*, for having by night wounded him with a stone, she appealed to the Tribunes and pleaded, that he

would

would violently have entered her house at an unseasonable houre, and was beat back with stones. No mervaille my Authour uses her name for a she-wrangler in the Law.

(f) Verse 258. *Celsus*] *Junius Celsus* the Oratour, who writ seven books of Rhetoricall institutions.

(g) Verse 259. *Tyrian Cassocks*] The *Roman* Fencers were bound to play their Prizes in Cassocks dyed in purple of Tyre: this fashion the wanton dames of *Rome* brought up, nointing themselves with oyle and clay, exercising and training like the *Tyrones* or young Souldiers in *Camp Mars*.

(h) Verse 263. *Florall Trumpets*] The like to these women having never bin known but in the games dedicated to the Goddesse *Flora*, where the wenches danced naked along the Streets with Trumpets before them.

(i) Verse 279. Great *Lepidus* *Emilius Lepidus* the Censour, that good man, who dying enjoyned his Sons to cast a linnen Cloath over his body, and so to carry it upon the bed he dyed on to the Pile to be burned, without imbalming, purples, trumpets, waxen Images, common Mourners, or any other funerall pomp at all.

(k) Verse 280. Blind *Mentellus*] The Censour and *Pomifex Maximus*, who lost his eyes, as aforesaid, with saving the image of *Minerva* when her temple was on fire.

(l) Verse 280. Spend-thrift *Fabrus*] Son to *Fabius Maximus*, who in his youth spent his Estate, and was thence surnamed the Gulfe or (as our word is) the Spend-thrift, but afterwards he became the patterne of frugality, abstinence, and all virtues.

(m) Verse 282. *Alytus*] A Gladiator or Sword-player.

(n) Verse 296. We are dum] *Quintilian's* Answer.

(o) Verse 303. *Lerna*] A Lake neer *Argos*, where the many-headed Serpent *Hydra* (slaine by *Hercules*) was ingendred.

(p) Verse 313. *Rhodes*] *Rhodes* is an Island in *Lydia*, *Homer's* birth-place, *Malta* an Island in the *Sicilian* Sea. *Sibar* a Town situated betwixt the Rivers *Crabbi* and *Sibar*, strangely given to luxury and filthinesse; note the Proverb, *A Sibaritch Sow*. *Tarentum* a Town of *Apulia*, (sometimes the chief City of *Calabria*) famous for the *Tarantula*, whose sting makes a man dy laughing.

(q) Verse 326. Chastity's old Altar] They are not pleased

with



with all the variations of wantonnesse, unless they show their spight to, and contempt of the Goddesse of chastity, at her antiquated and neglected Altars.

(v) Verse 333. The Goddesse *Bona's* secrets] where no man ought to be present, as I have noted in Sat. 2.

(s) Verse 336. *Priapus-Bacchides*] The wild women that used to sacrifice to *Bacchus*, are now come (it seemes) to offer to *Priapus*.

(s) Verse 344. *Priam*] Who was so old that nothing could put heate into him, but the setting of his *Troy* on fire, or such a sight as this.

(u) Verse 344. *Hermis*] A rupture which *Nessus* had that spoyled his courtshippe.

(w) Verse 354. A shee singer] *Clodius*, who came disguised like a singing-woman to *Cesar's* wife as she was sacrificing to the Goddesse *Bona*, where males were not permitted to be present so much as in Picture. *vid. Sat. 2.* he was discovered by *Aurelia Cesar's* mother.

(x) Verse 356. *Cesar's Anti-Cato's*] *Cesar* writ two books titled *Anti-Catones* (in opposition to *Cicero's* book called *Cato*) which were rolled up in the forme of a Cylinder.

(y) Verse 361. Earthen] King *Numa*, that taught the *Romans* their sacred Ceremonies, made use of earthen sacrificing vessells moulded at the *Varican*, which were never so prophaned as the vessells of Gold have been.

(z) Verse 368. Tall *Syrians* Shoulders] These *Syrians* were men of as huge bulke as the moderne *Spaniards*, kept by the Ladies of *Rome*, as those now are, for their Chair-bearers or Sedan-men.

(a) Verse 396. *Ogubus*] A wanton, of a poore fortune.

(b) Verse 393. With *Bacchus*] Those vast statues of *Bacchus* and *Priapus*, Gods of the Vines and ortyards.

(c) Verse 398. To th' *Prætors*] The *Prætors* were by their office to see forth publique Playes and Games, and to hire Musicke and voices to delight the Spectatours.

(d) Verse 403. The *Lamian* house] A great Family in *Rome*, whose founder is by *Horace* called the ancient *Lamus*.

(e) Verse 404. *Vesta* and *Janus*] *Vesta* and *Janus* were two of the principall Deities worshipped by the *Romans*, who offered to them barley Cakes and Wine, which with a Lambe made a compleat sacrifice.

(f) Verse



(f) Verse 405. *Pollio*] A mercenary Lutenist:

(g) Verse 406. Oaken wreath] An oaken wreath given to him that was adjudged the best Musician in the *Capitoline Games* instituted by *Domitian Caesar*.

(h) Verse 411. Her face to veyle] The sacrificer used to stand veyled and repeat the Priests words.

(i) Verse 412. She look'd pale] For feare there should be some unlucky signes that made against her Musician.

(k) Verse 413. Old God] *Janus* was so old a God that the antients called him *Chaos*.

(l) Verse 415. For Buskins, she for Socks] Great Ladies, come in person to make offerings for Tragedians that Act in Buskins, and Comedians that play in Socks.

(m) Verse 416. Th' *Aruspex*] The *Aruspex*, that prophecies by inspection made into the intrails of beasts, is now in danger of growing crooked with stooping to the sacrifices made for Fiddlers and Players.

(n) Verse 429. *Niphates*] A River of *Armenia*.

(o) Verse 442. Two Leaden Balls] Those that would swear before they bathed swung with two leaden balls, in each hand one, and then were nointed.

(p) Verse 466. The labouring Moon] The *Romanes* believed that they brought helpe to the Moone labouring in her Eclipse, when they sounded Trumpets, and rung brasie-basons, or kettles, &c.

(q) Verse 469. *Sylvanus*] God of the Groves and Cattle; whom the Philosophers, and any man sacrificed to, but no Woman.

(r) Verse 470. A Farthing] Schollars payed no more but a farthing a piece for their bath, which *Horace* objects to a Stoicke that bragg'd he was a king.

(s) Verse 472. *Enthymem*] An imperfect Syllogisme wanting one proposition.

(t) Verse 475. *Palemon*] *Remmius Palemon* was a singular good Gramarian, but so proud of it, that he said learning was borne and would dye with him; he was Tutor to *M. Fabius Quintilian*, and used to call that learned Roman *M. Varro* a letter'd hogge. He bragg'd that *Virgil* in his *Bucolicks* prophecied of him as the onely competent Judge of all Oratours and Poets, and said, that being taken by Theives, as soone as he named himselfe they set him at liberty.

But poverty was not so kind as those Thieves, for when she caught him (after all his costly Bathes and Suppers) she never let him go.

(u) Verse 485. *Poppæa* ] *Nero's* Empresse, she invented a rare Pomatum, and was so elegant, so carefull to preserve her beauty, that when she was banished *Rome* she carried fifteen she-Asses a-long with her for their Milke to wash her selfe in.

(w) Verse 495. Like *Poppæa* ] And so be forced to imitate banished *Poppæa* in her fortune, as she strived to doe in her Art.

(x) Verse 511. A *Sicilian Court* ] In the Reignes of *Sicily's* cruelliest Tyrants, *Phalaris* and the *Dromysii*.

(y) Verse 514. *Isis* fane ] The Temple of *Isis* or *Jo* in *Rome* was the place where the Bawdes waited to make their matches. *Ovid*, *Multas Jo facit, quod fuit illa Jovi*. *Jo* makes many what she was to *Jove*.

(c) Verse 515. *Plecas* ] The waiting Gentlewoman or dresser.

(d) Verse 522. The Matron of the wheele ] Who being now grown aged, her Lady spares her old eyes from needlework, and puts her to spinning.

(b) Verse 530. *Andromache* ] *Hector's* tall Wife.

(e) Verse 540. *Bellona* ] *Minerva*, or *Pallas*, the Goddess of War, whose Priests were a kind of mad men.

(f) Verse 540. *Cybel* ] *Cybele* (or rather *Cybele*) being an Infant was exposed upon the Mountaine *Cybellus*; where she was found and bred up by a Shepherds wife, and call'd by the name of the Mountaine; she was the first among the *Greeks* that used the Taber and Pipe, and played upon the Cymballs; for her love to children she was stiled *magna mater*, and *mater Deorum*, the great mother, and mother of the gods. Her Priests were gelt with a fish-tell, and called *Galli* and *Phrygi*; her chiefe Priest *Archi-gallus* from *Gallus* a River in *Phrygia* of which he that dranke presently ran mad, and gelt himselfe; which was the punishment that *Cybele* inflicted upon her beloved *Atys* her first Priest for breaking his vow of chastity made unto her, and deflowring of a Nymph; a crew of her Priests went Dauncing about the streets from house to house with Tabers and Pipes and Cymballs, begging and cheating the superstitious women, whence they were called *Cybel's* collectors, or *Circulator's* Juglers, and

any notorious debaucht knave *Circulator Cybelleus*. It was not lawfull for a free-born Roman to be one of these.

(e) Verse 553. *Tarquins Fields*] *Campus Martius* or *Tiberinus* (because it was neer the River *Tiber*) was given to the people of *Rome*, as aforesaid, by *Caja Tarraia* a Vestall virgin; these fields *Tarquin* the Proud converted to his own use, and caused them to be sowed with corn, but after his expulsion by *Brutus*, the fields were restored to their former martiall use, the crop thrown into the river, it being thought unfit, that any one should make a benefit of ground dedicated to the Gods.

(f) Verse 554. *White Fo*] *Fo* (daughter to *Inachus*) ravished by *Jove*, suspected by *Juno*, was by her all-powerfull servant transformed into a white Cow, and even in that shape begg'd by his jealous goddesse and given in charge to the hundred-eyed *Argus*; but upon a pacification betwixt *Jupiter* and *Juno*, *Fo* was restored to her beauty, received among the celestials as a Goddesse by the name of *Isis*, and worshipped by the *Ægyptians* as their Patronesse. She had a Temple in *Rome*, a vertuous place, as I have formerly noted, the Mart of Bawdes and Panders.

(g) Verse 555. *Meroe*] Some think *Meroe* to be a City of *Ægypt*, others an Island of *Nilus* in *Æthiopia*.

(h) Verse 557. Th'old Sheep-coat] *Romulus* his old Palace; neer unto which, stood the above mention'd Temple of *Isis*.

(i) Verse 560. Her darling Priest] the Priest of *Isis* at *Rome*.

(k) Verse 562. *Anubis*] Son to *Osiris* and *Fo* or *Isis*, worshipped in the forme of a dog, because in his scutcheon hee bore a dog, as his brother *Macedo* did a wolfe; after this dog the Roman people went crying and howling as following him (after the *Ægyptian* custome) in search of his father *Osiris*, who being King of *Ægypt* was drowned in a Well, and mourned for with this ceremony. *Osiris* was adored in the forme of an oxe, called *Apis*, which is in their language an oxe, his offering was hay, which, if he took, it betokened prosperous successe, but if he refused, it portended evill fortune.

(l) Verse 566. Silver Snake] That silver Snake which in the Temple of *Isis* and *Osiris* twined it self about the images of the dog and wolfe.

(m) Verse 571. The poor she-*Jew*] who durst not come a begging publickly, because she was an alien; but especially because she begged in the name of one God, and not of the gods of Rome.

(n) Verse 578. *Commagenian*] The *Commagenian*, or *Syrian*, and the *Armenian* Soothsayers divine of the future by making inspection into the entrails of pigeons, chickens and dogs, sometimes of children; which crime when they had committed, they played the informers, and left their good Dames to the penalty of the law.

(o) Verse 582. *Chaldaean*] The *Chaldeans* (as you may see in *Diodorus* and *Cicero*) were famous in *Syria* for their skill in Astrology.

(p) Verse 583. *Jove's secret Springs*] Scoptically spoken, as if the Astrologers were inspired by *Jupiter* to supply the defect of *Apollo's* Oracle at *Delpbos*, which was silenced at the birth of our Saviour *Christ*.

(q) Verse 586. Th' *oldest Exile's chief*] That Astrologer is esteem'd in the superlative by the Ladies, that hath been oftest banish'd for predictions ominous to great persons, and repealed upon the accomplishment of his prophecies: such a one as he that promised *Otho* that he should succeed *Galba* in the Empire.

(r) Verse 587. *Otho's great Rivall*] *Galba*.

(s) Verse 589. A Prisoner] The Astrologers were kept prisoners in the Camp till such time as the victory was won, or the day lost, contrary or according to their vaticination.

(t) Verse 593. *Seryphus*] To the *Cyclades*, Islands in the *Aegean* Sea, the Romans confined such persons as were banished for heinous crimes, as aforesaid, the least and barrenest of which Islands was *Seryphus*.

(u) Verse 595. Thy *Tanaquil*] *Tanaquil* was Queen to *Tarquinus Priscus*, she was much addicted to the study of Astrology and the mathematicks.

(w) Verse 600. *Saturne's frownes*] *Saturn* is the fullenest, most cold, and malignant Planet; *Venus* the sweetest, most benigne, and fortunate; especially in conjunction.

(x) Verse 605. *Ephemerides*] A Scheme shewing the motions and Aspects of the Planets every houre of the day.

(y) Verse 609. *Thrasyllus*] A Platonist, and an excellent Mathematician in great esteem with *Tiberius Caesar*.

(z) Verse

(e) Verse 615. *Petofyrus*] A famous *Egyptian Astrologer*, as *Pliny* and *Suidas* testifie.

(a) Verse 619 *Phrygian Augurs*] *Cicero* 1. *de divinatione* tells us, that the *Phrygians*, *Cilicians*, and *Arabians* were very skilfull Augurs, or Diviners by the flights of birds.

(b) Verse 619. *Gymnosophists*] *Indian Philosophers*.

(c) Verse 620. *Patricians*] The Nobility of *Rome*.

(d) Verse 621. Heavn's winged fire] The lightning, which was watcht by certain old Priests appointed for that purpose; and where the thunder was supposed to fall, the place was purified by sacrificing a paire of young Heifers, and being called *Bidental* (of the *Bidenes* or Heifers) was for a certain time hedged about.

(e) Verse 622. *Plebeian*] The common sort of *Roman* people.

(f) Verse 622. *Circus*] The great shew-place formerly described.

(g) Verse 623. *Th'Ovall Tower*] A wooden Tower of the forme of an Egge, built by *Agrippa* for the Judges of the *Circensian* Games to view the course; this Tower was supported with pillars cut in the figures of *Dolphines*, before which upon a Mount stood a Prostitute drest up as the Poet describes her, who told poor women their fortunes.

(h) Verse 637. Before thou break'st thy fast] The *Romans* held it ominous to see a *Blackamoore* next their hearts in a morning.

(i) Verse 639. The foule Lake] The *Velabrian Lake*, where the fruitfull poor women used to expose their children, and the barren rich women to take them up, and impose them upon their husbands to father them as their own issue.

(k) Verse 641. *Salian Priesthood*] The Priesthood of *Mars*, a great dignity in the State, of which I have spoken in *Sat. 2.* wherein I likewise mentioned the great name and family of the *Stauri*.

(l) Verse 648. *Thesalian Philters*] In *Thessaly* the strongest Philters or Love-portions were made, because the soile affords the most poisonous Simples.

(m) Verse 653. *Nero's Unkle*] *Caesar Caligula*, upon whose affections his wife *Cassonia* so wrought with her Philters, that in his dotage he would often (like the *Lylian King Candaulus*) shew her naked to his friends, and often when he

kissed her faire neck, boasted that he could command it to be taken off, adding, that he would send to the Diviners to know what it was that made him so infinitely in love with her, who fearing her potion might be too weak, put in stronger drugs and made him stark mad.

(n) Verse 654. A Colt's whole front] The *Hippomanes*, a *Caruncula* or bunch of flesh growing on the forehead of a Colt, which (some say) the mare eats in her very foaling time, as grudging man so great a benefit, which snatched from her and infused into a potion, makes the drinker enamoured of the Cup-bearer.

(o) Verse 658. *Mushrom*] *Agrippina*, as you have read in Sat. 5. poisoned her Husband *Claudius* with a *Mushrom* that her son *Nero* might be Emperour.

(p) Verse 662. Fire, Steele, and whips] *Cæsonia's* poison that made *Caligula* kind and gentle to her, made him cruell and tyrannous to all the world besides.

(q) Verse 674. *Pontia*] It may be supposed, that such horrid acts were mentioned in this Satyr, as if they were faigned by the lofty Greek Poët *Sophocles* to heighten his Tragedies, therefore he cites the President of *Pontia* wife to *Vestius Bolanus*, who attempting to poison her two sons, was taken in the manner, and confessing the fact, adjudged to die for it.

(r) Verse 678. *Medea*] Who murdered her children in the presence of their father *Jason*.

(s) Verse 677. *Progne*] Who most tragically killed and cooked her son *Itys*, and feasted her husband *Tereus* with him, in revenge of his rape and cruelty, practiced upon her sister *Philemela*.

(t) Verse 688. *Alceſtis*] Daughter to *Pelias*, and wife to *Admetus*, King of *Theſſaly*, who being despaired of by his Physicians, sent to the Oracle; whence he received this answer, That hee should not recover of that sicknesse, unlesse there could some one be found that would exchange lives with him; which being refused by all his Nobility and favourites, his Queen *Alceſtis* accepted of, and dyed that her Lord might live.

(u) Verse 692. *Belides*] Th fifty daughters of *Danans*, who were married to as many of their cosen-germans, sonnes to their uncle *Ægyptus*, which they slew in one night, all but *Lyncus*, whom his wife *Hypermeſtea* saved.

(w) Verse

(w) Verse 692. *Eriphyle*] Who was bribed to betray her husband *Amphiaraus*, that concealed himselfe; having beene told by the Oracle, that he should be slain in the *Theban* warre.

(x) Verse 693. *Clytemnestra*] Wife to *Agamemnon*, who for the conclusion of her husbands welcome from that ten years warre that had detained him before the walls of *Troy*, clove his skull with a great Axe; encouraged thereto by her servant *Ægysthus*.

(y) Verse 699. The thrice-foyl'd Monarch] *Mitbridates*, King of *Pontus*, three times vanquished; by *Sylla*, *Lucullus* and *Pompey*: who fearing to be poisoned, invented an admirable Antidote, the receipt whereof was found by *Cn. Pompeius* written with *Mitbridates* his own hand, the ingredients (if we credit *Pliny*) were two dried nuts, two figgs, twenty leaves of rue in powder, tempered together with a little salt, which he taking every morning fasting, became prooffe against poison, even when his last overthrow made him attempt to poison himselfe.

The first of these is the fact that the  
the second is the fact that the  
the third is the fact that the  
the fourth is the fact that the  
the fifth is the fact that the  
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the hundredth is the fact that the





*The seventh Satyr of JUVENAL.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Arts are fed by empty praise.  
The Poet sterves or sells his plays,  
Lesse the Historian's profit is,  
The Lawyer's gettings lesse then his:  
The Rhetoritian's yet more small,  
And the Grammarian's least of all.  
Only poore Learning's hopes survive,  
By Cæsar's bounty kept alive.*



*Cæsar (a) is both our studies cause and end,  
For he alone is the sad Muses friend.  
Now when our famous Poets strive to hire  
Poet (b) Gabian baths, at Rome to make the  
fire.*

*5 Nor to turn Cryers some have held it base,  
But left in Aganippe's (c) Vale their place,  
While to large Courts the hungry (d) Clio goes;  
For if thy learned purse no money shoves,  
Get the (e) Machera's name and living, cry  
10 At publick sales, What will you please to buy,*

*Peore  
Poets forced to  
take mean  
trades upon them.*

*Bath-keepers.  
Common-  
Cryers.*

Fine pots, three footed stooles, come chuse your selves,  
Shelves for your studies, play-books for your shelves.

(f) *Halcione*, where *Bacchus* spent his wit,  
The (g) *Thebans*, (h) *Terens* by *Faustus* writ.

'Tis better then, if the Judge question thee,  
To say, I *saw*, what thou didst never see.

15

Let them do so, that come from th' (i) *Asian* coast,  
Although the (k) *Cappadocian* Knights oth'poist,  
And the (l) *Bithinian* Knights too, do the same,  
Which thorough *Gallo-Grecia* barefoot came.

20

None shall hereafter stoop to sordid pains,  
That brouse on lawrell, and write lofty strains.

Cæsar's  
munifi-  
cence.

Youths study, Cæsar's bounty spurres you on,  
That seeks but matter it may work upon.

Advice  
for Poets.

But if for help from others thou do'st look,  
And therefore fill'st thy yellow table book,  
Borrow a faggot, (m) *(Thelesine)* blow blow,  
And upon (n) *Vulcan* what thou writ'st bestow;  
Or let the mothes thy lockt up works devoure:  
Or break thy pens, and thy ink bottle poure,  
Upon those warres that did thy sleep expell,  
Those mighty lines writ in a little Cell.

25

30

Only because thou dist for (o) *Ivy* hope,  
And a *lean Image*, that's thy utmost scope;

Great  
mens for-  
did ava-  
rice.

For covetous rich men learn, now a dayes,  
The knowing only to admire and praise.

35

As (p) *Boy's* do *Peacocks*, but yeares flow away,  
That might have brook't the helmet, plough and Sea  
And naked eloquent old-age, too late,  
It's self, and it's (q) *Tersicore* doth hate.

40

Now

# The seventh Satyr of Juvenal.

121

Now mark, to save his purse what tricks devis'd,  
Thy Prince (the *Muses* and their (r) *God* despis'd)  
Himself makes verses, and gines place to none  
But *Homer*, for a thousand years alone.

The reason why  
Noblemen  
write verse.

45 Caught with Fame's sweetnesse, if thoult read, to lend  
His house will (s) *Maculonus* condescend,  
Thou shalt command his churlith Iron grates  
To open, faster then the City gates ;  
He will dispose his freed-men in the (s) pit,  
His Clients and his friends great voices fir.

A Description  
of the  
Roman  
Poets lead-  
ing to an  
Audience.

50 But not a Prince will for thy stage-hire pay,  
Or for the Beame, that is the Scaffolds stay,  
Or for the Chaires his Credit will engage,  
To furnish the *Orchestra*, next the Stage.

55 Yet still we plow the shoare and sow the sand,  
Nor if we would, can we withdraw our hand :  
For *Custom* and *Ambition*, with a Chain  
Of gilded Folly, drawes us back again.  
The writing Evill many men doth seise,

Poets a  
bewitching  
study.

60 And as their years grow, so does their disease.  
But he that hath a Poets nobler vain,  
That brings forth nothing of the common strain.  
That, as his great Arts Master, scorns to print  
Poore trivall pieces at the publick Mint ;

What's re-  
quisite to  
the perfe-  
ction of a  
Poet.

65 One that I cannot show, but only can  
Conceive, a mind untroubled makes that man,  
That feelles no care, loves silent groves, and brings  
A spirit, fit to tast th' (u) *Aenian* Springs.  
In the (x) *Pierian* Caves soft ayres to chant,

70 Or reach a (y) *Thyrus*, suites not with sad Want,

That

That day and night is steru'd, When Horace writ  
His Ode, he was full of wine and wit.

What place for wit? but where a man with verse  
Is only troubled, and holds free Commerce  
With (r) *Cyrrha's* God and (s) *Nysa's* 'Tis in vain  
To think one bosome can two cares contain.

75

'Tis work for great Soules, not one dos'd about  
The mending of his bed, to figure out

Virgil's Art  
describ'd,

The steeds and looks of Gods, and how her snakes  
(b) *Erynnis*, in confounding *Turnus*, shakes.

80

Had *Virgill* had nor (c) *Patron*, nor a Boy  
Whom he about his businesse might employ,  
The else-lockt fury all her snakes had shed,  
His Pipe play'd nothing rare, but flat and dead.

The tragick Poets now would think it faire,

85

If that, which kept th'old *Bushins* in repaire,  
Might not from (d) *Rubren Lappa* be withdrawn,  
Whose cloak and Papers (e) *Atreus* hath in pawn.

No main-  
tenance  
for Poets.

Poor (f) *Numitor* has nothing for his friend,  
But can rich Presents to (g) *Quintilla* send:

90

Wenches &  
Lyons kept  
for plea-  
sure, but  
not Poets.

Nor wants to buy a Lyon tamely bred;  
And with much flesh accusom'd to be fed.  
Poets, belike, cost more then Lyons doe,  
And are conceiv'd to eat more garbage too.

A rich  
Poet may  
so'ace with  
the Muses.

In's garden (h) *Lucan* pleas'd with fame may lye,  
With Marble Nymphs and fountains in his eye;  
But (i) *Bassus*, poore *Sarramus*, what to thee  
Is any glory, if's bare glory be?

100

To their dear (k) *Thebaid*s the people throng,  
And to the sound of his enchanting tongue,

105

When

# The seventh Satyr of Jnvenal,

123

When *Statius* with the promise of a day

O're joyes the Town; for in so sweet a way

He reads his Poëm, that to hear it spoke

A Lust affects the soule, yet when he broke

75 110 The Benches with strong lines, he must, for bread,

To (l) *Paris* sell (m) *Agave's* maiden head.

Many to honour in the warres (n) he brings,

With Summer-*Annulets*, and winter-rings,

He binds the Poets fingers; whatthere lives

80 115 No Lord that will bestow, a Player gives.

Do'st thou attend the (o) *Camerini* then,

And *Barea*? thou other Noblemen

In their great Courts? 'tis (p) *Pelopea* takes,

She (q) *Prefects*, (r) *Philomela* (s) *Tribunes* makes.

85 120 Nor envy Stage rais'd Poets, where hast thou

A (t) *Proculius*, or *Macenas* now?

A *Fabius*, *Cotta*, *Lentulus* agen?

Wis and munificence were equall then;

Now, most mens gettings are, pale fac'd to grow,

90 125 And all December long, no wine to know.

But you Historians to more purpose toile,

Your works requiring both more time and oile;

None short of the two thousandth page can fall,

And meer expence in Paper breaks you all.

100 130 The boundlesse matter upon which you go,

And lawes of History will have it so.

But what fruit reaps your labours? where is he

Will give th' *Historian* an *Attorney's* Fee?

No you are lazy people, either laid

105 135 Upon your beds, or walking in the shade.

The Empe-  
rours Fa-  
vourite a  
Player.

Great Of-  
fices given  
for Playes.

The re-  
ward of  
poore  
Poets.

The Histo-  
rian and  
his fortune  
described.

Then

The Character of a Lawyer.

Painestaken in pleading.

Then tell me what do active Lawyers gain  
By Civill buisinesse, their great books and train ?

*They bawle loud ever, but then deaf our ears,  
When the rich Creditor, that fees them, beares.*

Or by the sleeve he puls them, who doth claime  
A right to great deeds, by a doubtfull name ;  
Then th'hollow bellows breaths forth mighty lyes,  
And on their breasts their eager spettle flies.

To rate their profits truly, set me here

*A hundred Lawyers, and (u) Laceria there,*

And that one (w) *Coachmans* land shall buy th'estates  
Of all those hundred learned *Advocates*.

*They sit, that are the Grandees of the Warre,*

And thou poor (x) *Ajax* standest at the Barres.

And for Litigious titles quot'st the Lawes

To a dull heardsman, who must judge the caule.

Crack thy stretcht lungs poor wretch, that when th'art  
tir'd,

*The Lawyers bayes, green Palmes, may be acquir'd.*

Poor Lawyers fees.

What is the price at which thou settest thy tongue ?

A little bacon fitch, i'th chimney hung,

Or Tunny barrell'd, when tis mud, not fish:

Or stinking onians, *Ægypt's* (y) monthly dish.

Or Wine our *Tiber*-(z) watermen transport

Five bottles, if th' hast pleaded foure times for't.

The Judge & Lawyer sharing.

And if one peece of gold come, which is rare,

As your Agreement was, the Judge must share.

A rich Lawyer must have great fees.

(a) *Æmylius* shall have what he demands,

(Yet we plead better) for, at's gate there stands

140

145

150

155

160

*The seventh Satyr of Juvenal.*

125

A chariot, and four goodly steeds of Brasse,

165 And (b) he, in's one-ey'd statue, makes a Passe  
On's fiery warre-horse, with his bending Speare  
Putting the Foe, at distance, in a fear.

Thus into debt hath (c) *Pedo* vainly run,  
Thus *Matro* breaks, *Tongillus* is undone,

ostentati-  
on and it's  
punish-  
ment.

170 Who from his great *Rhinoceros* took oiles  
And with his durty Train, the Bath did soylet  
And his young (d) *Medians* shoulders prest so sore,  
When his *Sedan* they through the *Forum* bore,  
As he was going to buy silver plate,

175 Faire (e) *Myrrhin* bowles, fine boyes, with an estate  
And Country-house, for all which, at the day,  
His *Tyrian* purple promises to pay;  
And yet this gallantry with some does well,  
*Purple* and *Violet Robes* the Lawyer sell.

The pro-  
ple cosened  
with pomp  
and forma-  
lity.

180 A noise and face of wealth do him befriend;  
But lavish Rome puts to expence no end.  
Should our old Orators return and live,  
No one would now two hundred *drachma's* give  
To *Cicero* himself, unlesse there shone.

185 Upon his finger a great Pretious stone;  
He that begins a suite, i'th first place marks,  
If thou hast ten Companions, and eight Clarks;  
Whether a close chaire doth behind thee wait,  
And men in gowns before thee walk in state!

190 A Gemme to plead with, *Paulus* therefore hires,  
And therefore *Paulus* greater fees requires,  
Then are by *Cossus* or by *Basil* took,  
For Eloquence in rags men seldome look.

When's

The mis-  
erable con-  
dition of a  
Rhetorick  
Master.

When's *Basill* honour'd, after his report  
To bring the weeping Mother into Court, 195  
Or who heares *Basill* plead he ner'e so well ?  
Away to *France*, or rather chuse to dwell  
In (f) *Africa*, the nursery of the law,  
If from thy pleading thou would'st profit draw.  
Thou teachest *Rhet'rick*, ô the Iron breast 200  
Of (g) *Vestus*, that can those hard Themes digest  
Which murder Tyrants! who the self same things,  
He sitting reads, to others standing sings,  
And the same verses i'th same time instills,  
*Poore School-masters this twice boil'd Lettuce kills.* 205  
The trope, the kind o'th plea, the questions summe,  
What arrowes from the adverse part may come,  
*All men would know, none for their knowledge pay,*  
Pay would'st thou have ? what do I know I pray ?  
The masters tax'd that under the left breast 210  
Theres nothing beats i'th young (h) *Arcadian* beast.  
Who, every sixth day, makes my poor head ake  
With his dire (i) *Hannibal*, what courle heel'e take  
After the fatall day at (k) *Canna* won,  
If he directly should to *Rome* march on, 215  
Or to get's weather-beaten forces out  
Of storms and (l) lightning, wisely wheele about.  
Ask what thou wilt, I'll give it thee, tis there,  
That his own Father him so oft would hear.  
But with one mouth; at least six *Lawyers* plead 220  
For men, and not as you do for the dead.  
They do not wrangle about (m) *Hellen's* Rape,  
*Medea's* charmes, th'ingratefull poor escape



# The seventh Saryr of Juvenal.

127

Of *Jason*, nor what kind of medicine might

225 Bring old blind *Jason* to his youth and fight.

The Rhetorician shall (if rul'd by me)

Thus take his wand up, and himself make free,

Confess  
for Rhetoricians.

Declame in *Law-courts*, and descending from

The fained shadow, to the substance come.

230 Least that small stock, which his one loose should buy,

Be spent, which teaching Schoole will ne're supply.

Do but (*n*) *Chryfogonus* and *Pollio* waigh,

And for what miserable stipends, they

To great mens sons their Rhetorick impart,

235 Dissecting *Theodorus* and his Art.

His bath cost's much, his riding house costs more,

Wherein he paces till the showre be o're,

Is't fit his Lordship for faire weather stay,

And soile his handsome beast with new made clay ?

The pro-  
fuse ex-  
pences of  
great men  
in building  
and house-  
keeping.

No, here his Mules neat hoof unsully'd shines.

240 On that side, he his dining-room designs,

Which on (*p*) *Numidian Pillars* round must run,

Where West and North cool th'East and Southern sun.

What ere his house cost, he will Artists take

To order dishes, and rare sawces make.

245 And when all these *Sestertis* thus are spent,

(*q*) Two, at the most, (*r*) *Quintilian* must content.

Nothing costs *Fathers* lesse then *Sonnes*. How got

*Quintilian* so much land then ? tell me not

The *Titons*  
small al-  
lowance.

250 Of Presidents that are with fortune rare,

The fortunate is valiant, and is faire,

The Fortunate's wife, generous, well born,

On his black shooe a silver *Crescent's* worn,

The mira-  
culous  
power of  
fortune.

The

The Fortunate, speaks handſom'ſt, argues beſt;  
 Though hoarſe, ſings well : for here's thy Intereſt, 255  
*What Stars receive thee, when but newly come*  
*Crying to light, and bluſhing from the wombe,*  
*If fortune will, poor Rhetorician, ſhe*  
*Can raiſe thee, and thou ſhalt a Conſull be.*  
*And from a Conſull, if ſhe will ſhe can,* 260  
*Make thee again a Rhetorician.*  
*What was (s) Ventidius ? What (t) Tully too,*  
*But proofes of what the Stars and Fates could do ?*  
*Who crownes on (u) ſervants, bayes on ſlaves beſtow :*  
 But 'tis a Chance, rare as the milk-white crow. 265  
 Many repented that they play'd the fool  
 In teaching of a barren Rhet'rick Schoole:  
 As in (w) *Tbraſimachus* may be obſerv'd  
 And (x) *Secundus Charinas*, almoſt ſterv'd,  
 I'th miſt of *Athens*, that to Schollars, now, 270  
 Except cold (y) Hemlock, nothing dare allow.  
 (a) Grant Heav'n, that gentle weightleſſe earth may lye,  
 On our Forefathers bones, and ſprout on high  
 In flower's, which to the Ayre perfumes may bring,  
 Clothing their Tombes in a perpetuall ſpring, 275  
 Becauſe a Tutor they did ſtill repute  
 To be the ſacred Parents Subſtitute.  
 When's Rod the (b) *Centaur* ſinging-maſter ſhak't,  
*Achilles*, in his fathers (c) mountain quak't,  
 Though a great boy, yet who, ev'n then, could faile 280  
 But laugh to ſee a Maſter with a Taile.  
 Now his own Schollars would on *Ruffus* fall,  
 (d) *Ruffus*, that oft did Tully Frenchman call.  
 Who

What re-  
 ſpect the  
 Ancients  
 gave to  
 their Son's  
 Tutors.

- Who to (e) *Enceladus*, or to the learn'd  
 285 *Palamon*, tender's justly, what is earn'd  
 By a *Grammarian's* pains; be what it may,  
 ('Tis lesse still then a *Rhetoricians* pay)  
 Yet thence, he who the schoole-boy oversees,  
 Defalks (as all Paymasters will) his fees.  
 290 *Palamon* yeild, fall from thy highest rate,  
 Like Tradesmen in their shops, a little baite,  
 So long as *all's* not lost, intic'd wherewith,  
 Thou satest up till midnight, which no smith,  
 None that cards wooll with sloop-tooth'd wyre would  
 295 So long as *all's* not lost, that put thee to (do,  
 Th'induring what a *Grammar-schoole* annoyes,  
 As many severall smoakes as thou taught'st boyes.  
 When *Horace* with his lampe was all besmear'd,  
 And *Virgill* like a Blackamoor appear'd.  
 300 Yet seldome that which is their due is paid,  
 Unlesse Complaint be to the (f) *Tribune* made.  
 But you on *Tutors* stricter lawes impose,  
 Your Master must be one all Grammars knowes,  
 Rules, Authors, Histories, and those, as well  
 305 As he can his own nailes or fingers tell.  
 That if perhaps you ask him, as you go  
 To the Town-Bath, or *Tytan's*; you may know  
*Anchyses's* Nurse, the mother in lawes name  
 T' *Arche morus*, the Country whence she came,  
 How long *Acester* liv'd, how many a Pot  
 310 Of his *Sycilian* wine the *Trojanes* got.  
 You do expect he should a schoole boy take,  
 And mould his manners, just as one would make

The beg-  
 gerly pro-  
 fession of  
 a School-  
 master.

The De-  
 scription  
 of a Gram-  
 mar-  
 Schoole.

A face of wax: you do exact that he

To all your Children should a Father be,

And look they should no filthy pastimes use,

Nor is't a little taste to him, that views

The hands of such a world of Boyes, and pryes

Into the trembling corners of their eyes.

Do this they say, and for our whole years Debe,

Thou shalt have, what a (b) suite in Law can get.

ANNO-

## ANNOTATIONS

## V P O N

*The seventh Satyr of Juvenal.*

(a) Verse 1. *Casar*] *Domitian*, so we must needs understand the Author, if we believe him to be banished for this Satyr at the instigation of the player *Paris*. But I confesse, it sounds strange to me, that *Juvenal*, who is so plain with *Domitian* in his 4. Sat. should in this quote him for a Patron of Learning; unless his meaning be, that he was such a favourite of the learned, as sent many of them to perfect their knowledge in the next world, and the rest to follow their studies the better in this by retiring into Exile.

(b) Verse 4. *Gabium*] *Gabium* (as you may see Satyr 3. Verse 224. and Sat. 10. Verse 118) was a beggerly *Volscian* town, where, to be Master of a Bath, was but a place equivalent with making fires to a Bath at *Rome*.

(c) Verse 6. *Vale*] *Aganippe's Vale* and *Fountain* were in *Boeotia*, sacred to the *Muses*; but instead of retiring to such privacy, hunger forces the Poets, as Cryers of goods to be sold, to come into large Courts, where their Chapmen may have room to flock about them.

(d) Verse 7. *Clio*] One of the nine *Muses*, reputed the Inventress of History.

(e) Verse 8. *Machera*] A man then as famous for a ryer, as *Muljack* is now for a Chimney-sweeper.

(f) Verse 13. *Halcyon*] The Poet *Bacchus* his Tragedy of *Halcyon* the wife of *Ceix*, transformed with her husband into birds, see *Ovids Metamorphosis*, lib. 11.

(g) Verse 14. The *Thebans*] The Tragedy of *Laius King Thebes*, who being forewarned by the Oracle how he should be slain by his sonne *Oedipus*, delivered the Child to a shepherd

pheard to be destroyed, who could not for pitty kill him with his own hands, but left him to the cruell mercy of wild beasts and hunger; both which he escaped, and was (by *Phorbas* that found him) made a Present to the Queen of *Corinth*, but *Oedipus*, long after going to *Thebes* to enquire of his Parents there, unwittingly fulfilled the Oracle, killing his Father *Lains* in a Tumult, and then marrying *Jocasta* his own Mother.

(b) Verse 14. *Tereus*] *Faustus's Tragedy of Tereus*, *Progn's* husband, who for ravishing her sister *Philomela*, was feasted by his wife with the head of his sonne *Itk*, as is noted neer the end of the last Satyr.

(i) Verse 17. *Asian*] Heretofore *Asian* slaves, now Roman Knights.

(k) Verse 18. *Cappadocian*] The *Cappadocian* slaves could not but make excellent Roman Knights o'ch Post; witness the Proverb *ῥεῖς καὶ τὰ καλὰ*, in which number is the *Cappadocian*.

(l) Verse 19. *Bitynian*] A people of *Asia* the lesse, neighbours to *Galatia*, where *Brennus* and his *Gauls* settled themselves, and mingling with the *Greeks*, the Country came to be called *Gallo-gracia*.

(m) Verse 27. *Thelesine*] A Poet, unto whom some doe conceive the Satyr is directed.

(n) Verse 28. *Vulcan*] The God of fire.

(o) Verse 33. *Ivy*] Poets were crown'd with oak, lawrell, Ivy and parsley.

(p) Verse 37. *Boyes*] Who commend Peacocks, but give them nothing.

(q) Verse 40. *Terpsicore*] One of the *Muses*, the Inventresse of Musick.

(r) Verse 42. *God*] *Apollo*.

(s) Verse 46. *Maculonus*] A sordid rich man, that like *Fronto*, Sat. 1. accommodated the Poets with his house and Gardens to read their works in.

(t) Verse 49. *Pis*] By this, and what followes, you may clearly perceive, the Roman Poets read in a place distinguished, by a Cock-pit, Scaffolds, and Orchestra or Musick room, in as formall a manner, as our stages are prepared for action.

(u) Verse 68. *Aonian*] The *Aonian* spring is in *Bœotia*, consecrated to the *Muses*, by whom *Hesiod* tells us that hee

was invited, and carryed thither to drink.

(x) Verse 69. *Pierian*] The *Pierian Ladies* the *Muses*, had certain caves in *Parnassus*, that were believed to be full of their *Deity*.

(y) Verse 70. *Thyrus*] A Speare, wreathed about with grapes and vine-leaves, as is already noted Sat. 6. Which *Thyrus*, *Horace* mentions (and acknowledgēs himselfe to be full of *Bacchus* whose peculiar weapon it was) in that *Ode* which *Juvenal* here relates unto. beginning, *Ohe recenti mens trepidat.*—

(z) Verse 75. *Cyrrha*] An old town at the foot of *Parnassus*, dedicated to *Apollo* of which hee is stiled *Cyrrhaean Apollo*.

(a) Verse 75. *Nysa*] An *Arabian* town, not farre from *Egypt*, where *Bacchus* was bred, and from whence he receives the title of *Nysaean Bacchus*.

(b) Verse 80. *Erynnis*] A Fury, one of the 3. Infernall Spirits, that distract the mind, from whence the word *Erynnis* is derived *απο τῆς πῦρος*, & *ῥῆς*, but here he intends *Alecto*, for 'tis she that *Virgill* brings in hissing *Turnus* into madnesse, l. 7. *Æneid.* *Talibus Alecto dictis exarsit in iras.* &c.

(c) Verse 81. *Patron*] *Mæcenas*, that noble *Romane*, favourite to *Augustus*. and *Patron* to *Virgill* and *Horace*.

(d) Verse 87. *Rubren Lappa*] A poore, but ingenious *Tragick Poet*, to whom the Author thinks it but just, that as great entertainment should be given, and as high honour and estimation, as to the *Antient Tragick Poets*, *Æschilus*, *Euripides* and *Sophocles*.

(e) Verse 88. *Asreus*] A broaking Usurer.

(f) Verse 89. *Numitor*] A rich Gentleman and foolish.

(g) Verse 90. *Quintilla*] A Lady of pleasure kept by *Numitor*.

(h) Verse 100. *Lucan*] The rich and noble Author of that Poem of the Battaille fought betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompey* at *Pharsalia*.

(i) Verse 102. *Bassus*] *Bissus* and *Sarranus* were two distressed Poets.

(k) Verse 104. *Thebais*] That Poem of the *Theban Warre* writ by *Statius*, so deare unto the people, that they courted it like a *Mistresse*.

(l) Verse 111 *Paris*] The handsome Player, of whom



Sat. 6. verse 94. He was patron to many learned men, particularly to *Statius* whom he kept in pension.

(m) Verse 111. *Agave*] The Tragedy of *Agave*, Mother to *Pentheus* King of *Thebes*, who, for his contempt of the God *Bacchus*, was transformed into a Boare, and torn in pieces by [the *Bacchides*] his own Mother and her sisters.

(n) Verse 112. He] *Paris*.

(o) Verse 116. *Camerini*] The *Camerini* and *Barea* were noblemen of *Rome*.

(p) Verse 118. *Pheloepe*] The Tragedy of *Pheloepe*, daughter to *Thyestes*, of whose Incest with her Father was borne *Aegisthus*, who lived in Adultery with *Clytemnestra*, and assisted her in the murder of her husband *Agamemnon*.

(q) Verse 119. *Præfects*] Governours of Provinces.

(r) Verse 119. *Philomela*] The Tragedy of *Philomela* and *Progne*, of whom see the end of Sat. 6.

(s) Verse 119. *Tribunes*] Not *Tribunes* of the people, but field Officers Serjeant Majors generall.

(t) Verse 121. *Proculcius*] *Proculcius* was a gentleman of *Rome*, very liberall to his kindred and friends. *Maccenas* (as I have noted a little higher) a noble patron to *Virgil* and *Horace*, and of the liberality of *Fab. Max.* read *Val. Max.* l. 4. c. 3. and *Plinius secundus de Viris illustribus*, of *Cotta*. Sat. 5. verse 122. of the nobility and state of *Lentulus* Sat. 6. verse 84.

(u) Verse 145. *Lacerta*] *Lacerta* was Coachman to the Emperour *Domitian*.

(x) Verse 149. *Ajax*] Pleading like *Ajax* in *Ovid* l 13. *Metamorph.*

(y) Verse 157. Monethly] The Fleet coming from *Aegypt* monthly.

(z) Verse 158. *Tyber-watermen*] You may see whence the *Thames*-watermen learned their trick of qualifying the fury of pure wine with an allay from the river.

(a) Verse 162. *Æmylius*] A rich Lawyer.

(b) Verse 165. He] *Æmilius* in *Brasse*.

(c) Verse 168. *Pedo*] *Pedo*, *Maio* and *Tongillus* were poor Lawyers, who striving to appear rich, grew beggars. Of *Maio's* new Sedan, you read in the first Sat. and here of *Tongillus*ointed after his bath, with oile distilling from the precious horn of a *Rhinoceros*, the beast that is Antagonist to the *Elephant*.

(d) Verse



(d) Verse 172. *Medians*] Chaire-bearers, or Sedan-men of *Media*.

(e) Verse 175. *Myrrhin*] In what esteeme bowles of *Myrrh*, were in *Rome*, you may see Sat. 6. where the Impetuous wife commands her husband to make a voyage in person to furnish her Cupboard with them in *winter*, when the Merchants themselves durst not trust the Seas.

(f) Verse 198. *Africa*] The *French* were Lawyers even in *Juvenals* time, as he tells us in this place, and Sat. 15. verse 124. where they instruct the *British*. But yet the *Africans* were much more litigious, for there a Lawyer, though never so poor, might get some kind of thing, because his brethren the beggars sued one another.

(g) Verse 201. *Virtus*] A *Rhetorick*-master.

(h) Verse 211. *Arcadian*] The dull schollar, that *Arcadian* Mule or Ass.

(i) Verse 213. *Hannibal*] *Hannibal* was a Common Theme of the young *Rhetoricians*, as you may see Sat. 10. Go clime the horrid *Alpes* vain glorious foole, To please the boyes, and be their Theme at School.

(k) Verse 214 *Canna*] Where *Annibal* overthrew the Roman Army, led by rash *Terentius Varro*, from whence, *Marshall*, Generall of his horse, advised him to march directly to *Rome*; but finding him otherwise resolved, said, The Gods have not made one man capable of all things. *Hannibal*, you know how to conquer, but you know not how to use your victory. *Livius*, lib. 22.

(l) Verse 217. *Lightning*] For when *Hannibal* was (at the third stone) three miles from *Rome*, it fell a thundring and lightning, as if Heaven had forbid him to make his approaches nearer.

(m) Verse 222. *Hellens Rape*] These were it seemes common Cases argued in the *Rhetorick* schoole, whether the Rape of *Hellen* were a just ground of a warre against *Troy*, or whether *Medea* was a witch, or her husband *Jason* ingratefull to forsake her, or whether his Father *Aeson* might be restored to his youth and sight by naturall means.

(n) Verse 232. *Crysogonus*] *Crysogonus* and *Pollio* were *Rhetorick*-Readers.

(o) Verse 235. *Theodorus*] An Author read at the *Rhetorick*-schoole.

(p) Verse 242. *Numidian*] The *Numidian* Marble, was esteemed

esteemed the rarest, and it seems the *Romane* Voluptuaries had dyning-rooms that turned round upon Pillars of that stone.

(g) Verse 247. two] Two *Sestertia*, are 30. *French* Crowns after some men's Account.

(r) Verse 247. *Quintilian*] That excellent *Rhetorician*, Tutor to *Juvenal*, often mentioned in his *Satyrs*, never without honour.

(s) Verse 262. *Ventidius*] *Ventidius* *Barus*, a *Pisan*, born of an *Asculan* bondwoman, carried in triumph by *Strabo*, Father to *Cneus Pompeius*, was first a *Carthe* man, then a muliteer, then in one year made *Prator* and *Consul*; Afterward being created *Generall*, he triumphed over the *Arabians*, so that he who formerly lay in prison as a *Captive*, at last filed the *Capitol* with his *Trophies*, viz, *S. d. Val. Max. lib. 6. cap. 10 & Agellium lib. 15. cap. 4.*

(t) Verse 262. *Tully*] The incomparable Orator *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, a stranger to the town of *Rome*, obscurely born at *Arpinum*, was afterward *Consul* of *Rome*, and filed by *Cato*, Father of his country.

(u) Verse 264. *Servants*] As upon *Cervius Tullius*, sonne of a Bondwoman, whom Fortune raised to the Crown and Scepter of *Rome*.

(w) Verse 268. *Thrasimachus*] *Thrasimachus* the *Carthaginian*, Schollar to *Plato* and *Isocrates*, was a publick professor of *Rhetorick*, but his gettings were so very inconsiderable, that he left off his profession. And (as some say) hanged himselfe.

(x) Verse 266. *Charinas*] *Secundus Charinas* professed *Rhetorick* at *Athens*, and was (saith *Tacitus*) learned in toys or inconsiderable arts, *Dio* saith that *Charinas*, constrained by want, came and set up schoole at *Rome*, where making an Oration which concluded against Tyrants, *Caligula* banished or (as others say) poisoned him.

(x) Verse 271. *Hemlock*] A cruell bounty, bestowed, by the ingratefull *Athenians*, upon the learned *Socrates*, whom they forced to drink the cold poison of hemlock.

(a) Verse 272. *Grant*] The Common prayer for the dead among the *Romanes*.

(b) Verse 278. *Centaur*] *Chiron* the *Centaur* (Tutor to *Aesculapius*, *Hercules*, and *Achilles*) who had a horse-taile, for below the waist the *Centauries* were horses, as their enemies the *Lapiths* reported.

Verse

(c) Verse 279. Mountain] *Pelion* in *Thessaly*.

(d) Verse 283. *Ruffus*] *Savrinus Ruffus*, who so much scorned the *Rhetorick* of *Tully*, that he called him *Allobrogian*, the Frenchman of *Boane*.

(e) Verse 284. *Enceladus*] *Enceladus* and *Palemon* were *Grammarians*. see *Sa. 6*

(f) Verse 301. *Tribune*] One of the *Protectors* of the people.

(g) Verse 308. *Nurse*] The *Nurse* to *Nichyses* is not named by any Author; *Archemolus* his Mother in law, was called (some say) *Asperia*, but born none knowes where: that *Nichyses* the *Trojan*, King of *Sicily*, furnished *Æneas* and his Mates with wine we read, for which *Virgill* calls him the good *Nichyses*, but how many pots he bestowed, would I believe puzzle the *Grammarians*, and *criticks*, who, (saith *Seneca*) labour to know things, that it were better a man should be ignorant of.

(h) Verse 321. Suite] Judg'd by the peoples votes taken by the *Tribune*, to whom (as before said) the school-master is glad to complain ere he can get the poor yearly stipend promised for teaching of his scholars.

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The

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1. The first of these is the fact that the  
2. second of these is the fact that the  
3. third of these is the fact that the  
4. fourth of these is the fact that the  
5. fifth of these is the fact that the  
6. sixth of these is the fact that the  
7. seventh of these is the fact that the  
8. eighth of these is the fact that the  
9. ninth of these is the fact that the  
10. tenth of these is the fact that the



*The eight Satyr of JUVENAL.*

**The ARGUMENT.**

*Maim'd Statues, cripled by times rage,  
And Pictures now grown dimme with age,  
Our Ancestors deserts proclaime:  
And if we live not well, our shame.  
Honour consists in worth not blood,  
The Great waigh nothing, if not good.  
The Mean, whose virtue is their birth,  
Have prov'd the greatest men on Earth.*



What's Pedegree? (a) *Ponticus*, what good can  
flow

From great blood? What is't, Ancestors to  
show

In paint and statue? the (b) *Æmilii* plac't

Intire in Chariots, (c) *Curii* to the wast.

5 (d) *Corvinus*, whose nose mouldred scarce appears,

And (e) *Galba*, that hath neither nose nor eares?

What's a (f) *Diſſauor* drawn to life, or what

Dimme Masters of the horse, still pointed at,

Genealo-  
gies, Sta-  
tues, and  
Pictures of  
Ancestors  
how to  
be eſtee-  
med.

If

A Game-  
ster com-  
par'd with  
his warlike  
Predeces-  
sors.

The true  
Nobility  
describ'd.

If the Great (g) *Lepidi* see thee live ill ?  
Thy house why do so many *Generalls* fill ; 10  
Breathing in Marble, if thou in the sight  
Of arm'd *Numantians* play'st at dice all night,  
And goes to bed about the break of day :  
The time their *campes* coloures march't away ?  
Why should his *French* extraction (f) *Fabius* please, 15  
His altar and descent from *Hercules*  
If covetous, if phantastickall he be,  
If no (k) *Euganean* lambe more soft then he ?  
If his skin smooth th' (l) *Aenean* punnic: shaves, 20  
Slandring his noble Fathers in their graves,  
Blasting whose Urnes this poy'sners image stands,  
Fit to be broken by the hangman's hands ?  
Though thy Courts full of Wax-Effigies be,  
Virtus's the true and sole Nobilitie.  
A (m) *Paulus*, (n) *Cossus* or a (o) *Drusus* prove, 25  
In Goodness:; thy car'd *Ancestors* remove,  
To give their *fame* precedence, let it go  
Before those (p) *roddees* which thee a *Consul* show.  
With thy minds treasure first pay me a debt,  
By deed and word the stile of vertuous get, 30  
That thou art noble shall need no Record,  
Or (q) *Roman* or *Getulian*, haile my Lord,  
So I shall call thee, of what euer blood,  
That to thy Country art so great a good.  
We will receive thee with as loud a shout, 35  
As *Aegypt* when (r) *Osyris* is found out,  
But who will honour him that's Honours shame,  
Noble in nothing but a noble name.

- The dwarfe of such or such a Gentleman  
 40 We *Atlas* name, and call the *Negro*, *Swan*,  
 The Maid *Europa*, that's nor straight nor faire,  
 The doge whose Mangy eats away his haire,  
 And lazy, lies and licks the dishes dry,  
 To him we *Panther*, *Tyger*, *Lion* cry,  
 Or if there be a thing more full of gall  
 45 In nature, by that name this curre we call.  
 Take heed thou goest not for a (*s*) *Cretian*  
 And bear'st the *Camerin's* title thus.  
 Whom do I counsell? 'tis to thee I speak,  
 50 (*r*) *Rubellian Plautus*, swolne as they would break.  
 With (*y*) *Drusian* blood thy veines do proudly run,  
 As if thou had'st some thing of honour done.  
 Or as the mighty Lady that doth shine  
 In all the spendour of the *Julian* line  
 55 Must needs have teem'd thee, and not she, that sits  
 On the (*x*) bleak Mount, and for her living knits.  
 You are poor rogues he sayes, the people's scumme,  
 Your fathers no man knowes from whence they come;  
 But I am a (*y*) *Cecropian*; blesse your grace,  
 And give you joy of your illustrious race.  
 60 Yet in that scumme, among the meekest kind,  
 You shall some Eloquent *Plebeian* find,  
 Defending with his learned tongue or pen,  
 The causes of unlearned Noblemen.  
 65 Out of the gowned people he doth rise,  
 Reads the *Lawes Riddles*, and their knots unties.  
 This poor young Souldier at (*r*) *Euphrates* wards,  
 That with our Eagles conquered (*a*) *Belgia* guards

An admonition to Princes.

Mean Birth descended  
 The Plebeians answer.

Thou

Thou meerly a *Geoprian* art, and we  
Like (a) *Mercuries* old *Statue* worship thee,

For other difference no *Optick* gives,

But his heads *marble*, and thy image lives.

Tell me thou seed of (c) *Troy*, who talks of blood

In the dumb beasts whose courage is not good.

We praise the horse that winnes most *Palmes* with ease,

Whose *Vict'ries* the hoarse (d) *Circus* ofttest please.

Hee's noble, let his breed be what it will,

Runs best, and casts the dirt up formost still;

But they are sold (though (e) *Hirpin* were the fire,

Or *Corisha* their damme) that use to tire,

And lose the match, what their forefathers won,

Dyes there, no honour is to shadows done.

Then, for small prizes, flow. feet having got

New masters, no more draw a *Chariot*,

But with gal'd necks at *Waggons* rug and gird.

Or are to *Nepo's* his horse-mill prefer'd.

That we may therefore you, not yours admire,

First *Sir*, some honour of your own acquire,

Which we may on their *Monuments* engrave,

To whom we give, and you owe all you have.

Let it suffice, that we have said thus much

To that proud puff's up (f) youth, (same speaks him

Full of his kinsman *Nero*, for 'tis rare (such)

If a great fortune common sense can share.

But *Ponticus*, I would not have thee go

Upon thy *Ancestors* past praises so,

As that to future praise thou should'st not rise,

Hee's wretched that on others fame relies,

VVhich  
are the  
gallantest  
Horses.

Nobility  
comes  
more by  
Acquisit  
on than by  
blood.

The Au-  
thors good  
Councell.



# The eight Satyr of Juvenal.

143

The pillars full if the foundation shrink,

105 Divorc'd from sb' Elme the widow'd vine must sink.

Be a good souldier, a good guardian be,

A Judge, from favour and corruption free,

And if in Court thou shalt a witnesse stand,

Though (g) Phallark an untruth should command,

110 And dictating a perjury, bring in

His brazen bull: think it the foulest sin,

Should'st thou to save thy breath thy honour spend,

And forfeit for thy life, thy chiefest end.

Death such deserves, nor doth he live indeed,

115 Although a hundred (h) Gaurans oysters feed

His riot, though the unguents (i) Cosmas us'd

In's brazen bath, be all on him diffus'd,

When Governour thy su'd-for Province hath

At length receiv'd thee, bridle in thy wrath

120 And Avarice, pittie our Confederates groanes,

Behold (the marrow squeez'd) Kings empty bones.

Mark th'Empires lawes, the Senate's justice, look

How worth's advanc'd, how their just thunder struck

(k) Tutor and (l) Capito for making prize

125 Of the Cilician Pyrates, the doom lies

Heavy on them, But poor man where's thy (m) ease

When all thy old Lord left, thy new shall seize?

Thy ragges, (n) Charippus let the Cryer sell,

And hold thy peace while thou art us'd thus well.

130 'Tis madnesse after all to cast away,

The ferry-money that should Charon pay.

Not such th'old losses, nor so deep the wound,

When our Confederates did with wealth abound.

Souldiers  
Guardians,  
Judges and  
witnesses.

Instructi-  
ons for  
Governors  
of Provin-  
ces.

No going  
to law  
with great  
men.

Each

A Description  
of the riches of the  
East, when  
they call'd  
in the Ro-  
mans.

The poor  
Condition  
to which  
the Ro-  
mans had  
brought  
their Con-  
federates.

No danger  
in oppres-  
sing the ef-  
feminate.

Take heed  
how you  
wrong a  
poor and  
warlike  
Nation.

Each house had heaps of money, wardrobes full  
Of (o) *Coan* silks, and (p) *Sparta's* purple wooll;  
(q) *Parrhasius* his pictures, *Ivorie* brought  
To life by (r) *Phidias*; Statues (s) *Miron* wrought  
Or *Polyclet*, did in each corner wait,  
And scarce a table but had (e) *Mentor's* plate,  
Thus th'unjust Governour (u) *Antonius*, here  
Addes to his wealth, and (v) *Dollabells* there  
Thus (y) *Verres* did by *Sacriledge* encrease,  
And stole aboard his ships, the spoiles of Peace,  
Our friends do now a yoke of Oxen feed,  
Or some few Mares, which they reserve for breed.  
Out of whose Pastures, even the Bull or horse,  
The father of their stock, is took by force,  
Their (z) *Lares*, and whatsoever doth handsome look.  
It be their only Cottage-God 'tis took,  
And such a toy, the friends of Rome now call  
Their greatest wealth, and may, for 'tis their All.  
Perhaps thou slightest, and maist justly slight  
The oyld (a) *Corinthians*, (b) *Rhodes*, not frain'd to fight;  
For, could Revenge a soft-thigh'd Nation arme,  
How can Youth, smoothe'd with *Resin*, do thee harm?  
But, the poor *Spanish* foot, *French* horse beware.  
The (c) *Illyrian* Sea-men, and those (d) reapers spares  
Feed Rome, that in the *Circus* spend their time  
At *Stage-Plays*, But what gains so foule a crime,  
When (e) *Marinus* hath left *Africa* so bare?  
However, let it be thy master-care,  
The poore and valiant no great wrong receive,  
Though thou tak'st all their coyn away, thou'lt leave  
Helmets

135

140

145

150

155

160

Helmets and Javelings to revenge their harmes,  
 165 And swords and shields; the plunder'd will find Armes.  
 Not my opinion, but the truth I write  
 Believe it, I a (f) Sybills lease recite.

If vertuous friends and servants with thee dwell,  
 If no faire Favourite thy tribunall sell.

170 If no unsatiate Wife run up and down,  
 Through every County, and to every town,  
 Bending her crooked tallons, to lay hold,  
 Like a fierce (g) Harpey, on a prey of Gold;  
 Then bring thy birth from (h) Picus, or do'st love  
 Great names? take all (i) the Giants fought with

175 (k) Prometheus himself thy father make, (Jove.  
 Progenitors from any story take.

But if rash pride and lust thy soule provoke,  
 If in the subjects blood thy rods be broke,

180 If thou delight'st to see the Beadle tyr'd,  
 T'axe blunted, the Nobility acquir'd  
 By thy Great Parents, stands against thy claime;  
 And holds a glorious torch before thy shame.

Each crime is so conspicuously base,  
 As he that sinnes is great in birth or place.

185 To me thy Ancestors how can'st thou boast?  
 When to the Temples, which they built, thou go'st  
 To forge a Will, their spirits to affront,  
 While their tryumphall Statues look upon't.

190 Or how? when nightly, thy adulterous blood  
 Conceales it's blushes in a (f) French foolles-hood.

Where his fore-fathers bones and ashes lye  
 In's Coach, fat (m) Damaspus hurries by.

What is-  
 titles great  
 mento  
 their ho-  
 nours.

What de-  
 grades a  
 Noble-  
 man,

Section.

Monu-  
 ments pro-  
 fan'd.

Disguis'd  
 Night-  
 walkers.

A deboish  
 young No-  
 bleman.

His  
Coach-  
manship.

He though a *Consull*, with huge Iron Stayes,  
Strikes a Coach-wheele himselfe in down hill wayes. 195  
By night indeed, but yet the *Moon* descryes,  
And *Stars* bears witnesse, with intentive eyes.  
But when he comes out of his *Consulship*,

At noon-day *Damaspippus* cracks his (n) whip,  
Nor blushes, though his aged friends he meets, 200  
But with his whip first his acquaintance greets.

And when his horses are unharnest, feasts  
With Oates himselfe poures out, the wearied beasts.  
Nay when in *Numa's* Ceremoniall wayes,  
Hee sheep or Oxen at *Jove's* altar slayes, 205

He by (o) *Epona* sweares, and all that crew  
Whose pictures we o're nasty mangers view.

Tavern  
Revels.

But when his (p) Tavern Revels are begun,  
Up staires and down, doth *Syrophenix* run.  
Moist (q) *Syro-phenix*, that sweats th'oyles he sells 210

The Vine-  
ser and his  
wife.

At th' *Idumaean* port, for there he dwells.  
And with the Courtship of an *Host*, the word  
That he salutes with, is my *Prince*, my *Lord*.  
The like doth (r) *Cyane*, bringing flaggons still  
In a clean apron, which inflames the Bill. 215

But thou saist, pleading for him when hee's chid,

Those that  
excuse  
youth's  
deboichery  
answered:

That young we did the like; 'tis true, we did.

But art reclaim'd? thy error do'st retract?

*Short let it be, which thou dar'st fouly act.*

*Some crimes with our first beards are cut away:* 220

*Of course sue out their pardons children may.*

But *Damaspippus* takes his bathing Cups,

And on the (s) painted tavern-linnen sups.

Rip:

Ripe for th' (s) *Armenian* warre, fit to make good

225 The *Syrian* streams, the (u) *Rhene* or *Ister's* flood,

Of years that *Nero's* person may defend ;

Send to thy Fleet at (x) *Ostium, caesar*, send :

But thy great Adm'rall in some Taverne seek,

There they shall find him lying cheek by cheek

230 With murderers, mixt with Pyrates, and Purse-takers,

Run-away slaves, Hangmen and Coffin-makers,

With *Cybells* Priest on's back, his bells at rest.

Where equall freedome welcomes every guest.

Where every man for the same cup may call,

235 One table, that too, alike neer to all,

If thou had'st such a *servant*, what would'st thou

Do with him *Ponticus* ? send him to plow

Thy (z) *Lucan* fields, or chain him to a Mine

In *Thuscany* ; but you o'th *Trojan* line

240 *Do wish your selves dispense, and what's held vile*

*In meane ones, in the great we noble stile.*

Who would have thought we could this basenesse find

In men of honour, but ther'es worse behind.

Thy fortune's spent, thou *Damaspus* let'st

245 Thy breath out, and o'th stage thy living get'st,

*Catullus* his shrill *Phantosme* spends thy breath,

*Lentulus* stil'd the (a) *swift*, playes (b) *Laureols* death.

Acts hanging well, and, or my judgment swerves,

Or for it, a true hanging he deserves.

250 Nor can the people be excus'd in this,

The Peoples fore-heads are more braz'd then his,

That impudently sit and pleasure take,

To see the sport which our *Patricians* make.

How the  
Great di-  
spat age  
themselves  
in Ta-  
verne?

Noblemen  
act that  
they would  
not suffer  
their ser-  
vants to  
doe.

Some  
Spend-  
thrifts turn  
Stage-  
players.

That can our *Fabian* Comedians heare,  
And laugh at a *Marmereans* box o'th eare.

255

No matter for how much their breath they sell,  
Which now there is no *Nero* to compell.

Nor do they stick in the great *Prætors* shows,  
To sell their action here a stage suppose,  
And there a *Scaffold*, which would'st thou refuse ?

260

Who so fears death, that he would rather chuse  
To watch faire (e) *Thymile* o'th stage, where he  
And *Corinth* the dull foole must fellowes be.

Nor is't a wonder, when the Prince shall love

A *Fidlers* name, if *Lords* do *Players* prove,

What could the town be then, but playes ? And there

265

(d) *Gracchus*, *Romes* infamy, doth arm'd appear,

Other great men  
having spent all,  
turne *Gla-*  
*diators* or  
*Fencers*.  
The Net-  
bearer and  
the Fo-  
lower de-  
scribed.

A *Retiarius*, no *Sequitors* shield

No crooked fauchion brings into the field,

Nor weares his beaver down (no he reproves,

Reproves and hates that habit) see he moves

270

His trident, and (the net pois'd in his hand

Least he might throw it out of his command)

He holds up his bare face, and in the eyes

Of all *Rome*, round about the lists he flies,

275

His *Cassock* speaks him, gold-strings hanging at

His Chin, and glittering in his high-crown'd hat.

Who therefore was *Sequitor* to this Lord,

Shame cut him deeper then he struck his sword.

What Rascall would not, were his vote now free,

280

Give it to (e) *Seneca*, *Nero* e're to thee,

For (f) whom we should not as one *Parricide*,

One Ape, one Serpent and one sack provide,

*Orestes*

Section.  
The par-  
ticulars  
of *Nero's*  
cruelty &  
deboich-  
ness.

(g) *Orestes* had thy crime, but not thy guilt,

255 285 The Gods were Authors of the blood he spilt;

His Father to revenge, made drunk and slain:

Yet him his sisters murder did not stain,

Nor, in a rage, his *spartan* wife he kil'd,

Nor bowles of poyson for his kindred fil'd,

260 290 *Orestes* sung no *Odes*; no *Troicks* writ,

Books which of all crimes *Nero* did commit.

(h) *Vindex*, *Virginia*, *Galba* should have first

Revenge'd, of all his cruelties the worst.

Works for a Prince are these? do these arts sure

265 295 With Majesty, it self to prostitute,

On stages, to put *forrein* *Actors* down,

And carry from the *Greeks* their (i) *parley* crown?

Thy voices trophies let thy father beare,

*Thyestes* (k) long train let *Domitius* weare,

300 (l) *Antigone's* or (m) *Menalippe's* tier,

And on (n) *Augustus* *Cesar* hang thy lyre.

Who any thing finds higher then thy line

(o) *Cesbegus* reaches? *Catilin* or thine?

Yet you took *Armes*, and did by night conspire

275 305 To set our houses and our Gods on fire.

Like *sonnes* of *Galls*, or *Rogues* at *Lions* born,

For which you ought (p) pitcht doublets to have worn.

But on your motion did the *Consull* wait,

This *new man*, *Tully*, this poor (q) *Arpinate*,

Late made at *Rome* a *Country-gentleman*:

310 Set guards, where e're the line of danger ran,

Unmaz'd us, and took pains for all the town.

And therefore, even within the wals, (r) the *Gown*

Section.  
How *Cataline* and  
*Cethegus*  
imbask'd  
the great-  
ness of  
their  
blood.

How *Cicero*  
innobled  
the mean-  
ness of his  
birth.



A greater title upon him bestow'd,  
 Then any name (f) *Cæsar* to *Ætium* ow'd; 311  
 To *Thessaly*, or to those weapons, kept  
 Moist with the blood which they so often wept.  
 For *Rome*, freed *Rome*, did call her self his child,  
 And *Cicero* his *Countries* *Faber* stil'd.  
 An (t) other *Arpinate*, *Gaius Marius*, tills 320  
 First as a hireling, the rough *Volsian* hills.  
 Then, with the Vine was cudgel'd, if the Cramp  
 His plane took, Pallizadoing the Camp.  
 Yet he at (u) *Cimbrian* horrors never check't,  
 But did alone, the trembling State protect. 325  
 And when slain *Cimbrians* did the Crowes invite  
 Which never can on goodlier bodies light,  
 A (x) second lawrell was by *Marius* worn,  
 Made then an Equall to the (y) nobly-born.  
*Plebeian* soules and names the (z) *Decii* were, 330  
 Yet, for our Youth, our friend and Armies, here  
 And every where, th'infernall Gods, and th'Earth  
 The Mother to whom all things owe their birth,  
 Accepted *them*, and more the *Decii* priz'd  
 Then *all*, for whom their lives were sacrific'd. 335  
 (a) He had, that from a bondwoman did spring,  
*Romes* purple, Crown and Roddes, our last good King.  
 The gates of *Rome*, in banish't (u) *Tarquin's* ayd,  
 The *Consull's* noble (e) sonnes would have betraid.  
 Who for our doubtfull liberty were ty'd 340  
 To Aft, what (d) *Cocles* would have magnifi'd,  
 Or (e) *Mutius*, or the (f) *Maid* that courage found  
 To swimme o're *Tyber*, then our Empires bound.

A Plough-  
 man pro-  
 vech Rome.

But



But by a *slave* disclos'd, whom *Mothers* tax,

345 They felt their *Fathers* Roddes and our just axe.

(g) *Thersites* I could wish thy *Father* were,

So thou, like to (b) *Achilles*, might'st appear

In *Vulcans* *Arms*: e're my consent would let

*Achilles* like *Thersites* thee beget.

350 Yet fetch how farre thou canst thy *Pedegree*,

Thy first house must the base (i) *Asylum* be,

And whoso'e're thou for thy *Chief* can'st frame,

A *Shepherd* was, or what I'me laub to name.

The Original  
hall of the  
Roman 23.

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L 4

ANNO.

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[illegible text]

[illegible text]

ANNALS

[illegible text]

# ANNOTATIONS V P O N

*The eight Satyr of Juvenal.*

(a) Verse 1. *Ponticus*] The Noble-man, to whom the Satyr is directed.

(b) Verse 3. *Æmili*] Whole Statues, of *P. Æmilium Macedonicus*, who had a triumphall Robe given him in Senate; and of *Scipio Æmilianus*, that destroyed *Carthage* and *Numantia*.

(c) Verse 4. *Curii*] Half-Statues of the *Curii*, the other halfe being eaten away by Time's Iron teeth. You have the Character of the first Nobleman of this Family in the beginning of Satyr 2.

(d) Verse 5. *Corvinus*] *Valerius Corvinus*, who being challenged by a Gall of a huge Giantly Statue, killed him, by th'assistance of a Crow, that from Sun-rising sate upon his Helmet, and, as he fought, peckt the *French-mans* lips and eyes, and from hence he was surnamed *Corvinus*, or *Crow*.

(e) Verse 6. *Galba*] The greatest part of *Corvinus* his nose was mouldred away with age, but it seems *Galba's* statue was so old that it wanted a nose and ears too, therefore I suppose it was not the Emperour *Galba's* statue, but some progenitor of his, that lived nearer to *Jupiter's* time, from whom they derived their pedigree.

(f) Verse 7. *Dictator*] A Dictator was chosen by the Romans, when the Republique was endangered by a warre, no appeale lay from his sentence to the people, his office (unlesse prorogued) lasted but six moneths; as soon as he was elected, he made choice of his *Magister Equitum* (Master or Generall of the Horse, or vice-Dictatour) who in his absence had the same uncontroable authority.

(g) Verse 9. *Lepidi*] *Æmilius Lepidus*, when he was a boy

boy, slew an enemy in the field, and by decree of *Senate* had a statue in his *pretext* purple and golden *Bulla's* [or bubbles] set up in the *capitol*.

(b) Verse 12. *Numantians*] Those *Roman* Commanders that served under *Scipio* & *Emilianus* at the siege of *Numantia* in *Spain*, which town held out 14. years, and then set fire on their goods and themselves, leaving only more field-room to the *Romans*, that were 40000. the besieged having never been above 4000.

(i) Verse 13. *Fabius*] *Fabius Maximus*, from his Conquest over the *French Allobrogian's*, was urnamed the *Allobrogick*. This Family derived it self from *Hercules*, to whom the *Romans* dedicated two temples, one of them in the *Roman* smithfield or *Forum Boarium*, neer the *Flaminian Circus*, which *Altar* was hereditary to the *Fabian* Family.

(h) Verse 18. *Euganeans*] The *Tarentines*, *Calabrians* and *Venetians* were called *Euganeans*, their *sheep* had the softest *Fleeces* of *Italy*.

(l) Verse 19. *Ænean*] *Ætna* shoots *Pumice* stones into the *Countries* about it, and the *Italians* to this day have the fashion of *pumicing* their skin to get off the *haire*, or at least do that which is equivalent.

(m) Verse 25. *Paulus*] *Paulus* *Æmelius*, of whom formerly.

(n) Verse 25. *Cossus*] Who being *Generall* to the *Roman* forces, with his own hands slew the *Generall* of the *enemie's* Army, and brought the *spolia opima* to the *capitol*.

(o) Verse 25. *Drusus*] Who having killed the *Enemie's* *Generall* called *Drusus*, brought his name to his owne Family.

(p) *Rods*] The *Fasces* (being bundles of *Rods* with an *axe* in the middle of them) were still carried before the *consull* by his *Lifors*, or *Serjeants*.

(q) Verse 32. *Roman*] *Syllanus* was of a very noble *Roman* family, so *Tacitus*, therefore *Juvencall* onely names him, but means any noble *Roman*. For whether the man be as noble as *Syllanus*, or a barbarous *Getulian*, still the Author, for his particular, will salute him as his good Lord, in case hee deserve the stile, by doing service to the *publick*, and meriting honour from his Country.

(r) Verse 36. *Ossiris*] *Ossiris* (as I have noted *Sat. 6.*) was, in their Ceremonies, yearly fought by the *Ægyptians*, with

with mourning and howling: and being found, in the shape of an *Oxe*, was received by loud shouts of joy by the people. The reason why they worshipt him in that forme, was because he invented the *plough*, and taught the breaking up of ground, sowing of Corn, and planting of ortyards, there are that suppose (not without probability) that *Joseph* was *Osyris*, and then the cause of their seeking is plain; because his bones were carried away by *Moses*: and only their desire of him, and the memory of his merits, left to the *Idolatrous Egyptians*. The Analogy betwixt lost and found *Osyris* and a good *patriot* I leave you to apply.

(f) Verse 47. *c reticus*] A Descendent from *Metellus*, surnamed *creticus*, from his Conquest of *crete*. Of the *camerini* I have spoken in the precedent Satyr.

(t) *Rubellius Plautus*] *Rubellius Plautus*, was (by the Mothers side) as neer in blood to *Augustus*, as the Emperor *Nero* was. *Tacitus* lib. 13.

(u) Verse 51. *Drusian*] *Drusus* was son to *Augustus* his Emperesse *Livia*, of whose untimely death *Ovid* writes a Consolatory Elegie to his Mother.

(x) Verse 56. *Bleak Mount*] In *Tarquin's Mount* the poorest plebeian women got their livings by knitting and weaving.

(y) Ver. 59. *cecropian*] *cecrops* was, as the *Greek* Historians said King of *Athens* before *Deucalion's* flood, from whom the *Athenians*; (that held themselves the most nobly descended of the world) derived their Pedigrees; touching the noble originall of *Athens*, see *Justin*. lib. 2. *Ante Deucalionis tempora regem habuere Cecropem &c.*

(z) Verse 68. *Euphrates*] This river comes from *Armenia major*, runs through the middest of *Babylon*, and falls into the *Persian Lake*.

(a) Verse 69. *Belgia*] The 17. Provinces of the lower *Germany*, lying betwixt the Rivers of *Sein* and the *Rhene*.

(b) Verse 70. *Mercury*] *Juvenal* compares them that brag of their *Athenian Nobility*, to the *Mercuriall* wooden Images with marble heads, which (*Thucydides* saith) used to be presented by the State for publick service done to the Noblemen of *Athens*, who it seems begat some children with no more brains then those fine Idols.

(c) Verse 73. *Troy*] From speaking of the *Gracian Nobility* that were descended of *cecrops*, now the Author comes to the *Romans* and their *Trojan* Pedigree.

(d) Verse

(d) Verse 76. *circus*] The great show-place formerly described.

(e) Verse 79. *Hirpine*] *Hirpine* and *corintha* were then (it appears) the best bred horse and Mare in Italy.

(f) Verse 91. Youth | *Rubellus plantus*.

(g) Verse 104. *phalaris*] The most ingenious of all the *sicilian* Tyrants, as his Epistles live to testify, but his wit was never so just, as in the punishment of *perillus*, who invented the brazen Bull, for the tyrants Recreation; and was the first that shewed him sport in it; May all projectors of other s miseries meet the like reward.

(h) Verse 185. *Gauran*] *Lucrine* oysters, taken about the *Baian* port, near the *Gauran* mountain.

(i) Verse 116. *cosmus*] A rich Voluptuary.

(k) Verse 114. *Tutor*] *Julius Tutor*, who robbed his fellow-thieves, for he pillaged the *cilicians*, that lived themselves upon free boote.

(l) Verse 114. *capito*] *capito cosutianus*, was impeached, by Commissioners from the *Cilicians*, for that (he being Governour of that Province) had impoverished them with cruel and unjust exactions, *Tacit* lib. 4.

(m) Verse 126. thy case] What case indeed? when the new Governour *pan/a* (I omit the particular names) seizes the poor Remainder which his predecessors *Natta's* modesty in Rapine had left the suffering Inhabitants.

(n) Verse 128. *Charippus*] A native of *cilicia*, or indeed of any province under the Roman Empire.

(o) Verse 135. *Coan*] We owe the Invention of silk-weaving to the Island of *Cos*.

(p) Verse 135. *sparta*] The *Lacedæmonian* purple was in great esteem with Souldiers *Julius pollux*.

(q) Verse 136. *Parrhasius*] A picture-drawer borne at *Ephesus*, who first drew to life the haire, with the sweetness and ayre of the face, and was by the generall confession of workmen, the best in giving the last hand to a piece. *Pliny* lib. 35. cap. 9. et *Fabius* lib. 12.

(r) Verse 137. *phidias*] *Phidias* lived in the year of the world 3517. and left a statue of *Minerva* of his work in *Athens*, of 26. Cubits long, cut in Ivory.

(s) Verse 137. *Myron*] *Myron* and *Policle* were two excellent staturiers, of so swift hands, that they filled the world with their designs.

(t) Verse

(s) Verse 139. *Mentor*] An incomparable Graver in metall.

(u) Verse 140. *Anonius*] *cajus Antonius*, whom the *censors* banished for six years, declaring the cause to be, for extorting from the *Associates* of *Rome*, see *pedianus* and *strabo*.

(x) Verse 141. *Dollobella*] *Proconsul* of *Asia* condemned upon the Statute of extortion, being impeached by *M. Scaurus*. *Tacitus*.

(y) Verse 142. *Verres*] *Prefect* of *Sicily*, accused for the greatest theft in the world by *Cicero*, who at large describes his theft, which *Juvénall* here calls *sacrilege*, because in robbing the *Confederates* of *Rome*, he robbed the *Gods*, to whom the *Romans* gave faith for the protection of their friends and *Allies*.

(z) Verse 148. *Lares*] Household-Gods.

(a) Verse 153. *Corinthians*] No marvaile the *Corinthians* were enamoured of *Garlands* and *Unguents*, their most solemn devotions being directed to *Venus*, in whose temple at *Corinth* two hundred maids daily stood at *Livery*.

(b) Verse 153. *Rhodes*] Wholly given to *Luxury*, vid. *Pis. Satyr* 6.

(c) Verse 157. *Illyrian*] Whose Country lyes upon the *Adriatick* Sea.

(d) Verse 157. *Reapers*] The *Aegyptians*, the description of whose fruitful soile and vain *Inhabitants*, you have at large in *Pliny's Panegyrick* 19. & 20. p.

(e) Verse 160. *Marinus*] *Marinus Priscus*, *Proconsul* of *Africa*, accused in *senate* of *Bribery* and *Extortion*, at the sute of his abused *Province*.

(f) Verse 168. *Sybil's Lease*] *Sybilla Cumæa* writ her predictions in *palme-leaves*; whether he alludes to them I know not, but I am sure he does to the *Prophecies* of the *Sybills*, and clearly foretels the *Revolt* of *Africa*, for the injustice and extortion of their *Proconsuls*.

(g) Verse 173. *Harpy*] The *Harpies* are said to be swift wing'd birds with *Eagles* Talons and *womens* faces, they were the off-spring of *Zepirus*, and their description in *Virgill*.

(h) Verse 174. *Picus*] The *Romans* derived themselves from *King Latinus* *Lavinia's* father, *Latinus* derived himself from



from *Faunus* and a *Nymph*, *Faunus* from *Picus*, *Picus* from *Saturne*, see *Virg.* lib. 7.

(i) Verse 175. Gyants] The *Tyanides*, that made war against *Saturne* and *Jupiter*. *Metamorph.* 1.

(k) Verse 176. *Prometheus*] The sonne of *Japetus* and *Climene*, that is fabled to have stolne fire from heaven, and therewith to have formed a man of Clay.

(l) Verse 191. Fooles-hood] This *santonick* or French-hood, *Martiall* calls *Bardocucullus* a fooles-hood.

(m) Verse 193. *Damaspippus*] A profuse young nobleman, newly come to his estate, who at last is glad to put in for a share with the Players

(n) 199. Whip] How much pride the *Roman* gentry took in driving Coaches, you may read in the Character of *Fuscus* Sat. 1. verse 71.

(o) Verse 206. *Epona*] The Goddess of stables, which *Damaspippus* swore by, according to the Custome of *Rome*, where every ones oath was by the Deity he most esteemed, as you may see by the effeminate man-servant, who sweares by his Masters *Juno*. Sat. 2. verse 118.

(p) Verse 208. Tavern-Revels] A Cooke was of a nobler Profession then a Vintner in *Juvenal's* time, for he describes all the gallants drinking wine, & bathing in *Popin's*, Cooke-shops.

(q) Verse 210. *Syrophænix*] A Mungrell Vintner or Cook, born betwixt *Syria* and *Phœnicia*, whence he transports his oyles, to noint his guests after bathing.

(r) Verse 214. *Cyane*] Wife to *Syrophænix*.

(s) Verse 223. Painted] Stained table-clothes brought out of my host's Country.

(t) Verse 224. *Armenian*] *Armenia* rebelled against *Nero*, who made warre there by his Lieutenant *Domitius Corbulo*. *Tacitus*.

(u) Ver. 225. *Rhene*] *Damaspippus* might for ability of strength and yeares (if he had honour in him) defend the borders of the Empire along the banks of *Danubius* and the *Rhine*.

(x) Verse 227. *Ostium*] *Ostium*, now *Hofstia*, the next Sea-port to *Rome*.

(y) Verse 232. *Cybel's* Priest] Of the *Archigallus* and his debaucheries, you have read amply Sat. 2. and of his bells Sat. 6. verse 544.



(r) Verse 237. *Lucan-fields*] In *Hetruria* or *Tusca* ny.

(a) Verse 247. The *swift*] The surname of the noble Family of the *Lentuli*, who were called *Veloces* the *swift*.

(b) Verse 247. *Lawreol*] A slave condemned in the Play for running from his Master, A part acted by *Lentulus*: the like was done upon the stage by gentlemen of the noble houses of the *Fabii* and *Manerci*, for now they needed not *Nero* to compell them to be Players, but they offered themselves for money ( which their prodigality had driven them to want ) both to act on stages and to venture their lives at the sharp in the *shows*, which the *Pretors* or Lords Chiefe Justices were to set forth before the people.

(c) Verse 262. *Thymile*] The forementioned wife to the Actor *Latinus*, who when he took the *noblemen* that *assid* her *servants* courting her, it seemes he would give them so sound boxes o'th eare, as would set all the house a laughing.

(d) Verse 268. *Gracchus*] Of whom *Satyr 2.* verse 75. where the Author passes a worse Censure on *his* balenelle, then upon his *brother's* that married himselfe as a woman to a piper or a trumpeter. This *Gracchus* noted to be a *Restiarius* or Net-bearer, by his Trident in that *Satyr*, is here described exactly, together with the weapons used by the *sequator*.

(e) Verse 281. *seneca*] The cruell Emperour *Nero's Tutor*, a mean-borne man, but just, vertuous, and learned.

(f) Verse 282. For whom] *Nero*, that was not to be punished as a *single Parricide*; whom the law condemned to bee sowed up in a sack, with a *Dog*, a *Cock*, a *serpent*, and an *Ape*, and so drowned in a bag, least if he were cast naked into the Sea, his body might pollute the Element of water, which washes all things else from their pollution, vid. *sis senec. lib. 5.* Controv. Digest. lib. 48. ad Leg. *Pompe de Parricid.* Cæl. Rhod. lib. 21. cap. 21. Cicero pro *Sexto Roscio*.

(g) Verse 285. *Orestes*] The sonne of *Agamemnon* who committed *Nero's Crime*, for he slew his mother, *Clytemnestra*,

but

but he had not the extent of his *guilt*, 'twas done in *Revenge* of his *Father* murdered by his *Mother* at the entertainment she made to welcome him from the ten yeares siege of *Troy*. Besides, the *Gods* were authors of his fact ( if *Homer's* authority be taken ) for in the beginning of his *Odysses*, *Jupiter* sayes, that he sent *Mercury*, to warne *Ægystus Clytemnestra's* adulterer, that he should take heed of imbruing his hands in *Agamemnons* blood, for if he did, *Orestes* should revenge it with his and his owne *Mothers* death. Neither did *Orestes* murder his sister *Electra*, as *Nero* did his sister in Law, *Antonia*. Nor did *Orestes* kill his *Spartan* wife, *Hermione* daughter to *Menelaus* and *Hellen*, as *Nero* with a kick slew his bigbellied wife *Poppæa*; Nor did *Orestes* poison his kindred as *Nero* did his brother *Britannicus*. Nor did he sing on the stage like *Nero*; Nor writ *Orestes* of *Troy*, though by his wive's *Mother* he had some title to write *Tricks*, which was the greatest of *Nero's* cruelties, for they put him into a vein of seeing how *Troy* shewed when it was on fire, which he tryed upon *Rome*, and then laid the *Fact* upon the *Christians*, condemning those poore *Innocents* to the torture of the pitch doubles, presently mentioned in this *Satyr*, and fully described *Sat. 1. verse 104.*

(b) Verse 191. *Vindex*] *Vindex Junius* took up *Armies* against *Nero* in *France*, *Sergius Galba* in *Spain*.

(i) Verse 197. *Parsley*] It was the Custome of *Achaia*, that he that won the prize in the *Nemean Games* should be crowned with *parsley*. *Plin. lib. 19.*

(k) Verse 199. *Long train*] The Author in scorne bids *Nero* invest the statue of his Grandfather *Domitius* with the robes, which *Nero*, in the tragedy of *Atreus* wore when he played his brother *Thyestes*, whose son *Plisthenes Atreus* slew like a loving brother, and treated the Father with a feast of his sonnes flesh boyled.

(c) Verse 300. *Antigone*] The daughter of *Oedipus*, who led her father when he was blind.

(m) Verse 300. *Menalippe*] *Neptun's* Mistressse of whom he begot *Bacchus*.

(n) Verse 301. *Augustus Caesar*] *Nero* when the Judges of the stage sent him the *Lyre*, adored it, and commanded, (that as a trophy of his victory) it should be hanged up on the statue of *Augustus*. *Suetonius Tranquillus.*

(o) Verse

(d) Verse 303. *Cetbegus*] *Cetbegus* and *Catiline* were indeed nobly borne, but yet Conspirators against *Rome*, which they determined to *burne*, as if they had come from *Lyons*, and beene part of the *Galls* that fired the City.

(e) Verse 307. Pitcht doublets] Doublets of pitch and Flax, vid. Sat. 1. verse 184.

(f) Verse 309. *Arpinate*] *Cicero*, called by his adversaries in scorn *novus homo* the new man, and the *Arpinate* he being free born at *Arpinum*, among the *Volscians*, now *Arbruzo*, an obscure town, till made famous by the birth of *Cicero* and *Marius*.

(g) Verse 313. The Gown] Haile thou that first wert stiled Father of thy Country, and that in the gowne did'st first deserve a triumph, and the Lawrell of the tongue. so to *Cicero* sayes *Pliny*, lib. 7. Cap. 2. this title *pater patria* was given by *Cato* to *Tully* for preserving *Rome* from *Catiline's* conspiracy.

(h) Verse 315. *Caesar*] *Octavius Caesar*, whose conquest when he ruin'd *Antony* and *cleopatra* at *Actium*, and his land-victory when he overthrew *castrum* and *Brutus* in the *Philippick* fields in *Thessaly*, merited not so much honour, as the service done in the gown by *Cicero*.

(i) Verse 320. Another *Arpinate*] *Marius*, born likewise at *Arpinum* (as aforesaid.) The Chief City of the *Volscians* was *Suessa*, the other townes were *Arpinum*, *Aquin*, *Frabiteria* and *Fusino*, the two last were very poore, as you may see Sat. 3. verse 162.

(j) Verse 324. *Cimbrian*] The German or *Teutoniok* outlaws, that had vanquished *Syllanus*, *Manlius* and *Capio*, and had ruined *Italy*, if *Marius* had not undertook the warre, who utterly destroyed them.

(k) Verse 328. Second lawrell] *Marius* having formerly triumphed for his conquest over King *Inguarib*.

(l) Verse 329. Nobly born] *Quintus catulus*, whose Collegue in the Consulship *Marius* was. And no doubt though *Catulus* was better born, yet *Marius* was as nobly reputed, who had destroyed those *Cimbrians*, from which (some say) the other fled.

(m) Verse 330. *Decii*] First *Decius* the Father, then *Decius* the Sonne, devoted and voluntarily sacrificed their lives for their Country. The father, being General

against the *Latians*, and dreaming, that side should have the victory, whose Generall should be slain; put spurres to his horse, and rid into the thickest of the enemies forces: where dying, while the Roman Army strove to fetch off his body, they wonne the field. The sonne, in the warre against the *Samnites* or *Thuscans*, devoted his life in these words, that he deriyed upon his own head all the miseries threatned to his Country. Hence *Juvenal* concludes, that these mean-born *Decii*, were as precious to the Gods, as the state of *Rome*, because those two particular persons were accepted by commutation for the whole state.

(a) Verse 336. He] *Servius Tullius*, sonne to *Oricula*, a bondwoman, who (after the murder of *Tarquinius Priscus* by the sonnes of *Ancus Martius*) was crowned King of *Rome*, and reigned 44. years.

(b) Verse 338. *Tarquin*] *Tarquinius Superbus* the last King of the *Romans*, who succeeded *Servius Tullius*; no marvell therefore if *Tullius* be called *Romes last good King*.

(c) Verse 339. Sonnes] *Titus* and *Tiberius* sonnes to the Consul *Furius Brutus*, had promised to betray a gate of *Rome* to *Tarquin*, and his sonne *Sextus*; but what these noblemen had plotted, being revealed by *Vindex coccinensis* a slave, the Consul *Furius* spared not the lives of his own sons, though they were all he had.

(d) Verse 341. *Cocles*] *Horatius Cocles*, who stood *Porfenna*, and his whole Armie, till the *Tiber*-bridge was broke, and then took the River, and swam safely to the *Romans*. *Liv. lib. 2.*

(e) Verse 342. *Mutius*] *Scævola*, that having sworne to kill *Porfenna* (then besieging *Rome*) mistook, and killed his Secretary: and, being brought before *Porfenna*, when he understood his error, in his presence he burned off his own erring hand. *Liv. 1. 2.*

(f) Verse 342. Maid] *Lutia*, who being given for hostage to *Porfenna*, walking with her Keepers to the Banks of *Tiber*, (which then bounded the small Dominions of *Rome*) she pretended, that she was to performe some Religious Rite, by washing in the Flood; and so sending off her Keepers, swam over to the *Roman* side.

(g) Verse 346. *Thersites*] Whom *Homer* justly call'd the ugliest of all that came to the siege of *Troy*, for he was both ill-shaped and ill-natured.

(b) Verse

(b) Verse 347. *Achilles*] The valiantest of all the besiegers of *Troy*, whose Mother *Thetis* prevailed with *Vulcan*, to make him those *Armes*, for which after his death *Ajax* contended with *Ulysses*, see the *Metamorph. lib. 13*.

(i) Verse 351. *Asylum*] Rome was first only an *Asylum* or *Sanctuary* for *Outlaws*: the founder of it *Romulus*, being a *shepherd*, or (which the Author forbears to name) a *parricide*, staining his hands in the blood of his brother *Remus*.

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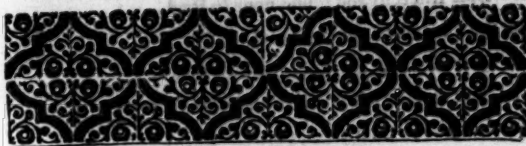
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24



## The ninth Satyr of JUVENAL.

### The ARGUMENT.

*A Dialogue the Poet frames ;  
Where poore lew'd Navolus declames,  
That nothing now th'unchast bestow,  
But poyson, when they jealous grow.  
For feare whereof, he silence prays ;  
But stones will tell, the Poet sayes:  
Gives him good counsell, but in vain,  
So jeeres, and leaves him to complain.*



Ow comes it, Navolus, I meet thee now, \* Poet  
Like conquer'd (a) Marfias, with a cloy-  
dy brow ?

What dost thou doe with Navolus's strange  
lookes,

The De-  
scription  
of a for-  
lorne  
VVencher.

When he was with his beard bedabbed, took  
5 Licking of (b) Rhodope, and stood in feare,  
Like slaves at sweet-meats, of a box o'th eare ?  
Crepereius Pollio made not such a face,  
When he went promising, from place to place,

The

*The ninth Satyr of Juvenal.*

The tripple Interest, and found none so fond  
 In all the City, as to take his bond. 10  
 How on the suddain art thou wrinkled thus ?  
 Why, late thou liv'dst so well, thou seemd'st to us  
 A kind of *flavish Gentleman*, our feasts  
 Rung with thy fine, and those no Country-jeasts.  
 The world's now chang'd, thy look sad, thy (d) dry 15  
 A horrid wood, thy skin not smooth nor faire, (haire  
 As when warme birdlime plum'd it; now thy thighes  
 Are rough, thy coppice-haire neglected lyes.  
 How com'st thou by th' old sickman's jaundice, whom  
 A quartan feaver hath long kept at home ? 20  
 Thy fraile flesh joy and grieve of spirit knowes,  
 Both which thy face, in divers habits, shewes.  
 May be, thy former course thou do'st forsake,  
 And quite another way thy voyage make.  
 For late, as I remember, at the (e) *Fanes* 25  
 Of *Isis* and of *Peace* (wherein remains  
 Faire *Ganymed*) and at the close abodes  
 Built for th'imported Mother of the Gods,  
 And *Ceres*; (for what Temple may not we  
 Have Wenches at) none was cry'd up like thee. 30  
 Ladies did not (f) *Ausidius* so much woo,  
 Nor will I tell, you pleasd their husbands too.

*Nevolus.*

*Acovetous  
creature.*

Sir, 'tis a thriving life to many men ;  
 But I got nothing by it : now and then,  
 A greasie Cloake, or Gown i'th dying spoyl'd, 35  
 Course cloth, in dressing which *French* Fullers toyl'd.  
 Some small base silver of the second vein.  
 The fates in parts, that men keep secret, reign.

For



*The ninth Satyr of Juvenal.*

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- For if thy Starres their influence countermand,  
 40 Thy unknown length shall for a Cipher stand.  
 Though (g) *Virro's* mouth even water at thy sight  
 I'th Bath, though thick-writ letters thee invite,  
 Whereto he in a Post-script, doth annex  
 Some *Greek* Caresses, to allure his sex.  
 No monster like a covetous (b) *Pashick* whore,  
 45 I gave thee this, then thus much, and then more,  
 He counts and kisses. Let's cast up the summes,  
 Boy bring the notes, you see in all it comes  
 To fix *Sestertia*. Reckon now my paines,  
 50 I'tt easie, when a handsome ——— one straines  
 Into a stinking ——— and there shall greet  
 The Bowels, and the last night's supper meet.  
 I hold him to be more a slave, that's bound  
 To digge his master, then his master's ground.  
 55 Yet you sir, think your selfe compos'd for love,  
 Design'd for heaven; fit to give wine to Jove.  
 Poor *Parasites* must look for nothing sure,  
 When you'l'e not pay us, that your itchings cure.  
 Lo here, to whom the green *Umbrella* went,  
 To whom the goodly *Amber* bowle was sent  
 60 Upon his birth-day, or when th'humid Spring  
 Did with it selfe the (i) *female Calends* bring.  
 When, Carpets laid beneath his feet, he sat  
 And view'd his presents in a Chaire of State.  
 65 Say Sparrow, who shall heire those mountain-heights,  
 All those *Appulian* Vallies, all those *hills*,  
 Wearied with flying o're thy land? Rare wines  
 Thy Cellars fill, from fruitfull (k) *Trifoline* Vines.

The *Misere* Precipice, bleak (l) *Gauran* hills,  
 No man with long-liu'd Must more hogsheads fills. 30  
 What wer't, if thou to thy *spent Client* gave  
 Some acres? wer't not better he should have  
 The Country Child, his mother, and their shed,  
 And dog, that still their play-fellow was bred?  
 Then that all these a *Legacie* should raise 35  
 For thy (m) *Camrade*, that on the Cymballs plays?  
 Thou art not honest, when thou ask'st, say he,  
 But aske, my boy and house-rent cry to me.  
 My one Boy, like to (n) *Polypheme's* one eye.  
 For whose large orbe *Ulysses* was too sly. 40  
 Another must be brought, *one* will not doe  
 My businesse, and then I must diet *two*.  
 When winter comes, what shall I do I pray?  
 What to my boyes bare legs and shoulders say,  
 When them cold breath'd December shall benumbe; 45  
 Have patience and the Grashopper will come?  
 But to dissemble, and let passe the rest,  
 How rat'st thou it, that I was still thy prest,  
 Thy devote Client; that but for my ayd  
 Thy wife had to this houre remain'd a maid 50  
 By what waies I was wrought upon, thou know'st,  
 And what upon thy promises thou ow'st.  
 Oft in my armes the flying maid I caught,  
 When she to teare the new-seal'd writings sought.  
 Whil'st at the door thou whind'st, I wrought thy ends, 55  
 And scarce my whole night labour made you friends.  
 Witnesse the pretty little bed, whose creak  
 Thou heard'st, and with it heard'st thy Lady squeak.  
 The

The marriage knot, crack't, ready to divide,

100 Th' Adulterer hath in many houses ty'd ;

Now *first* or *last* ; what can'st thou count upon ?

False and ingratefull, is't no merit ? none,

That I for thee a boy or girle beget ;

Which thou maist breed, and in our Records set

105 Proofes that thou art a man ; thy gates adorne

With Garlands, now to thee is issue born?

What I have given thee, stops the mouth of fame,

Besides the priviledges fathers claime,

That thou art made an Heyre, thou ow'st to me,

110 The sweet (a) *Caducum* too I purchase thee ;

Nay 'tis to thee much more advantage yet,

If (p) three, the legall number I beget.

\* Thou hast, poor *Nervolus*, just cause to grieve.

\* P.

\* And then, Sir, when he should my wants relieve,

\* N.

115 As a neglected thing he lets me passe,

And seeks himselfe a new two-footed Ass.

Be sure you never do this trust reveale,

But in your bosome my complaints conceale.

For the smooth *Cynade* is the deadliest foe,

wicked  
persons  
ever suspi-  
tious.

120 So jealous of his secret, what we know,

As if it were betray'd, inflames his ire,

Hee'le stab, or brain us, or our houses fire,

Nor doubt where so much riches do abound,

That any want of payson will be found.

My counsell therefore keep, as closely hid,

125 As theirs the court of (q) Mars at Athens did.

O (r) foole, foole, do'st imagine rich men can

Have any secret ; though the serving-man

Prove

Sin cannot Prove silent, Truth from Beasts will speech compell;  
be con-  
ceal'd.

The dogs, the posts, the marble stones will tell

130

Thy windowes shut, o're crannies hangings lay,

Locke, double doores, and take the lights away.

Let all give charge that none lye neer thee; yet,

What thou shalt in thy bedchamber commit,

Even when the Cock the second time shall crow,

135

Ere it be day shall the next Tavern know.

And heare crimes that were not committed; lyes

Wooll-waighers, Carders, Master-Cooks devise,

Who care not what they 'gainst their Lord compose,

Thematico  
of servants.

When with their rumours they revenge his blowes.

140

Some will way-lay thee, nay enforce thee heare,

And being drunk themselves, make drunk thy care.

Intreat their secrecie, as thou do'st mine,

They'd rather tell it, then steale Falerne wine:

Or then out-quaff: those cups (s) Lausella takes,

145

When for the people she her offering makes,

Occasion  
officandall  
to be  
shun'd.

We must for many causes live upright,

But chiefly that we servants tongues may slight.

For, of th'ill people that to us belong,

The part that is most evill, is the tongue.

150

Great men  
slaves to  
their ser-  
vants.

And yet that Lord's condition is far worse,

Feares them, that live upon his bread and purse.

N.

Good Counsell, to scorn servants tongues, I've learn'd,

But generalls, wherein all men are concern'd,

What unto me in my particular trade,

155

Now time and hope are lost, wilt thou per.wade?

For this faire flow' er goes swiftly to decay,

Lifes bre-  
vity.

Poore wretched life's short portion hasts away,

While

*The ninth Satyr of Juvenal.*

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*While we drink, noynt, wench, and put garlands on,*

360 *Old age steals on us, never thought upon.*

*P.*

Feare not, thoult' ner'e want *Pasbick* friends, so long

Vice will flourish.

As these *Hills* stand and flourish, they will throng

To *Rome*, by boate and coach to make that match,

All who their heads do with *one finger* scratch.

365 Another hope may rise, and that more great,

Only do thou store of *Eringos* cate.

*N.*

You speak to happy men, my fates would joy

If all my trading might my teeth imploy.

O my poore (*t*) *Lares*, I offer to your powers

370 A *little* Incense, branne, and crowns of flowers.

When shall the fortune I attain be such,

Will keep me from the hovell and the crutch ?

For Interest money, when shall I receive

Ten thousand, for which they good pawns shall leave?

Loe's persons build Castles in the ayre, in the first place.

375 Have silver vessels, pure illegall plate,

Such as (*u*) *Fabricius* censur'd for the waight ?

And two young hackney (*x*) *Masians* at command,

Safe in the clamorous *Circus* me to land.

A crooked graver, and another Knave

380 Paints faces in a trice; these would be brave.

But I, poor wretch, must of such hopes despaire,

For, when to Fortune I do make my prayer,

Against me with that (*y*) wax her eares she armes,

That sav'd (*z*) *Vlysses* from the *Syrens* charmes.

And at the next consideration grow desperate.

*The*

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# ANNOTATIONS V P O N

*The ninth Satyr of Juvenal.*

(a) Verse 2. *Marsias*] A *Phrygian*, who having beene once so proud as to challenge *Apollo* at the pipe, had afterward good cause to look *dejected*, being not onely *vanquished* by the *God*, but his skin likewise to be pulled about his eares, and fled alive, for his *unbecomming presumption*.

(b) Verse 5. *Rhodope*] The name of an *Aegyptian* Curtizan (fellow bond woman to *Æsop* the fable-maker) who *traded*, till with her gettings she built herselfe a *pyramid*.

(c) Verse 7. *Crepereus Pollio*] A broken Citizen, and known to be a bankrupt.

(d) Verse 15. Dry haire] Deboisht *Nævolus*, had not money enough to buy *unguents* for his haire, But yet it seems the haire stuck on, in those daies.

(e) Verse 25. The *Fanes*] The *Temples* of *peace* (where in *Vespasian* had placed the statue of *Jupiter's* cupbearer *Ganymed*) and of *Ceres*, whose image (as aforesaid) was brought out of *Phrygia*, and then held the people in such awe, as no unchast person durst touch her veile Sat. 6. verse 53. These *Fanes* were now become as very *stewes*, as that of *Isis*, Sat. 6. verse 512.

(f) Verse 31. *Ausidius*] A Lascivious *Græcian* of *Chius*, much cry'd up among the *Beauties* and the *Patricks*.

(g) Verse 41. *Virro*] One of that sect, whereof you read Sat. 2. verse 105. where they worship the good Goddesse or Goddesse *Bona* the clean contrary way.

(h) Verse 45. *Patrick*] *Virro*.

(i) Verse 62. Female] In the *Calents* of *March*, when the *Matrimonialia*, the female feasts were kept; the Roman Ladies dressed up in all their splendour, used to sit under a cloth of

*Cybel.*  
*Ceres who*

of state, in a chaire set upon Carpets, and to receive presents from their husbands or servants. This the Effeminate *Virgo* imitates, and his poor servant *Nævolus* must be at the charge, to send him *Umbrella's* fannes, amber bowles, &c.

(k) Verse 68. *Trifoline*] A part of *Campania*, fruitfull in rich vines.

(l) Verse 69. *Gauran*] The *Gauran* hills afforded rare wine, and the rocks below excellent Oysters, called *Circæan* or *Gauran*.

(m) Camrade] *Cyballs* Priest, a great Companion to all Voluptuaries, as you read Sat. 2. verse 135. Sat. 8. verse 237.

(n) Verse 79. *Polypheme*] One of the *cyclopes*, who gave *Vlysses* quarter, but devoured foure of his company, which he took prisoners with him. This Monster had but one eye, but that a vast one in his forehead; but *Vlysses* cozen'd it, with a bottle of wine, that he set in the *Gyants* way, who, drinking drunk, and sleeping, *Vlysses* burned the end of his staffe wherewith he put out the one eye and escaped. You read the fable in *Homer*, *Virgill*, and *Ovid*.

\* Verse 109. *Heire*] Whereas *Batchellours* were fined for their contempt of marriage; *Fathers* had right to stand for civill Magistracy, to cast lots for *Provinces*, and to be heires by *Will*. *Tacitus*.

(o) Ver. 110. *Caducum*] *Caducum* by *Enjacin* out of *Vloian*, is defined to be that which is left to a person by Law capable to receive, but yet for some respects devolves from him to the Exchequer after the Testators death. Of this there were two sorts: The one, when the Guist to an Heire or Legatee (that died before the Testator, or opening of the Will) went to the Prince. This was enacted by the Law *Papia Pæpæ* (made to supply *Augustus* *cesar* with money; the publique Coffers being exhaulted by the Civill Warres) and abrogated by *Justinian*. Lib. 6. Cod: *Justin*. Tit. 1. The other sort was, when the Prince had by the Law *Julia* and *Pæpæ*, that which was left by Will to such as were unmarried, if they did not marry within 100. daies after the Testators death. And halfe that was so confer'd to such as were married but had no children, in case the man was 25. years of age, or the woman 20. Except it was given by their Kindred, which *Enjacin* thinks extended to the sixth degree. This law was repealed by *Constantinus*, *Constantinus* and *constans* lib. 8. Cod. *Justin*. Tit. 38.



And to this the Poet here hath reference : The Servant  
telling his Master amongst other good turnes he had done  
him, that by him he was put in a condition to receive

———*Nec non et dulce Caducum.*

(p) Verse 112. Three] *Jus trium liberorum*, The Law of  
three children which freed a man from being Ward, gave him  
precedency in election to Offices in the Common-wealth,  
trebled his measure of Corn in the publique allowance, &c.  
this *Pliny* the Consul obtained of *Trajan* for his friend *Tacitus*.

(q) Verse 126. *Mars*] The court of *Mars* that sate in the  
*Areopagus* at *Athens*; where, to reveale the secrets of the  
Court was death.

(r) Verse 127. Foole] *Navolus*. *Juvenal's* word is *Corydon*,  
clownish, ill-bred foole.

(s) *Laufella*] A famous Courtezan, as you may read  
Sat. 6. verse 336. who (being to sacrifice for the people in  
the feast of the Goddess *Bona* or good Goddess) no doubt but  
she would drink the wine abundantly.

(t) *Lares*] Household-Gods, to whom the *Romans* of-  
fered incense, bran and flowre, which though it was no cost-  
ly sacrifice, yet poore *Navolus* could afford them but a little  
quantitie of each.

(u) Verse 176. *Fabricius*] *Fabricius Lucinius*, and *Q. Æ-*  
*milius Papus* being censors, they fined *P. Cornelius Rufinus*  
(who had been twice consul and once Dictator) as too expensive,  
for having a silver flaggon of ten pound weight.

(x) Verse 177. *Masians*] Chaire-bearers of *Mafia*.

(y) Verse 184. *Vlysses*] Who being warned by *Circe* to  
avoid the *sicilian syrens* charmes, commanded his mates to  
stop their own ears with waxe, and to bind him to the main  
mast, charging them likewise, if he were never so earnest  
with them to loose him, yet they should not do it. *Homer*  
*Odyss.* lib. 12.

The

And to the Teacher's House, The Church  
calling the children, where God meets his people,  
that by him it was made a school for us.

[illegible][illegible]

1. The first of these is the fact that the

...the ... of ...

...the ... of ...

1911

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific information required.

\_\_\_\_\_



*The tenth Satyr of JUVENAL.*

*The ARGUMENT.*

*For Wealth, power, Rhetorick, martiall sway,  
Long life, and Beauty, Mortals pray;  
Which if the bounteous Gods bestow,  
Our ruine to our prayers we owe.  
What then befits us to receive,  
We to the Powers divine must leave,  
And shunning riot wisely live,  
This blessing we our selves may give.*



N all th'earth, from (a) *Cales* Westward, to the  
streams

Of (b) *Ganges*, guilded with the morning  
beams.

Many ig-  
norance ill  
not distin-  
guishing  
between  
Good and  
ill.

*To few men Good and Ill unmask't appear,  
For what wish reason do we hope or feare?  
What hast thou by thy happiest project gain'd,  
But thou repent'st thy paines and wish obtain'd?  
Whole houses th' easie Gods have overthrow'n,  
Granting their prayers that did those houses own.*

What  
paines we  
take to  
procure  
our own  
misery.

In peace and war that's sought, we should auoyd.

How many have pure Eloquence destroy'd ?

10

(c) He vainly shortned his life's hopefull length,

By trusting to his more then humane strength.

What multitudes have toyl'd to meet their fate

Gathering vast sums ? which now the best estate

Falls as farre short of, as our Dolphins faile

15

To match the hugeness of the British Whale.

The Rich  
more ex-  
posed to  
danger  
then the  
poore.

(d) Longinus was girt therefore, by command

From Nero with a military band.

(e) Seneca's gardens, like his riches, great:

And the faire (f) Lateran buildings were beset

20

By a whole (g) Cohort, but in that sad time,

Seldome the souldiers did poore (b) garrets clime.

If thou in the night season travel'st late,

And carri'st but a little silver plate,

Thou fear'st the sword and club, thy faint heart quakes

At every reed, whose shade by Moon-light sha'es.

25

The poore way-faring man, that doth not bring *placit*.

A Charge along, before the thief will sing.

S. The first prayer, made to almost all the Powers ;

Is that our riches may encrease, that our's,

30

In all the Exchange may be the best fill'd trunk.

But out of earthen pots no poyson's drunk:

Fear that, when thou rich (i) Setin Wine do'st hold

Sparkling mid'st Diamonds in a bowle of Gold.

How lik'st it now; that (k) one of th' sager slept

Ore's threshold laughing still, and (l) th' other wept.

35

But laughter's easie, ny may deride, *any*

'Tis strange whence moisture th' others eyes suppl'd.

*Democritus*

The  
laughing  
and wee-  
ping Phi-  
losopher.

*Democritus* (that laught his lungs sore, there

40 Where no (m) *Pretextæ* (n) *Trabeæ*, (o) *Fasces* were,

(p) Close chaire, (q) high throne) had burst sure, had

he gaz'd

Upon our *Prætor*, in his Chariot rais'd.

I'th midst o'th dusty *Circus*, in *Jove's* gown :

On's back imbroyder'd robes, on's head a *Crown*,

45 An *Orbe* which scarce one (r) *Atlas* can support:

Therefore a *Crown*-bearer sweats soundly for'tis

And least that *Prince* aspiring thoughts might wrong,

This *Groom* in the same Chariot rides along.

Then th' (s) *Eagle* must, from's *Ivory* Scepter soare.

50 Here *Cornets* sound, there long troopes ride before;

With him white *Romans*, in whose pockets lurks

Th' (t) *Almes-basket*, which on their good natures

works.

He then found matter to deride all those

55 He met withall : whose mighty judgment shewes;

*Brave men*, examples which the world adorne,

May in (u) dull climes and grosser ayre be borne.

The buil'nesses of men, their joyes and fears

60 He laught at, and sometimes their very tears.

A halter on proud fortune be bestow'd,

And when she frown'd, his (x) middle finger show'd.

While to the Gods wax't (y) knees vain man repairs;

With his superfluous or destructive prayers.

Power subject to great envie ruins some,

65 Long rolles of glorious names, from whence they come

Or those achiev'd, which did their triumphs crown,

Brasse (z) statues follow ropes that pul'd them down.

N z

How *Democritus* would have laugh'd at the folly of the *Romans*, and their triumphall ceremonies.

The fall of a great Favourite in- stanced in the story of *Sardanapalus*.

Their

- Their statues broke  
and turned  
to con-  
temptible  
use.
- Their Chariot-wheels groane under th' Axes stroake,  
And ev'n their innocent horses legs are broke.  
The fire to crackling flames the bellows turnes,  
The head, adored by the people, burnes, 70  
The great *Sejanus* melts; and of that face,  
Which in the whole world had the (a) second place,  
Basons and Ewers, pots, frying pans are made.  
(b) Let wreathes of Laurell in thy house be laid,  
Drag to the Capitoll a (c) milk-white bull. 75  
Behold *Sejanus* through the streets they pull,  
The people shout to see him drag'd with hooks.  
What lips he has ? how like a rogue he looks ?  
Trust me I never could that man abide.  
But what crime ? who inform'd ? who testifi'd ? 80  
No such thing, a long worded letter came  
From (d) *Capreae*, good; I no more *Queres* frame.  
*What do the Rabble all this while ? they run  
Along with fortune, as th'ave ever done,  
And hate condemned men.* That very houre, 85  
Had (e) *Nurscia* smil'd upon her *Tuscan's* power,  
And he surpriz'd the old Prince by trust beguil'd,  
Those rascals had *Sejanus Caesar* stil'd.  
E're since we left the (f) selling of our voice,  
We take no care ; the rout, that once made choice 90  
Of *Consuls*, *Prators*, *Tribunes*, what it pleas'd,  
Is long agoe of all that trouble eas'd:  
And only, with perplext devotion, prayes  
For two things, *Bread* and the *Circensian* playes.  
Hark how they whisper, shall he dye alone ? 95  
No sure, that great fire's made for more then one :

The Vulgar  
encourage  
one ano-  
ther to sa-  
crifice for  
*Caesar's* de-  
liverance.

The humor  
of the  
common  
people.

They insult  
upon the  
unfortu-  
nate.

That  
would  
have a-  
do'd use-  
less.

And one's  
mind their  
bellies &  
the iras-  
tims.  
Their dis-  
courses &  
opinions.

At Mars his altar (may the omen faile)

I met (g) *Bruidius*, and my friend look't pale.

Pray heav'n our mighty *Ajax* do not kill

Those that were for him, should his cause go ill.

Then, whilst he lyes upon the brink, let's goe

Full speed, and trample upon *Cæsar's* foe.

But let our men see't, least on us they fall,

And to the barre their pinneon'd masters call.

Newes of *Sejanus* thus went up and down,

These were the secret murmurs of the town.

Wouldst be *Sejanus* ? courted at his rate,

A *Consull* this, a *Tribune* him create,

Be th' *Emperor's* Tutor ; who at *Caprea* sits,

Thron'd on a rock 'mong his (h) *Chaldean* wits ?

Would't have the horse and foot serve under thee,

And Captain oth' *Prætorian* life-guard be ?

Why should't thou not desire it ? those that would

Act no foule mischief, do yet wish they could.

Is there in greatness so much good, as will

But onely serve to counterpoise the ill ?

Would't be with that drag'd Traytors purple grac't,

Or be at (i) *Gabii* or *Fidena*' plac'd,

Break small pots, judgement of false measures give,

At poor *Vluba* a patcht *Ædile* live ?

*Sejanus* therefore never understood,

You must confesse, true and essentiall good,

Who much too wealthy, much too potent grown,

Pil'd Tow'r on Tow'r, whence he was headlong thrown,

Whom fortune did to that strange height entice,

To make his Fall more horrid by his Rise.

Their  
complying  
Pury.

Whether  
is better,  
Greatnesse  
with envy,  
or Pover-  
ty with  
safety.



What o'rethrew (k) *Crassus*, conquer'd (l) *Pompey* caught,  
And him (m) who to his whips *flav'd* *Romans* brought?  
Ev'n *supream* power, got by arts strangely odde,  
And prayers heard by some Malignant God.

130

To *Ceres* (n) *sonne* in law but few go down  
In Peace that weare, none that usurpe a Crown.

Eloquence  
destructive  
to the two  
great Ora-  
tors, *Cicero*  
and *De-*  
*mosthenes*,

At (o) *Tully's* and *Demosthenes* his fame

Boyes in *Minerva's* five daies feast do aime.

And of their (p) penny- *Pallas* Rhet'rick crave,

135

Waited upon by the small satchell's slave.

Yet both these Orators their tongues struck dead,

His wit cost *Cicero* both his hand and head.

Such barbarous cruelty who ever saw

Done on a (q) duller practicer at Law?

140

O happy *Rome* when I was *Consull* born,

*Ambony's* sword he might have laugh't to scorn,

If he had still thus poetiz'd, I pray

The Lady-*Muses*, that I rather may

The Author of *Ridiculous Poems* be,

145

Second divine *Phlipick* then of thee.

Th' *Athenian* (r) wonder too, was put to death,

Who rul'd the *People* with his powerfull breath,

Got when the Fates were froward, Gods unkind.

150

Whom's father, with the smoaky forge half blind,

From blowes, on sooty *Vulcan's* Anvill spent

In ham'ring swords, to study Rhet'rick sent.]

The De-  
scription  
of a Con-  
querour  
entring  
*Rome* in  
triumph.

The man of Wood that spoiles in triumph bears,

A helmet broke, breast batter'd, dangling ears,

155

Horses that draw a pole-lesse Chariot,

Streamers from *Gallies* in a Sea-fight got.

And



- And a sad Captive let a top of all;  
 These more then humane blessings souldiers call.  
 These the *Greek, Roman, Barbarous* Generals fought,  
 160 And with so many wounds and dangers brought,  
*Vertue is so much lesse belov'd then Fame,*  
*For, bate reward, who will at vertue aime?*  
 Hence, have some few sunk nations with their pride,  
 That Glorious titles might their ashes hide,  
 165 Which the wild (s) fig-tree Springing, breaks away,  
*For tombes themselves the pow'r of Fate obey.*  
 Waigh (t) *Hannibal*, how many pounds can't find  
 In that great Generalls body now? whose mind  
 Not *Africa* to the *Atlantick* Main,  
 170 Nor where warme *Nilus* bounds it, could contain.  
 He to his *Moore*s and their tall Elephants  
 To joyn *Spain*, o're the (u) *Pyren* mountains jaunts,  
 Though nature th'(x) *Alpes* and Snow in's way had laid, His Victo-  
 Through rocks with (y) vineger he his passage made. rie.  
 175 Now *Italy* is his, hee'l yet march on,  
 There is, saith this proud souldier, nothing done,  
 Unlesse my *Carthaginians* storm the town,  
 And ith (z) *Suburra* pitch my standard down.  
 O how did (a) th'one-ey'd Generall's picture look,  
 Riding on his (b) *Cetulian* Elephant took.  
 180 Alas, what's th'end of glory! he that spread  
 His conquests, vanquish't, into exile fled. His Exile.  
 Must (great strange Waiter) part o'dr Presence make,  
 Till the *Bythinian* tyrants please to wake.  
 185 That life, which threatned th'earth with change of States,  
 Nor sword, nor dart, nor rocky mountain dates,

His Death.

But the revenge of (c) *Canna* of that Spring  
Of *Roman* blood, was a poore little (d) ring.  
Go climbe the horrid *Alpes* vain-glorious foole,

*Alexander*  
the Great,  
His Ambition,

To please the *boyes*, and be their theame at schoole. 190

The youth that honour'd (e) *Pella* with his birth

Vext at *one world*, coop't up i'th narrow earth,

As if the rocks of (g) *Gyarus* wall'd him in,

Or as he had in close *Scriphus* bin.

When he a Conquerours entrance had compell'd 195

His end.

To brick-wall'd *Babilon*, one coffin held.

*Death* does alone deale plainly, and declare

*What things* of nothing *humane* bodies are.

*Xerxes* his  
Expedition into  
*Greece*.

We may believe, what was believ'd of old,

That ships put in at (b) *Atbos*: and what bold

And lying *Greece* on historic impos'd, 200

(i) *Xerxes* that Mountain with his fleet inclos'd,

His Bridge  
over the  
*Hellepont*.  
His vast  
Army.

That o're the sollid Sea by Coach he past,

Drank up whole rivers, when he broke his fast.

And all that, hovering with her drunken wings,

The Muse of (k) *sostratus* the Poet sings. 205

But how from (l) *Salamin* return'd he shipt,

Whose barbarous pride the (m) East & Northwest whipt

Never in (n) *Eolus* his Jayle so paid.

Who fetters on th'Earth-shaker *Neptune* laid, 210

And 'twas done gently that he spar'd his brand:

What God would not serve under his command?

But how return'd he? in a bark he fled,

His base  
flight.

Saying through blood, retarded by the dead,

Whose bodies to arrest his flight did swim;

Thus so much courted glory punisht him. 215

Grant

*The tenth Satyr of Juvenal.*

185

- Grant health, O Jupiter, grant length of dayes,  
Thus the fresh youth, thus th'old and sickly prayes.  
*But how great constant Ills do old men brook,*  
220 *How ugly, how unlike themselves they look?*  
Instead of *skin*, they have a nasty *bide*.  
Sagg'd Cheeks, wherein such wrinkles are descry'd.  
As when through (o) *Tabraca's* thick woods we shape  
Our Course, we see scratcht in an old she-ape.  
225 There's somewhat still that diff'rences the *young*,  
This then that fairer, He then he more strong.  
*The old have one face, the same palse makes*  
*Their voices tremble which their body shakes.*  
*Their heads an aged fall o' th' lease disclose,*  
230 *And th' infancy of a still dropping nose.*  
Disarm'd of teeth, this *Chavells* with his gums,  
And to wife, children, and himself becomes  
So loathsome, that the sight turns (p) *Cossus* blood,  
Who brings him presents of the rarest food.  
235 Nor in his meat, or wine, does th' ancient gust  
Rejoyce his duller pallat; and for lust,  
A long oblivion cancels those *Essays*,  
A Nerve lyes couchant which no art can raise;  
Indeed, what faith, a comfortable effect  
240 From weak gray-hair'd *Priapus*, can expect?  
Besides, though he may *lust*, he cannot love,  
Shall *Venus*, without strength to please her, move.  
The suffering of another part now see,  
In rarely well-set ayres what joy takes he?  
Although (q) *Seleucus* sing them to his lute,  
245 Or one o' th' Players in his golden suite.

Old age  
describ'd  
with all  
it's mis-  
eries.

Their  
lookes.

Their Pal-  
sies,

Their  
loathsom-  
nesse,

Their taste  
lost.

Their  
weaknesse

Their  
deafnesse.

What

Their  
want of  
blood.

The fail-  
ling of  
their limb's,  
and fight.

The love  
of a Pa-  
rent.

The losse  
of their  
Senses.

What matter where o'th Stage he sits, whose eare  
Can scarce the Cornets, or the trumpets heare;  
Whose loud-tongu'd boy the very house must rock,  
To make him know whos's come, or what's a clock. 250  
Then, in's cold body, his almost no blood  
A feaver only warmes, and such a flood,  
Of all kind of diseases, that to tell  
Their very names, I might summe up as well  
How many youths got (r) *Hippia's* good will : 255  
What patients (s) *Theonison* did one Autumne kill.  
What friends to *Rome* by (t) *Basill* cheated were  
*Abroad* ; by (u) *Irus* what poor Orphans bere.  
What men long (x) *Mours* in one day enjoys,  
Or the base schoole-master (y) *Amillus*, boyes: 260  
Sooner might my Arithmetick avow,  
How many Manners he is Lord of now,  
Who, when my youthfull beard did trimming crave,  
(r) Correction with his nimble fizzers gave.  
This loses the use of his shoulders, that of's thighs, 265  
He of his hippes, and he of both his eyes,  
Envi'ng the pur-blind ; the fresh colours fled  
From's lippes, and those with other's hands are fed.  
He, at the sight of supper, wont to fall  
A yawning, gapes and gapes, and that is all. 270  
So gape young swallows, to bring whose supplies  
With her mouth full, their (a) fasting Mother flies.  
But losse of all his members, equals not  
His losse of senses, who hath quite forgot  
His servants names, nor his friends count'ance knowes, 275  
Nor who'twas sapt with him last night, nor those  
He

He got and bred, though now his Will declare  
Them strangers, making (b) *Phiale* sole heire,  
For her warme breath, a trick that she did use,

280 For many years together, in the Stewes.

But if he have his senses, Yet he must  
Be forc't to lay his children in the dust,  
With his faire sisters ashes fill an urne.

Give order for the fire too, that must burn

285 His brothers body, and his dearest wife.

*T his penance all must doe that have long life.*

*They must new funerals of their house behold,*

*And in perpetuall grief and blacks grow old.*

King *Nestor* did (if (c) faith to thee we give,

290 Great *Homer*) nearest to the *Raven* live:

Blest, sure, to be so many ages old,

That he his years upon his *right hand* told;

And drank so often wine ith' *Must*? but stay

A while before you judge, and mark, I pray,

295 How he complains oth' fates too kind decrees,

Of too much thred 'they spun him, when he sees

His sonne (d) *Antiochus* his beard on fire;

He, then, of all about him doth inquire,

What was't should him to so long life ingage;

300 What he had ever done deserv'd that age?

So *Pelem* raves for his *Achilles* slain,

(e) He for *Ulysses* wandring on the main.

*Priam* (*Troy* safe) had his last progresse made

In state unto (f) *Assaracus* his shade.

305 *Hector*, his subjects weeping and forlorn;

With all his brothers had the body (g) born.

Inevitable  
griefs be-  
longing to  
old age.

The story  
of *Nestors*  
age.

The mis-  
fortune of  
long life  
in *Priam*.

*Cassandra*

*Cassandra*, (b) first, her funerall tears had spent.

And then (t) *Polixena* her garments rent ;

If he had dy'd before his sonnes foule guilt,

Ere wanton *Paris* his bold ships had built.

310

What did long life conferre ? a sight oth'fall

Of *Asia*, fire and sword destroying all.

Then for his *Crown* th'old (k) trembling souldier took

An *helmet*, and at great *Jove's* (e) Altar strook,

Fell like an oxe, in his old age despis'd,

315

And by th' ingratefull plowman sacrific'd.

Yet *Priam* dy'd a (m) *man*, but his old wife

Old *Hecuba's* worse  
fortune.

Surviv'd a bitch, and bark't away her life.

I come to our own stories, passing by

The (n) *Pontick* King and (o) *Solon's* wife reply ;

320

Who would not *Cæsus* should his fortune praise,

Untill the close and Evening of his daies.

(p) *This* (q) *Marius* from his native soile divorc'd,

The exam-  
ple of C.  
*Marius*.

To lurk in the *Minturnian* fennes enforc'd,

Then lodg'd him in a dungeon, whence he fled,

And neare to Conquer'd *Carthage* begg'd his bread.

325

A happier *Roman* *Rome* had never seen,

Nor had his paralell in nature been :

If when his crow'd of Captives did proclame

His triumph, when in all wars pomp he came

330

From his *Teutonick* Chariot to alight,

(r) Then his victorious soule had took her flight.

*Pompey*  
unfortu-  
nate in's  
old age.

To *Pompey* provident (s) *Campania* gave

A timely seaver, but, his life to save,

In many Cities publique prayers were made,

The Conquerour preserv'd, to be betraid

335

When

When conquer'd, by *Romes* fortune and his own ;

His head cut off, a punishment unknown

To our most dangerous delinquents, (†) thus

340 *Ceibegus* suffred not, nor *Lentulus*,

Ev'n *Catilin*, who to her funerall fire

Had destin'd *Rome*, came to his own intire.

To *Venus*, in her temple, for fine *Boyes*

The zealous mother prayes with lesser noyse.

345 But prayes aloud for *Girles* exactly faire,

Each nicetic remembred in her prayer.

Why laugh'st thou at her zeale ? the deify'd

And faire *Diana* was (u) *Ladona's* pride.

But the faire (x) *Lucrece* and her fatall rape,

350 Encourages no one to wish her shape.

(y) *Virginia* (z) *Rutilla's* buncht back would shew,

And her faire eyes on *Rutilla* bestow.

Faire creatures are by trembling parents watcht,

So seldome beauty is with vertue matcht.

355 But if mean houses vertuous breeding give,

Where, like th'old (a) *Sabines* poor and chaste they live.

If o're rebelling blood a grave command

Be giv'n to youth by nature's lib'rall hand.

And nature can do more then breeding can,

360 Or *Tutors*, the boy ne're shall be a man,

For ev'n to tempt the parents some are bold,

Such is their courage that come arm'd with gold.

The Tyrant *Nero*, to an Eunuches place

Advanc'd no poult foot, nor ill favoured face,

365 Nor worthy of that sad preferment held,

Those who had necks, or backs, or bellies sweld.

Women  
pray for  
sons, but  
especially  
for hand-  
som:  
daughters.

The mis-  
fortunes  
of Beauty.

The virtu-  
ous poor  
rob'd of  
their hand-  
some chil-  
dren, or  
bought  
out of  
their ease;

Now



The lewd  
and hand-  
some ever  
unfortu-  
nate.

Now in thy handsome sons and daughters joy,  
Which because handsome, greater woes annoy.

He shall be the town-prostitute, and feare

What wives expect from husbands most severe.

370

Nor can his starres for so good fortune look;

That he should ne're in *Mars* his nets be took,

Where *Vulcan's* rage will reason more controule;

Then any passion that invades the soule.

Some *Ganymedes* are stab'd, some whipt to death,

375

And the live *Mullet* enters some beneath.

But thy *Endymion* shall have her he loves.

Straight, when with powerfull gold (*b*) *Servilia* moves

He shall have her he hates, her gowns shall fly

To sale, thee'l nothing to her lust deny.

380

Rich *Hippia* and poor *Caecilla* too,

When they do long for't, will like women doe.

But how can Beauty hurt the Chast? what good

Came to (*c*) *Belcrophon* by his govern'd blood?

(*d*) *Hippolitus*, his mistresse too perplex,

385

*Phædra* no lesse *Stenobæa* next.

The edge of womans wrath is then most keen,

When a repulse addes blushes to their spleen. *her*

The story  
of *Mesali-  
na* and  
*Silius*.

Wouldst thou have (*e*) him whom *Cæsar's* wife will chuse

Co-husband, to accept or to refuse?

390

This great *Patrician*, young and handsome, dyes

For being such in *Messalina's* eyes.

She long hath sate in her (*f*) bright veyle, her bed

With nuptiall purple (in a garden) spread,

Ten thousands told, the customary summe;

395

The *Publick Notaries* and the *Auspex* come;

She



She thinks this secret witness'd by too few,  
Shee'l marry publickly; Sir, what say you?

Deny to do't, and *Hymen's* tapers burne,

400 That from her bed shall light thee to thy urne.

Consent, and thou shalt gain a little time,

Till the newes fill the City, till the crime

Arrive the people, and the Prince's eare.

*Who, last, the blemish of his house shall bear.*

405 If then a few daies life thou so approv'st,

ObeY; but whether thy own youth thou lov'st,

Or on her beauty doat'st, not only thou,

But she her faire neck to the axe must bow.

Shall man then pay for nothing? If I may

410 Advise thee, let the Gods thy wishes waigh,

Unto their Providence thy Will submit,

And for what's sweet, they'l give thee what is fit.

And that which thy condition most behooves,

The Gods love man more then himselfe he loves.

415 Transported with a blind self-love, we crave

That all of us may wives and children have.

But to th'Omniscient Deity, alone,

What wives, what children we shall have, is known.

Yet, that for sacrifice thou maist prepare

420 Thy white hog, and for something make thy prayer.

Pray, that the Gods be graciously inclin'd,

To grant thee health of body, and of mind.

Ask a strong soule that may death's terrour scorn,

And think, to die, as good, as to be born.

As great a gift of nature, that no crosse

425 Can daunt, that knowes no passion, fears no losse.

S.  
Divine  
Counsell.

Subject  
fit for  
Prayer.

That

That Hercules his labours can digest,  
 Far better then (g) *Sardanapalus* feast,  
 His wenches or his feather beds, I shew  
 What thou thy selfe maist on thy self bestow.  
*The path to peace is vertue; All the Powers*  
*Will be our own, if VVisedome be but ours.*  
*And yet to thee vain Fortune we have given*  
*The name of Goddess, and plac'd thee in heauen.*

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430

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 ANNO-
 

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# ANNOTATIONS UPON.

*The tenth Satyr of Juvenal.*

(i) Verse 1. *Cales*] *Gades* So *Juvenal* properly names those two Islands, the farthest west discovered to the Romans, they lye in the South of *Spain*, their chief City (without the straits of *Gibraltar*) is now the Magazine of *Spain* call'd *Cadix*, by us cornipely *Cales*, Vnles you will say wee had liberty to give it what name wee pleased, when it was in our possession; for it is the Towne, which in Revenge, of the Invasion of 88. Queen *Elizabeth*, in 96. tooke and Sackt by her Commissioners, *Essex*, *Nottingham*, and *Rawley*

(b) Verse 2. *Ganges*] The fairest River in the East Indies; accounted in *Juvenal's* time, the farthest East.

(c) Verse 11. *Hee*] Such was *Milo*, who (as *A Gellius* and *Strabo* tell us) when the house, where the Philosophers mett, was falling, supported it by maine strength, till they were all out of danger. The confidence of which strength, that had saved the Philosophers lives, afterward lost his owne. The story is. That passing through a wood in *Italy* hee saw a tree a good way cloven, and being ambitious to finish what age or accident had begun, he assayed to teare it asunder with his hands; the Tree at first yeilded to the violence, but presently with as much violence closed againe, wherein his hands being taken prisoners, he became a prey to the wild beasts.

(d) Verse 17. *Longinus*] *C. Cassius Longinus* the learned Civill Lawyer, (to whom *Caligula* married *Drusilla*) whose Eyes *Nero* first put out, then gave him but an houre to prepare for death. The pretence of his punishment, was because he had in his chamber the image of *Cassius*; but the truth is, all his crime was his wealth.

(e) Verse 19. *Seneca*] The most learned vertuous and rich  
and

and therefore unfortunate Tutor to the Emperour Nero; of whom formerly.

(f) Verſ. 20. *Lateran*) *Plautus Lateranus*, deſigned Conſull, being apprehended, for one of *Piſoes* conſpiracie againſt *Nero*, was ſo quickly diſpatched of his life, by the Emperours mandate, that he was not ſuffered, to have the freedome of dying perſons, to expire in the embraces of his Children. *Tacitus lib. 15.*

(g) Verſ. 21. *Cohort*) A Regiment of 600. the tenth part of a *Legion*.

(h) Verſ. 22. *Garrets*) Where beggers lived, as you had it Sat. 3. verſe 133.

(i) Verſ. 33. *Setine*) How pretious the *Setine* wine was held among the *Romans*, you may ſee by their preſerving of it Sat. 5. verſe 39.

(k) Verſ. 35. One) *Democritus*, the *Abderite*, the laughing Philoſopher, who being asked why he did nothing but laugh, answered, he could not chuſe, having for his continual object, man, ſo full of ignorance, all whole deſignes diſcovered him to be a child againe, Till at laſt he killed himſelfe with cares; Which never came neare his chearefull heart, elſe he would ſcarce have lived to be 109. yeares old, as *Laertius* ſayes he was.

(l) Verſ. 36. The other] *Heraclitus* the *Ephesian*, the weeping Philoſopher.

(m) Verſ. 40. *Prætexta*) The *Prætexta* was a Gowne ſo named from the purple border, it was firſt worn by the *Prieſts* of *Rome*, with the like Priviledge that ſome *Chriſtian Orders* have at this day, for none could have ſentence of condemnation paſſe againſt them that wore it, but they muſt be firſt degraded, and put off that habit; But in proceſſe of time, the *Prætexta* was permitted to the children of the Nobility, and afterwards to the Children of the *Romans* in generall.

(n) Ver. 40. *Trabeæ*) The *Trabeæ* were of three ſorts, the firſt a gowne woven all of Purple, and conſecrated to the Gods, ſuch was the Robe mentioned ver. 44. of this *Satyre* viz. *Joves Gowne*. The ſecond was the Robe ſpoke of in this place, worn by the Kings and Conſulls, of Purple interwoven with white. The third was the *Augurs* habit of Scarlet, woven with Purple. *Serv. Aen. lib. 7. Alexand. ab Alex. Gen. diſt. lib. 3. Cap. 18.*

(o) The

(o) *Fasces*.) The *Fasces* were a Bundle of Birchen Rodds, with an axe in the middle, carried before the *Consulls*, (as I have formerly noted) signifying the different punishments to be inflicted on *great* and *petty* offenders.

(p) Ver. 41. Close chaire) The *Roman Sedan* described *Sat.* 4. ver. 24.

(q) Ver. 41 High throne) This high throne (was I suppose) the *sellæ curulis*, or Ivory Tribunall, constantly carried after the *Consulls* in a close Coach.

(r) Ver. 45. *Atlas*) The *Prætor* it seems was not a sufficient *Atlas* to support the weight of his *golden Orbe*, the Crown which he wore, when he mannaged the *Circensian shewes* and *playes* see *Sat.* 8. Ver. 263. and *Sat.* 11. Ver. 249. but there was a further reason why a *slave* was assigned to attend these great *Magistrates*, for it was the slaves office in the midst of the sports and triumphs to cry aloud, *Look behind you, Remember that you are a man.*

(s) Ver. 49. *Eagle*) The armes of the Empire, carried upon the top of the *Prætors* Ivory-scepter.

(t) Ver. 52 *Almes Baket*) The *Sportula*, which payed for the *white Robes* wherein they attended the *Triumphant Prætor*, and did oblige that attendance.

(v) Ver. 56. Dull climes) *Democritus* was born in *Abdera* in *Thrace* where the inhabitants are barbarous and grosse-witted *Clownes*, their brains being like their country, ever in a fogge.

(x) Ver. 67. Middle finger) the *infamous* finger which pointed out the affront now given by the *Italians* in the word *Cæzo* see *Persius* *Sat.* 2. and *Martiall* 28. *Epig.* lib. 2.

(y) Ver. 61. Wax'd knees) The suppliant used to conceive his prayers in writing, and to fasten them to the knees of that *Gods image* they prayed unto, which were wax'd, on purpose to make the paper sticks on.

(z) Ver. 66. Statues) The condemned for *Tyranny* or *high Treason* or for any other enormous crime, had their names cross out of the *Romane Calendar* (or Court Records) and their *Statues* broke, and that, either by the decree of the *Senate*, or by the fury of the *People*, *Tacitus* 6. *Anal.* *Plinies Panegyrick.*

(a) Ver. 72. Second place) *Sejanus* was perpetuall colleague to the Emperour *Tiberius Cæsar*, and therefore he had

the second honours of the Empire.

(b) Ver. 74. Laurell] that thou mayest have them ready to put on when thou sacrificest, for *Cæsars* deliverance to *Jupiter Capitolinè*. Thus begins the popular discourse.

(c) Milk white] the colour *Jupiter* most affected in the bulls sacrificed to him, as being the same wherein he disguised himself when he was a bull for *Europa's* sake.

(d) Ver. 82. From *Capree*] an Island neare *Campania* where *Tiberius* had retired himself (that the business of Rome might not disturb his private pleasures) at the very time he discovered the Treason of *Sejanus*, and from thence he writ about it to the Senat a most tedious Letter; of which *Dio Cassius* sayes 'Ανεγώδην ἡ Γερουσία, ἢ Νῆμαρ. The letter was read, and it was along one.

(e) Ver. 86. *Nuscia*] was the Goddess of *Thuscany* where *Sejanus* was borne.

(f) Selling of our voice] Before the Sovereigne power was invested in the Emperours when the State of Rome was governed by the Senate and the People; the poorer sort lived wholly upon the Sale of their Votes, to Candidates that were suiters to them for the Consulship, the Prætors and Tribunes places, or for the government of Provinces, &c.

(g) *Brutidius*] a Civill Lawyer of Counsel with *Tiberius Cæsar* who is here called *Ajax* by *Juvenall*, because in his story he used to mistake the persons he should punish, as *Ajax* did in *Sophocles*, where he beats an herd of oxen, supposing them to be *Græcians*, see *Sat.* 14. v. 334.

(h) *Chaldean wits*] *Thrasillus* and the rest of the Mathematicians, with whose Astrologie *Tiberius* was so much delighted, that he is in this place described sitting with them on a Rock, to be instructed in the aspects of the starres.

(i) *Gabii*] a towne of the *Vosians*, distant from Rome 70 miles, founded as *Vingil* tells us, by the *Alban Kings*, 7 *Anciens* and became subject to the *Romans* by the fraud of *Sextus* son to *Tarquin* the proud. *Fidene* a towne of the *Sabines* *Plin.* lib. 3. 65. and cap. 12. *Ulubra* a pitifull poore towne of the *Vosians* near *Velitra*, memorable for nothing but that *Augustus Cæsar* was bred there, and that 'tis mentioned here by *Juvenall*.

(k) Ver. 127. *Crassus*] slain in *Parthia*, whither his ambition carried him. *Juven.* sayes *Crassi*, meaning the father and Son: as he do's of the *Pompey's*.

(l) Ver.

(l) Ver. 122. Pompey slain by Achilles eunuch to Ptolemy  
perfidiously pretending to receive Pompey as a friend.

(m) Ver. 128. Him] *Julius Caesar* after he had reduced  
the State of *Rome*, to his arbitrary power, slain in the Se-  
nate by *Brutus*, &c.

(n) Ver. 141. *Ceres* son in law] *Pluto*, God of the infernall  
Regions, that stole away *Proserpina* daughter to *Ceres*, as she  
was gathering of flowers in the fields near *Aetna*.

(o) Ver. 133. Tully] *Marcus Tullius Cicero* the great Ro-  
maine Orator, and Philosopher, as appears by his books of  
Orations, and Philosophy. He repealed the *lex Agraria*, the  
law for Division of the Lands belonging to the publick;  
He discovered the conspiracies of *Catiline*, was banished by  
the debaucht Tribune, *Clodius*, and called back from exile,  
by the generall vote of the Senate, *nemine contradicente*,  
And in his old age, his death was made part of the agree-  
ment of the *Triumviri*, *Augustus*, *Anthony*, and *Lepidus*, which  
accordingly *Anthony* (against whom he writ his *Philippicks*)  
executed, and cutting off the hand and head of *Cicero*, nailed  
them up in the pulpit for orations. But what sayes *Velleius*  
*Paterculus* to the murderer, *Rapuisse vitam*, &c. Thou hast  
robbed a Life, that would have been more unworthy of  
*Cicero*, under thy reigne, then Death could be, under thy Tri-  
umvirate. But the glory of his actions and Orations thou  
hast been so faire from taking away, as thou hast added to it.  
That lives, and shall live in the memory of all ages. And  
whilst or by Chance or Providence, or any way, this joynt-  
ed frame of Nature (which almost he alone, of all the Ro-  
manes, penetrated with his spirit, fathomed with his wit,  
and illuminated with his elocution) shall hold together,  
it shall draw along his fame, as time's inseparable com-  
panion. And all posterity shall admire his writings a-  
gainst thee, and execrate thy cruelty to him, and sooner  
shall Mankind perish from the earth, then his praise fall  
to ground.

(p) Ver. 135. Penny-Pallas] Schoole boyes bought a  
leaden image of *Minerva* the Goddess of Wisdome, and in  
her *Quinquatribus* or five dayes feast prayed to that poore  
pennworth of wit, to make them as famous Orators as *Ci-  
cero*, or *Demosithenes*.

(q) A Duller] and if not upon a duller practiser at Law,



sure a Poet need not feare such cruelty.

(v) Ver. 147. *Athenian wonder*) *Demosthenes* son to a Cutler of *Athens*, who was left young and rich by his father, but being cosened of all he had by his guardian, could hardly get money to pay his Schoolemaster, yet afterward grew to be the *miracle of eloquence*, & writ those excellent orations against *Philip of Macedon* (who then plotted the subjection of *Greece*) in imitation whereof *Cicero* called these orations *Philippicks* which he wrote against *Anthony*, who in like manner plotted against the Liberty of *Rome*; but *Demosthenes*, after he had lived the reignes of *Philip* and *Alexander*, finding his life to be sought by their successour *Antipater*, tooke sanctuary, (as *Suidas* layes) in the Isle of *Calauria*, sacred to *Neptune*, whither *Antipater* sent the player *Archias*, to get him out with faire words, and to assure him that if he would go with him to *Antipater*, he should not suffer in any kind: to which *Demosthenes* answered, that he never liked *Archias* on the stage, and that he was not mended since he played the *embassadour*; afterward *Archias* threatening to pull him out by force, yea marry said *Demosthenes* now thou unfoldest the *Macedonian oracle*, before thou spakest like a Player. Let me but write to my friends, & I go with thee, and so as if he meant to dispatch his Letters, he put a quill to his mouth and suckt up the poyson, which to that purpose he carried still about with him.

(f) Ver. 165 *Wild figtree*) that where it springs breaks down with its roots, as with cables, strongest walles or piles of stone.

(i) Ver. 167. *Hanniball*] that famous Generall of the *Carthaginians*, who not contenting himself to have enlarged their Empire to the *Atlantick* sea, which bounds *Africa* on the North, and to *Nile* where it terminates on the East, undertook, and almost compleated, the conquest of *Spain*, and *Italy*.

(u) Ver. 172. *Pyrene mountains*) which he must needs passe before he came to *Spain* landing first in *France*

(x) Ver. 173 *Alps*) which he was likewise of necessity to passe in his march from *Spain* to *Italy*, the *Pyrenean mountains* dividing *Spain* from *France*, the *Alps* *France* from *Italy*.

(y) v. 174 *Vineger*) that *Hanniball* forc'd a passe for his army through the *Alpine* rocks with fire and vineger, we have the authority



authority of *Livie* and *Silius Italicus*, how ever *Polykins* rejects it as fabulous.

(2) Vers. 178. *Suburra*) the Cheapside of Rome, already mentioned.

(a) Vers. 179. One-ey'd) *Hannibal*, who lost an eye in passing the *Appennine*.

(b) Vers. 180. *Getulian Elephant*) a monstrous *Affrick* Elephant of *Getulia*, that carried *Hannibal*.

(c) Vers. 187. *Canne*) In *Apulia* where the youth and flower of Rome was overthrowne by *Hannibal*; and Rome it selfe had been likewise ruin'd with them, if he had pursued his victory.

(d) Vers. 188. Ring) within the Collet whereof he alwayes carried poyson, to free himselfe if *Fortune* should betray him, and used it when the *Romans* compelling *Eumenes* and *Prusias* to a Peace, commanded him to yeild up *Hannibal*, who being accustomed to Victory, scorn'd to become their *Triumph*, whom he had so often *Conquered*; and so taking his long prepared poyson, dyed a free-man. This Ring (as the Poet intimates) revenging those many bushels of Rings, which *Hannibal* had taken from the fingers of Noble *Romans*, at the Battell of *Canne*, and sent from thence, as a present to the State of *Carthage*.

(e) Vers. 191. The Youth) *Alexander* the Great, borne at *Pella* in *Macedon*, who began his raigne and wars at 20, and having conquered *Persia*, and the *East*, while he might yet be called a Youth, dyed at *Babylon* in the 30th yeare of his age.

(f) Vext) So vext, that 'tis the common tradition, hee wept to thinke there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

(g) Vers. 193. *Gyarus*) *Gyarus* and *Scriphus* are two little Islands of the *Cyclades*, whereunto the *Romans* used to confine persons guilty of foulest crimes.

(h) Vers. 200. *Athos*) the highest mountaine of *Macedon*, which the *Greeke* historians report, to have been cut off from the Continent by command from *Xerxes*.

(i) Vers. 202. *Xerxes*) King of *Persia*, who, with an Army of 700000. *Persians*, and 300000. *Auxiliaries* passed into *Greece* by a bridge of Boates, no marvell therefore that some say his Army dranke up rivers, and that all *Greece* could

scarcely

scarfly hold it. His Fleet likewise consisted of 200000 saile; behold a gallant Army that wanted nothing but a General, *Just. lib. 2.* Lastly, before he had experience of the warres, confiding in his strength, as Lord of Nature, he levelled Mountaines, plained hollow valleys, made bridges over some Seas, and cut the earth to make his passage shorter, *Ibidem.*

(k) Vers. 206. *Softratus*] a Greeke Poet, that writ the Persian expedition into Greece.

(l) Vers. 207. *Salamin*] The last Battell betwixt Xerxes and the Grecians was fought in the straights of *Salamin*, an Island over against *Athens*, from whence Xerxes advised seriously by *Mardonius*, and cunningly by *Themistocles*, fled to the *Hellepont*, where, finding his Bridge of Boates scattered by winter-stormes, he tooke a Fishermans boat, and escaped. It was a spectacle, worthy of our sight, and wonder, in the consideration of mans condition, and the change of Fortune, to see him sculking in a small Boate, whom lately the whole Sea scarce contained, not so much as attended by any servant, whose Army was so vast, that the very earth was oppressed with it. *Justin. Ibid.*

(m) Vers. 208. East] when a Tempest had broke his bridge, Xerxes commanded 300. Lashes should bee given to the *Hellepont*, and a paire of Givies throwne into the flood, and the Beagle of the *Hel'espont* in a barbarous tone, spake to it thus; Thy Lord inflicts this punishment upon thee, because thou hast injured him, that never deserved ill of thee, and yet King Xerxes shall passe in spight of thee, and to thee shall no man at all sacrifice; thou art so deceitfull and cruell a Flood. And having thus punished the Sea, he repaired the bridge. *Herodotus.*

(n) Vers. 209. *Æolus*] King of the winds, who imprisons his unruly subjects. *Ovid. Metam. l. 1.*

(o) Vers. 223. *Tabraca*] a part of *Lybia*. *Possidonius* relates, in his voyage from *Cakes* to *Rome*, that he was driven upon the coasts of *Lybia*, where hee saw a wood along the shore, that was full of Apes, some whereof sate in trees, some on the ground, some had breasts hanging out, and young ones sucking, and some were bald and impotent.

(p) Vers. 233. *Cossius*] one of those *Heridipete* or Captatores, that bring presents to childlesse persons, in hope to be left great Legacies at their death.

(q) Vers.

(q) Verſ. 245. *Selenus*] the beſt Luteniſt in the Authors time.

(r) Verſe 255. *Hippia*] *Viento's* Lady, that ran away with *Sergius* the Fencer, *Sat. 6. verſ. 86.*

(ſ) Verſe 236. *Themison*] Another *Archigenes*, one of the principall Phyſicians of *Rome*.

(t) Verſ. 255. *Baſil*] a *Praefect* of a *Province*, that ſpoyled the *Aſſociates* of *Rome*, ſuch a one as *Marius Priſcus*, *Sat. 1. or Tutor Capito* and *Natta*.

(u) Verſe 258. *Irus*] the Guardian that by cheating came to a great eſtate, reducing poore Orphans in his Tutelage to vicious courſes to get bread: you have him deſcribed in the beginning of the 1. *Sat.*

(x) Verſ. 259. *Maura*] a Curtizan, mentioned for one of the abuſers of Chſtities old altar, *Sat. 6. verſe 325.*

(y) vcc. 260. *Amillus*] ſuch a Schoole-maſter as his enemies unjuſtly reported *Socrates* to be.

(z) Correction] this very verſe you have *Sat. 1. verſe 27.* wherewith hee ſhuts up the deſcription of the fortunes of *Cinnamus* the Barber.

(a) Ver. 272. *Faſting*] An excellent expreſſion of a mothers love faſting her ſelte to feed her young ones.

(b) *Phiale*] a cunning ſtrumpet.

(c) V. 289. *Faith.*] Note, the authour takes not upon him to judge the yeares that *Nefor* King of *Pylos* liv'd, but referres you to *Homer, Odyſſ.* Onely it appears *Juvenal* underſtood three ages to be three hundred yeares, which comes but to a third part of the way, becauſe he compares him to a Raven that lives nine ages. Other Interpreters, among which *Zenophon* is one, ſay that the *Aegyptians* (and from them the  *Eaſt*) accounted an age to be but 30 yeares, and then *Nefor* was but ninety yeares old, and then he muſt count but ten yeares a finger on his left hand, and the reſt on the right hand; whereas otherwiſe hee muſt reckon twenty yeares a joynt, and the laſt twenty on his right hand.

(d) v. 297. *Antilochus*] ſonne to *Nefor*, who (when hee ſaw the gallant youth burning upon his funerall pile) could not but thinke he had lived too long.

(e) Ver. 302. Hee] 'tis ſaid the Mother of *Ulyſſes*, going to *Laertes*, met with *Syſiphus* by the way, who got her with child of *Ulyſſes*, which *Ajax* objects againſt him, *Metamorph.*

lib. 13. no marvell therefore that *Iuvenall* passes over *Vlysses* his father without a name.

[f] Ver. 304. *Asaracus*] the genealogie of *Asaracus* King of *Troy*, *Jupiter* the second, *Dardanus*, *Erichonius*, *Tros*, *Ganimede*, *Asaracus*, *Ilus*, *Laomedon*, *Priam*, who had 50 sonnes, and 12 daughters.

[g] Ver. 306. *Borne*] This is spoken according to the custome of the ancients, for anciently the sonnes carried the fathers corps. *Plin.* lib. 7. de L. Me ello numbers it among the examples of humane felicity, that *Metellus* besides his ample honours, and the title of *Macedonian*, was carried to the funerrall pile by his foure sonnes, one of them being *Prætor*, the other three *Consular* persons, and one of thole *Censor*.

[h] v. 307 *Fist*] no doubt but *Cassandra* would have wept first, because her fathers death would first have been revealed her as a *Propheteesse*; she was betrothed to *Coræbus*, see *Virg.* to lib. 2. *Æneid*.

[i] Ver. 308. *Polyxena*] another of *Priams* daughters, a faire and great spirited maid, with whom *Achilles* fell in love, and would have married her, had he not been prevented by *Alexander Paris* who slew him for *Polyxena's* sake, for which after the sack of *Troy*, *Pyrrhus*, *Neoptolimus*, sonne to *Achilles*, slew her upon his fathers tomb, who when she was to be sacrificed, that she might fall decently, cut her robe, and tyed it about her knees.

[k] Ver. 313. Trembling.) Poore old *Priam* forced to take up armes in his trembling hand.

[l] Ver. 314. Altar.) at the altar of *Hercian Jupiter*, where *Priam* striving to defend his sonne *Polites*, was struck dead by *Pyrrhus*.

[m] Ver. 317. Man) Not being transformed into the shape of a beast, as the Poets fable his wife Queen *Hecuba* to have been, who exclaiming bitterly against the *Greeks* for the barbarous murder of her husband and children, was by some of their drunken *Softrati*, fained to be *Metamorphosed* into a bitch. The fable you have at large, in *Virg.* and *Ovid*.

[n] v. 320 *Poutick* King) *Mithridates* who lived 69 years & reigned forty, fifty yeares he was in armes against the *Romanes*, and having had 3 overthrowes given him by *Scylla*, *Lucullus* and *Pompey*, and no hope of recruiting, endeavoured to poison his son *Pharnaces*, and the rest of his brethren,

but

but deserted by them, and his whole army, he converted his fury upon himself, and took poyson, but against that his rare *Antidote* had fortified him, and therefore he fell upon his own sword, or as some say, intreated an Officer to dispatch him.

(o) V. 320 *Solon*) being brought to a view of all the wealth of *Crasus* the *Lydian* Monarch, was asked by that King, if ever he had seen a man more *fortunate*, he answered yes, one *Tellus* of *Athens*, who was slain, valiantly fighting for his country. Being again demanded who he thought happy in the second place, he replied *Cleobis* and *Bitho*, sonnes to the Priestesse of *Argos*, who to supply the want of her coach-horses yoked themselves, and drew their mother to the Temple of *Argive Juno*, where their mother in her *Nightly devotion* praying to the Goddess to reward that piety of her sonnes, with what she knew fit for them; they slept and never waked again. Lastly, *Solon* delivers his opinion, there could no judgement be made of the felicity of *Crasus* till the last houre of his life. Afterward *Crasus* being overthrown in a battell, and taken prisoner by *Cyrus K.* of *Persia*, was condemned to be burned, and being laid upon the pile of wood, with a lamentable voice he thrice cryed out, O *Solon*, and being sent unto by the *Persian*, to explain his meaning, he opened all the passage between him and *Solon* unto *Cyrus*, who considering the accidents of humane condition, pardoned him his life, and made him one of the Lords of his Councell. *Herod. lib. 1.*

(p) Ver. 323. This] the evening of his dayes, the close of his life.

[q] Ver. 323. *Marius*] Now according to promise, *Juvall* comes to the hystory of his own country, and first cites *Marius* the *Arpinate*, whole poore beginning you have in the end of Sat. 8. being Generall in the warres in *Africa*, his Tribune *Sylla*, so cunningly insinuated with King *Ariobarzanes*, that he delivered King *Iugurth* into *Sylla's* hands, for which he would have triumphed, but *Marius* both took his prisoner and his triumph. This occasioned those bloody wars betwixt *Marius* and *Sylla* where *Marius* losing the day, fled, and lay hid in the *Minturnian* fens [in *Switzerland*] where being discovered, he was clapt up in prison, and a Gall sent to kill him, who coming into the dungeon, fancied he saw such a Majesticke terrour flaming from his eyes, that he  
let

let fall his sword, and ran away. So *Marius* escaped into *Africa*, where, having notice given by a *Lictor* sent from the *Pretor* of *Africke*, *Sextilius*, that opportunity smiled upon him for returne to *Italy*, he bade the *Lictor* tell his Lord, that he had seene *Marius* sitting in the ruins of *Carthage*, an Exile, and begging of his bread, and without more words, went aboard, came into *Italy*, was received by the *Consull* *Cinna*, and entring *Rome*, gave no quarter to any of *Sylla's* faction, but kept the City, and being *Consull* the seventh time, died of a fever.

(r) Then.] At that time when *Marius* triumphed for his victorie over the *Teutons* or *Gauls*, before his tryumph for the slaughter of his Countrey-men.

(f) Ver. 333. *Campania*] after *Pompey* had, in 30 dayes reduced the *East*, for which *Sylla*, surnamed him the *Great*, done mighty things against *Sertorius* in *Spaine*, how happy had he been, if he had dyed ( when hee lay sick of his feaver at *Capua*, some lay in *Naples* ) before the *Civill* *warres*, which enforced him to fly from *Pharsalia* to *Egypt*, where at sixty yeares old, he was by the Kings order slaine by *Achillas*, in the presence of his wife *Cornelia*.

(t) Ver. 339. Thus.] Satyrically, that is, scoptically and jeeringly spoken; as if *Pompeys* long life brought him to a worse fate then *Cailline*, *Cethegus*, *Lentulus*, and the rest of the *Traitours* to *Rome*, who ( as *Juvenall* tells you *Sat. 8.* ) did conspire, to set our houses, and our Gods on fire. Yet they were all either strangled in prison, or slaine in Battell, none of their heads parted from their bodies like old *Pompey*.

(u) Ver. 348. *Latona*] who being mortall, and knowing her selfe mother to two Deities, *Apollo* and *Diana*, no marvell she conceived that joy which she expresses in *Homer*;

*Ἰσύνδῃσι τὴν ὀπλῶν Ἄντρον.* & *Virgill.*

*Latona tacitum perterritant gaudia pectus.*

(x) Ver. 349. *Lucrece*,] The faire *Lucrece* ravished by *Sextus*, the son of *Tarquin* the proud, is a story so well known, that I shall not trouble you with a Breviate of it, but if you will have it at large, you may in *Livie*.

(y) Ver. 351. *Virginia*] daughter to *Virginius* a *Plebeian*, but a Noble beauty, whom *Claudius*, one of the *Decemviri*, falling in Love with, put her ( as his slave ) to one of his Clients, making his agreement, that he should have access to

to be at his pleasure. This her father understanding, and not able to prevent it, slew her with his owne hands, bidding her, *Goe daughter, I send thee to the shades of our forefathers free and honest, two titles, which tyranny would not let thee enjoy living.* This done, his hands all bloody, hee fled to his fellow-souldiers, acquainted them with the injurie done, for which *Claudius* first suffered imprisonment and then death.

( 2 ) Ver. 351. *Rutila*.] *Lura Rutila*, was an old woman of threescore and ten, and miserably deformed.

( a ) Ver. 356. *Sabines*.] Those women, if they had not been chaste, would hardly have come with their haire scattered on their shoulders, betwixt their Husbands and Fathers ready to joyne battell, *Sat. 6. ver. 123.*

( b ) *Servilia*.] An old and deformed, but a rich and wanton Lady.

( c ) Ver. 384. [*Belephoron*.] The storie goes that *Belephoron*, sonne to *Glaucus* King of *Epire*, was bred up in the Court of *Argos*, where *Stenobaea*, wife to *Prætus* King of *Argos* fell in love with him, exprest her desires, and iraged at his refusall, accused him to her Husband of that crime, which shee could not perswade him to. Whereupon *Prætus* sent him to her friends to ask upon him what revenge they pleased, who putting him upon almost insufferable dangers, and finding him still to overcome them, they tooke it for an evident prooffe of his innocencie, and so of enemies became his friends, and married him to a cosen German to *Stenobaea*, which she hearing, slew her selfe.

( d ) Ver. 385. *Hippolitus*.] The sonne of *Theseus* of *Athens*, and of *Hippolita*, or ( according unto others ) of *Antiope*, was chaste, but his chastity cost him his life, for his step-mother *Phædra* falling in love with him, upon her repulse, converted her love into hatred, and accused him to *Theseus*, for attempting to Ravish her. This accusation sent him into banishment, and in his way the *Phœæ* or Sea-monsters frighted his Coach-horses, and they tore him peece-meale; But the Poets let him together againe; for they say, that *Diana*, enamoured of his chastity, commended him to *Æsculapius*, who gathering his scattered limmes, did a *Hermitick Cure* upon him, and brought him to life againe, for which he was called *Virbius* twice a man.

( e ) Ver. 389. *Him*.] *Caius Silius*, the handsomest of all the



the *Patricians*, designed *Consull*, whom *Messalina* so doated on, that when her husband the Emperour *Claudius*, was sacrific-  
ing at *Ostium*, she publicly married *Silius* in *Rome*, nor was *Silius* ignorant of the crime or danger, but knowing a de-  
ni-*all* would be sudden death, chose to have some sport before  
he died. therefore consents to the solemnity. They kissed,  
embraced, and had the other ceremonies of the marriage  
night: But *Narcissus* the Emperours freed man gave infor-  
mation of the carriage of the Empresse to *Claudius*, who  
sent an order for their death, and accordingly both were  
slain in the *Lucilian gardens* *Tacit. l. 11. Suet. Tranquillus*  
*Juvenall* in the end of *Sat. 14.*

(f) Ver. 393. Veile] *Messalina* is so punctuall, that  
she omits no *Hymeneall ceremony*, she weares the *Flamecolum*,  
or the Bride's flame-coloured veile, she hath the purple Counter-  
point laid upon her bed, and a summe of Money tendred for  
her portion, a publique Notary to draw her deeds of joynture, an  
*Auspex* to divine by the flying of the birds the future felicity  
of her martiage, and the Towne called in for witnesses. But  
this impudence, in the face of day, brought justice upon her  
for her nights work, *Sat. 6. verse 124.*

(g) Ver. 428. *Sardanapalus*] The last King of Syria,  
whose Lieutenant Generall *Arbastes*, being ambitious to be  
admitted into his preience, (a favour never before granted  
to any but meniall servants) after much suit, prevailed,  
and found him in his Prototype of a *Seraglio*, spinning his  
task of purple-silk, habited like his wenches, and not at all  
distinguishable, but that his body appeared the tenderest,  
his eyes and garb the most lascivious. *Arbastes* at first sight  
hereof conceived it a horrid indignitie that so many men  
should obey a woman, so many men that knew the use of  
Armes, be subject to a distaffe; being come from him, he  
reported that Spectacle of the Armie, and professed he would  
not serve one that had rather be a woman, then a man. They  
all Conspire. The Army marches against *Sardanapalus*  
which he understanding, did not stand upon his defence like  
a man, but hid himself like a woman, not having before his  
eys, the keeping of his Kingdome, but the feare of losing his  
life; At last with some few disorderly attendants, hee takes  
the field, is beaten, retreats to his Pallace, and laying him-  
self and all his riches on a pile of wood, caused fire to be set  
to it, doing onely this act like a man. *Iustin lib. 1.*





## The eleventh Satyr of IUVENAL.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*To Supper Perficus is bid,  
To fare as the ancient Romans did,  
Not riotous novelties to eat,  
Nor to see Wenches after meat.  
But to heare Homer read and then  
Compar'd with Virgils mighty Pen;  
To this all serious cares displac'd,  
His friend the Poet bids him hast.*



F (a) Atticus sup nobly, hee's esteem'd

A Prince, if (b) Rutilus he's mad-man deem'd.

For what can peoples laughter more engage,

Then a thread-bare (c) Apicius ? every stage,

Bath, table, meeting, Rutilus doe jeere :

Because, when for the State he Armes might beare,

( Not (d) forc't to't by the Tribunes nor withstood )

Hee's brought, by feasting of his youthfull blood,

The Description of  
a poet Epicure  
faced to man Per-  
car,

To

Too write what Fencers dictate to his hand,  
 Their Lawes, and words of posture and command.

The Degrees  
 by which  
 Gluttony  
 continues a  
 great estate.

Then you see many, that are waited for  
 I'th' shambles by the oft-mockt Creditor,  
 Whose pallat is their God, whose meanest sort

Fare like great Lords, or Officers at Court,  
 And through their broken stocke when ruin<sup>e</sup> shines, 15  
 Their gust all th' Elements for spoile designs.

No price for Rarities too great is thought.

Nay mind it, they love most, what's dearest bought :

They make it nothing, for a summe that straight

They meane to spend, to pawne their ancient Plate, 20

Or their dead mothers (e) images to breake ;

The price of And for foure hundred pieces, to bespeake  
 an Ollio.

An Ollio Podrido, whence they fall

To that which Fencers their poore hodge-podge call.

The difference therefore lyes, who bids the guest, 25

The difference be-  
 twixt rich  
 and poore  
 Feasters.

In *Rutilus* 'tis luxurie to feast ;

But gaines (f) *Ventidius* a noble name,

And his expence is waited on by fame.

Him I may justly scorne, that knows how farre

All *Lybian* hills o'retop by (g) *Atlas* are, 30

Yet knowes not where the disproportion rests,

'Twixt little purses, and great Iron chests.

From heav'n came KNOW THY SELFE, & should be fixt  
 In each breast, with each consultation mixt,  
 25 Whether unto a wife thou dost pretend,  
 Or to the sacred Senate wouldst ascend,  
 (Nor at Achilles armes (b) Ther/sites aimes,  
 Which, with Apologie, *Vlysses* chayms)  
 Or dost thou, as an Oratour, affect  
 Some cause of great concernment to protect?  
 40 Consult thy self, aske thy self, who am I?  
 A (i) Cicero, Curius, or a *Matho*, & try  
 Thy tongues just measure, weigh things high and low  
 Ev'n if thou'lt money on a fish bestow,  
 45 Lest for a mullet thou wilt then disburse,  
 when there is but a gadgon in thy purse.  
 For what end canst thou look for, when thy rears  
 Diminish, and thy gluttonie augments?  
 Thy fathers goods, thy own and others drown'd  
 In thy vast womb, which cattle holds and ground.  
 Such riotous gallants sell their rings at last,  
 50 Then must bare-finger'd (k) *Pollio* beg or fast.  
 Untimely funeralls gluttons cannot have,  
 Old age is more their terror than the grave.  
 These are their usuall steps, they've money lent  
 55 At Rome, and that their Creditors see spent,  
 Then something left, but what I do not know,  
 When th' Usurer, to whom great sums they owe,  
 Lookes pale upon't, their native soile they shun,  
 And to the Bath or Port of [r] *Ostium* run.  
 60 Nor more to leave the [m] *Forum* disapprove,  
 Then from the hot [n] *Subura* to remove,

Our con-  
 tion and  
 bilities to  
 be confide-  
 red in our  
 actions.

The misera-  
 ble end of  
 gluttony.

Or men  
 beg gard  
 and forced  
 to fly the r  
 Country.

And in the cold *E* (with *a*) moun to live.  
 Onely this galls, this grieves the fugitive,  
 To want for one year the *Circasian* Playes.  
 But not one guilty blush his face betrays,  
 Few with (con'd) *Modesty* have now to do,  
 Shee'l remove shortly from the City too.  
 Thou shalt make triall, (*q*) *Perseus*, this day,  
 If to these things, which I so fairly say,  
 In life and manners reall proof I give,  
 Or praise coarse food, and a close glutton live.  
 Or when I send my boy, that all may heare,  
 For *brown Leaver*, whisper *junks* in his care.  
 Since thou hast promised to come sup with me,  
 I'll be thy host (*q*) *Evander* thou shalt be  
*Hercules*, or *Aneas* who came in  
 Much later, yet to heaven as neare a kin.  
 And when these *Worthies* to the stars were sent,  
 The (*r*ist) by *fox*, the (*s*) last by *water* went.  
 Now heare your bill of fare, which never did  
 Adorne the *Shambles*; a fat little kid,  
 Th' softest of the flock, neare *Tyber* bred,  
 In a rich ground, but with the grasse ne're fed,  
 That never cropt the willows humble wood,  
 But more participates of *milk* then *blood*.  
 And mountain-*Sparagus*, which her distaffe laid  
 Aside, was gathered by the village-maid.  
 Great egges, took warm from their contorted hay,  
 Serv'd with the mothers which those egges did lay  
 Grapes long preserv'd, such as the vineyard beares;  
 (*u*) *Signine*, and (*x*) *Syrian*, that match *Pisim* Peares,

The triall  
 of a Glut-  
 ion

Juvenall's  
 supper.

Serv'd

*The eleventh Satyr of Juvenal.*

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Serv'd up, as they came o're, in baskets-full;

Apples, that tast like those we newly pull,

Not to be fear'd, th'ill humour being lost,

Autumnes crude juyce concocted by the frost.

Th'old Senate this poore supper would have thought

A wanton feast; his fallets (y) *curius* brought,

Which he himselfe in's little garden got,

And o're a small fire put them in the pot.

Now rogues, that dig in chaines, disdaine such meat,

Remembring how the Cookes fat paunches eat.

Broil'd rashers, that on wide gridirons lay,

Were then reserv'd for some great holy day.

They, on their kindreds birth-day, adding lard,

And what more flem the sacrifice had spar'd.

Some kinsman, whom *twice Consul* they had seene,

That had our *Generall* or *Dictator* beene,

Came to these dainties early; with his spade,

Which tam'd the mountaine, o're his shoulder layd;

Doubting the (x) *Fabii*, or sterne *Cato* saw,

By (a) *Scauri*, or *Fabricii*, kept in awe;

That rigid (b) *Censors* manners they did feare,

Who to his owne *Collegue* was so severe.

None made it then their serious care, to note

Where in the Sea Mother of Pearle did Honte,

That makes rich backs unto our *Treasury* beds

Nak'd their bed-fides were, with small brazen heads,

Wh'ch like a crowne d *Asies* head were made,

Wherewith the wanton Country children play'd.

The house and meat were then alike, all rude,

No *Roman* had Greeke arts with wonder view'd.

The great change of  
Dye from  
the old  
times.

How the old  
Roman  
nobles went  
a-Feasting

They feared  
the Cen-  
sors.

The house  
of *Fabricii*.

The Aun-  
cers were  
only gallant  
in their  
armes.

But when Townes, rich in Plunder, he did force,  
Hee broke great work-mens bowles, to trap his horse,  
And in his richest helmet onely put,  
Vnder a rock ingrav'd, the figure cut

Of that (c) wild beast, tam'd by the *Empires fate*,  
Suckt by those *twinnies*, the founders of our State.

And the (d) nak'd Gods bright spear & shield did show,  
On his arme hanging, to the dying toe.  
No men *then* shone in silver, but when arm'd.

And the course meates they fed upon, were warm'd  
In a poore *Thuscane* earthen pot; which thou  
Hadst thou a noble spleene, wouldst *envy now*.

Then in our temples deities *appear'd*,  
And in our streetes a voice, at midnight heard,  
Cry'd to the City from the Westerne shore,

Poverty  
pleasing to  
the Gods.

(e) *The Gaules come*, then our Gods the office bore  
Of their owne Prophets, thus they bid us looke  
Vnto our selves, and thus the care was tooke  
For us and Rome by *Jove*, out of his mould

Of stone, in those dayes not *propban'd* with Gold.  
Tables made here at home, those times beheld,  
Of our owne wood, for that same purpose fel'd,  
Old Walnut blowne down, when the wind lay East.

Now our rich gluttons value not a feast,  
The Turbut, and the wild Goat tast not well,  
The Vnguents and the Roses vilely smell,

The present  
Magnifi-  
cence of di-  
ning rooms.

Vnlesse the table their large plate stands on,  
Be Ivory, and that Ivory stand upon  
A tall wide gaping *Pied*, of those *new* made  
Which at (f) *Syene* are a shipboard lay'd,

Such as swift *Mooves*, or the tann'd *Indian* sends,

Or where the (g) *Nabathean* shade extends,

Th' *Arabian Elephant* is forc't to shed,

Now growne too great, too heavy for his head.

'Tis this creates that ravin in the guts,

'Tis thus the stomach in such choller puts.

For, a poore *silver foot* is such a thing,

As when a finger weares an *onion*.

Proud guests I therefore shun, that will compare

Mee to themselves, and scorne my meaner fare.

'Las I have not an ounce of *Ivory*, I,

No table-men of that stuffe, not a dye.

The very hafts of all my knives are bone,

Nor cutts nor eates my hennies worse; Looke for none

To carve, in whom the *Pergula* is ty'd,

As Doctor (b) *Tryphers* pupill, to confide.

That hath a *Hare* and *bore* of wood at home,

A fat-rumpt (i) *Pugarg*, and a sow's great womb,

Pheasants and *Turkies*, the *Getes* send to us,

And that huge red-wing'd (k) *Phenicopterus*.

And with his wooden mock-knife when he wounds

This sumptuous feast, the whole *Subura* sounds.

To carve a *Goat*, a *Capons* wing to cur,

My novice-boy to *schoole* was never put,

But alwayes rudely bred; his carving worke,

Was but to give his fellowes bits of porke.

*Plebeian* glasses, for small prices sold,

Brings my rude boy, whose clothes desie the cold.

On me no *Phrygian* youth, no *Lycian* waites,

Bought of the (k) *Mango* at excessive rates:

Frugality  
commen-  
de d.

A Meat-  
carving  
Schoole  
describ d.

How Juve-  
nal was at-  
tended as  
his Table.



All *Romans* ming, when any thing you would,  
Pray call, but call for't as a *Roman* should.

All goe alike, with short and upright haire,  
Onely this feast-day comb'd with greater care.

This a blunt Shepheard, that a Heardsmans sonne,  
Who longs to see, what late he hath not done,  
His Mother and her cottage; and would faine  
Meet his *old friends* the *Goates*, yet once againe,  
*My boy's well-fac't, well-manner'd, such as bee*  
*That weares the glowing purple, ought to her.*

No *Draucus*, whose haire is pull'd off with gummets,  
That when into the bath he trembling comes,  
With the distillatory covers o're,  
His fist-like dowcets, and huge wen before:  
Wine he shall bring thee, in those mountaines made,  
Vnder whose browes he hath so often plaid,  
The Country being one and the selfe-same,  
Both whence the *wine* and the *Cup-beaver* came.  
Perhaps thou dost expect that I should bring  
The *Spanish* Curtizans, to dance and sing,

The lascivious entertainment of the *Romans*.  
Their quivering thighes descending to the ground;  
For which they are with loude applauses crown'd.  
Men and their wives doe now such sights behold,  
As in their presence might not once be told.

Sharpe nettles to the rich, dull *Venus* spurres;  
But more the female sex this pleasure stirres,  
In them it operates more, and moves the teares,  
And growing water in their eyes and eares,  
A *poore house* is not taken with these toys,  
Their obscene songs, and (*m*) *Cassinetta's* noise.

Obscene  
song and  
actions at  
Feasts;



Ar which Ith' flows the naked floor would start,  
 To him leave bawdy songs, and all his Art  
 Whose slipping guests are ready still to fall,  
 He doth his Spartan marble so be spall,  
 For there with fortune we disperse. The Dice  
 Are sou'e i'th' poore, Adultery i'th' vice,  
 Let rich men do it, o, and one ege  
 They'r Free-maie's, gallants, and fine Gentlemen.  
 For this dayes feast, shall other game be sprung;  
 Great Homer with high sound, in No gill sung,  
 Shall both dispute the doubfull palme, (n) such verse  
 No matter with what sons the boyes rehearse,  
 But now out of thy breast all business turne,  
 Take thy sweet ease, this day all cares adjoin.  
 No mention what use-mony thou dost pay.  
 Suppose thy wife go forth by break of day,  
 And about midnight uses to return,  
 Let not thy bosome with close choller burn,  
 Though her moist filkes suspected wrinckles show,  
 Her haire be tow'd, her face and eares do glow.  
 Nor bring to my house what hath thee annoyd,  
 But what so'e're thy servants have destroyd,  
 Or lost, whatever vexes thee exclude  
 Especially thy friends ingratitude.  
 This while great Cybells towell is hung out,  
 And to her solemne Playes the town's devout,  
 Where that grand (p) horse stealer the Tribune sits,  
 As if he triumph'd; And if it befits  
 That vast, that too great people, I may say  
 The Circus comprehends all Rome to day.

How Iuvenall treats his learned Guests.

All cares to be set apart at friendly meetings

A shrewd gadder painted in her true colours.

No going to playes for old men after a feast.

Hark what a noise they make, it may be guest  
 By that loud shout the (b) *green-coats* have the best.  
 Were these sports silenc'd, you should see the town  
 As fatally astonish'd and cast down;  
 As when the (r) *Consul's Camp's* battle lost  
 Let youths go there, that will be at the cost  
 Of crying, and bold bets that must be laid,  
 And would sit nearest to the handiome'st maid.  
 But let us *Old men* with skins wrinkled, shun  
 The busy gown, and drink the springs warm sun,  
 To bath at (s) *ten*, thou *here* maist freely go.  
 Five dayes together thou couldst not do so.  
 For th' *easie* life would likewise tedious seem  
 'Tis the rare use gives pleasures their esteem.

Why youths  
 frequent  
 the stage.

# ANNOTATIONS UPON

## The eleventh Satyr of Juvenal,

(a) Ver. 1. *Atticus* ] a Nobleman that keeps his estate.

(b) Ver. 2. *Rutilus* ] a Gentleman by his profuse-  
ness reduced to beggary, and forc'd to serve as a Gladiator  
or Fencer.

(c) Ver. 4. *Apicius* ] It must needs be rare sport to see nee-  
dy Rascalls as curious in pleasing their palates, as the rich  
*Apicius* was, of whom *Sat. 4. verse 26.*

(d) Ver. 7. Forc'd to't ] as young *Proculus*, who was in-  
forced by *Caligula*, to fight as a Gladiator with a *Thracian*.  
And young *Domitius Glabrio*, forced by the necessity of the  
times to make himselfe a Sword-player in the presence of  
*Domitian Caesar*: But the condition of *Rutilus* was the same,  
with that of *Gracchus*, *Sat. 8.*

(e) Ver. 21. Images ] of Silver and Gold.

(f) v. 27. *Ventidius* ] a rich and noble Gentleman, descen-  
ded from the fortunate *Ventidius* mentioned, *Sat. 7. verl. 262.*

(g) Ver. 30. *Atlas* ] the Astrologer, sonne to *Fapetus*, who  
using to contemplate the Starres upon the highest Moun-  
taine of *Lybia*, the Mountain ever after bore his name, which  
occasioned the fable of his Metamorphosis, and supporting  
the *Axletree* of heaven upon his steepe and earthen shoulders,  
*Virgill lib. 4. Æn.*

*Oceani finem juxta, solemq; cadentem,  
Ultimus Æthiopum locus est, ubi celsifer Atlas,  
Axem humeris torquet, stellis fulgentibus aptum.*

(h) Ver. 37. *Thersites* ] the ugliest and basest of the *Grecians*,  
who could not for shame put in his claime to the armes  
of

of *Achilles*, when *Ulysses*, the wisest of his Nation, challenged them with so much *Modesty* and *Caution*. See *Ovid. Met. lib. 13.*

(i) Ver. 42. *Cicero*] the Poet bids an Orator consider his owne abilities, whether he be of the first-sie of Orators, a *Cicero*; or of the second, a *Curtius Montanus*, who had (saith *Tacitus*) a harsh kind of Rhetoricke, but it was proud and windy. Or of the third and last sort, a *Matro*, whose strongest perswasion lay in his *New Sedes*, Sat. 1. verse 38. which together with his other chargeable parts of ostentation, put him into the number of Bankrupts, Sat. 7. vers. 169.

(k) Ver. 21. *Pollio*] the voluptuary.

(l) Ver. 60. *Ostium*] now *Hofia*, a Towne neere *Baie*, or the *Bath*, seated upon the mouth of *Tiber*, where (as I have noted, Sat. 8. vers. 227.) the *Roman* Prodigalls used to live, especially when they grew low in purse, that in case they were followed by their Creditours, they might skip to Sea.

(m) Ver. 61. *Forum*] *Romanum*, the *Roman* Piazza, where (as I have formerly noted) they had their Exchange, Courts of Justice, Pulpits for Orations, *Saturnus* Temple, or the Chamber of *Rome*, &c.

(n) Ver. 62. *Suburra*] the most frequented street of *Rome*.

(o) Ver. 43. *Esquillian Mount*] which was cold indeed, for it almost sterved the Clients in the night, as you read Sat. 5. vers. 89. but that it did so, shewes what pleasure their great Patrons tooke to dwell in so free an ayre.

(p) Ver. 69. *Persicus*] the freind to whom *Juvenall* sent this Satyre, to invite him to supper, as I have already told you in my argument to it.

(q) Ver. 76. *Evander*] this relates to the eighth booke of *Virg. Aen.* where 'tis mentioned, that *Evander* entertained *Hercules*, and after lived to treat *Aeneas*, but very frugally both.

(r) Ver. 80. The first] *Hercules*, who being about to sacrifice for the taking of the City *Orcalia*, and of his faire prisoner *Iola*, he dispatched a Boy to his wife *Dejanira*, for his sacrificing Vestment, which she returned dipped in the blood of her servant the Centaure *Nessus*. Which *Nessus*, when hee found himselfe flaine, with the arrowes that *Hercules* had drawne recking out of the wounds of dying *Hydra*, left as

a legacie to *Deianira*, this advice, in case she ever came to the knowledge that *Hercules* loved another woman; As soon as he had put on the poysoned robe, he felt it worke, and impatient of the raging pain, made a pile in the mountain *Oeta*, and having set fire to it, leapt into the flame.

(s) Ver. 80. The last, ) *Aeneas*, who was supposed to be drowned.

(t) v. 83 *Tybur* ) a towne of the *Sabines*, 19 miles from *Rome* named from the founder *Tiburnus*.

(u) *Signine*] Peares that came from *Sygnia* a town of the *Latines*.

(x) v. 92 *Syrian*] *Pliny* and *Martiall* commend the taste of the *Syrian* Peare, but *Horace* is for the *Pisan* Peare.

(y) Ver. 98 *Corius*] I have noted the frugality and moderation of *Corius* Sat. 2. on the 4 verse.

(z) Ver. 111 *Fabii*] *Q. Fabius Maximus* and his sonne were both temperate men, and as far from the least excessse as *Cato* himself.

(a) Ver. 112 *Scauri*] *Marcus Scaurus* Prince of the Senate mentioned Sat. 2. Ver. 4.

(b) Ver. 113. *Censor*] The *Censor* he meanes, was one of the house of the *Fabricii*. who set a fine upon *P. Decius* his Colleague in the office because his table plate was more mai-  
sive then became the *Romane temperance*, as you see in the end of Sat. 9.

(c) Ver. 127. Wild beast] The *Wolf* that gave suck to *Romulus* and *Remus*, under the rock, at the foot of mount *Quirinus*.

(d) Ver. 129. Naked God] *Mars*, who first came naked to *Ilia*, to beget those royall twinnes that founded *Rome*, and after put on *armes* to maintain the *Empire* they had founded.

(e) Ver. 138 The *Gaules* come] these words were heard in the ayre by *M. Ceditius*, *Livy* lib. 5. *Marcellus* after he had freed the *Capitol*, and beate away the *Gaules*, out of fied *Rome*, in the same place where *Ceditius* heard the voice, caused a *Temple* to be built, dedicated to *Jupiter*, *Plut. vit. Marcelli*.

(f) Ver. 152 *Syene*,] An *Aethiopian* Island, neighbour to the Isle of *Elephantis*, so named from its numerous breed of *Elephants*.

(g) v. 154. *Nabathæa*] *Nabathæa* is a region of *Arabia*, bordering upon *Syria*.

(b) Ver.

(b) Ver. 168. *Trypher*] the master that taught to carve meat, having the *Perigula* of his *Academie* furnished with the *wooden figures* of all birds, beasts and fishes.

(i) Ver. 170. *Pugarg*] Because authours differ something strangely, for they agree not upon the species, some say, 'tis a kind of *wild-goat*, others an *Eagle*, I have thought good to put the epithet of *fat rump* before it, which expresses the authours meaning, and the sence of the word *Pugarg*.

(k) Ver. 172 *Phenicopterus*] an *African bird*, whose beake is said to be so long and crooked, that it cannot drink, unlesse the whole head be thrust under water.

(l) Ver. 182 *Mango*] He that sold slaves in the market & came provided of the finest boyes that *Phrygia*, or *Lycia* afforded, which it was then the *mode* to buy, what price soever they cost.

(m) (Ver. 212 *Castinetta's*) knackers, of the form of *Chesnuts* used to this day by the *Spaniards* in their dances.

(n) Ver. 223. Such verse] as *Homers* and *Virgils* which is so excellent, that let the boyes read it never so ignorantly, yet an *ill Tome* cannot spoile it.

(o) v. 237 *Cybell's towell*] The *Circensian* or *Megalesian Playes* were instituted in honour of *Cybell* the mother of the Gods, and as in our stage-playes we knew when the players acted by their flag, these were signified by a towell hung out, the occasion whereof was, that the people of *Rome* flocking to the Court gates one day when *Nero* dined late, he being informed that they waited with impatience, to know his pleasure about the *Circensian playes*, threw them out at the window, the towell he wiped his hands with, signifying he had dined, and would be there immediatly. After which time a towell was still *flaggeto* the *Circus*.

(p) v. 239 *Horse Stealer*] At the *Circensian Playes* the *Prætor* was still present in his Robes, whence it grew to be a proverb, to call it the *Megalesian Purple*. And this great Officer, making use both of his place and of his authority, would often presse for *publick uses* the best horses in the *Circus*, which occasioned this title given him by the *Satyrists*.

(q) v. 244. *Green cotes*] There were anciently 4 parties of *Gladiators* authorized to fight in the *Circus*, viz. the *blue*, the *white*, the *Crimson* and the *Green*, to which *Domitian* added the *gold-colour* and the *Purple*.

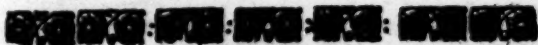
(r) Ver .

(r) Consulls] *Paulus Æmilius* and *Terentius Varro* overthrown by *Hanniball* at the dreadfull battell of *Canna*, where the Consull *Æmilius* slew himself, but his *Colleague Varro*, fled to *Rome*, where a triumph was decreed him, because he de-  
 (paired not of the *Common wealth*.

(s) v. 253. At Ten] It was the *Romane* custome to bath an houre before meat, now their usuall bathing time was at the 8 houre which is, *our 2* in the afternoon, but here the Poet invites his friend *Persicus*, to bathe at *their five*, which is at *our ten a clock*, so to eate at *eleven*, according to the present fashion of these parts of the world.



THE









## The twelfth Satyr of IUVENAL.

### The ARGUMENT.

*Those beasts which he did lately view,  
The Poet sacrifices now,  
For his Catullus; who is come,  
Escaping shipwreck, safely home.  
Nor does he this for hope of game,  
Like men that such Religion faine,  
For sordid avaritious ends.  
Which neither are, nor merit freinds.*

**M**ore then my birth day I (a) *(Corvinus)* prize A sacrifice  
This sweeter day, this day of sacrifice,  
Which green turf waits for, which to heaven  
To (b) *Juno* an Ewe-lamb, as white as snow. (I owe;  
5 The like to her, that brings into the field  
The (c) *Mauritanias Gorys* in her shield.  
But that kept for *Tarpeian Jove* takes scope,  
And brandishing his forehead, shakes his rope,

For

For 'tis a fierce *Calse*, ripe for the designe  
 Of th' Altar, Temple, and (d) besprinkling wine. 10  
 So great, that now to suck his damne hee scornes,  
 And vexes young Oakes with his budding hornes;  
 Had I a fortune like my love, a *bull*  
 Fatter then plump *Hispulla* I would pull.  
 Whose weight should sinke him; not bred hereabout, 15  
 But one, that when his blood did issue out,  
 Should the rich pastures of (e) *Clytumnus* show,  
 And some great (f) Prophets hand should give the blow.  
 For my *friend's* landing, from dispaire late rais'd,  
 Yet trembling, and ev'n at himselfe amaz'd 20  
 For horrors of the Sea, and lightning past,  
 When heaven thick darknesse in one cloud o're-cast,  
 And in an instant fire the saile-yards caught,  
 While each astonisht, himselfe stricken thought,  
 And no one could the fate of drowning feare, 25  
 That saw the shrowd's and sailles in flames appeare.  
 All things fall out in such a hideous forme,  
 When there arises a *Poetick storme*.  
 Another kind of misery behold,  
 Heare with new pittie, though the case be old, 30  
 And knowne to all that have in temples beene,  
 And there like fate in *vorive pictures* scene,  
 (g) *Ifs* you know feeds Painters, to expresse,  
 In tables, modell's of my friends distresse,  
 When halfe his ship tooke water, Larboard now, 35  
 The reeling tree, then starboard, fore't to bow,

The horror  
 of a storme  
 at Sea.

M

And

And wave on wave did of his skill defeat

The boar's Pilot, with his wind to treat

Catullus falls, and for his pattern takes

40 The Beaver, who himself an Eunuch makes,

And to redeem his life his stones bestowes,

So med'cinable he his dowcetts knowes.

Cast o're-board all that's mine, Catullus cries,

Willing his richest ware to sacrifice,

45 Purple for soft (b) Mæcenases to weare. /

Robes of those climes, that graffe so noble bear,

As dyes the fleece by nature, helpt by rare

And unknown fountaines, with the (i) Batick ayre.

To Neptune silver charg'd he gaue up,

50 Made by (k) Parthenius, and a goodly cup

That held five gallons, worthy to be brought

To thirsty (l) Pholus, (m) Fuscus his wives draught.

Besides his (n) baskets from the British Mart,

He drown'd a thousand bowles of Grecian art,

Such as that royall (o) Marchant tippled in,

55 Whose money did rich plated Olynth win.

Where's such another in the world, that dare

To save himself, thus cast away his ware ?

Some do not get a fortune for life's sake,

But blind, live that they may a fortune make.

60 Most of the goods are sunk, nor helps the losse,

They lastly are inforc't, all goes so crosse,

To hew the mast down, in their sad distresse,

This cure's apply'd, and the tall ship made lesse,

And Go now, and to the wind commit thy breath,

65 I rust planks, four fingers breadth remov'd from death.

The Beaver  
parts with  
his stones  
as one in  
a Tempest  
casting his  
goods o-  
verboard.

The seve-  
rall goods  
thrown in-  
to the Sea  
by the  
Merchant.

Descripti-  
on of a  
Calme.

The rare  
workman-  
shi of a  
Sea-Har-  
bour.

Or *seay'n*, in case it be the thickest pine,  
Yet with thy netted *Knap sack*, *Bisket*, *Wine*,  
And bursten-bellied *flag gons*, be so wise  
To carry *hatchets*, least a storme arise. 70  
But when the Sea was smooth, the heav'ns grown kind,  
My friend's fate conquering both the waves and wind,  
When the pleas'd (p) *Destinies* faire worke begun,  
And by their bounteous hands *white thred* is spun,  
The wind for these poore wretches blowing faire, 75  
And little stronger then a gentle ayre,  
With miserable shifts their course they sped,  
For *gownes* and *cloakes*, instead of sailes were spread,  
Onely the fore-spritt saile intire remain'd.  
The South wind layd, now *hope of life they gain'd* 80  
*With the suns presence*; Our white land-mark then,  
The (q) *Alban Mountain*, came within their ken,  
That seat which pleased the young *Jūla's* mind,  
*Laavinium* to his Steeple-mother assign'd,  
By th'ore-joy'd *Trojans*, from the *white sow* nam'd, 85  
That for her thirty ne're-seen paps was fam'd.  
At last they come within our *Sea inclos'd*,  
Our (r) *Tyrrbene Pharos*, a work so compos'd,  
That, *Italy* forsook; the forked key  
Runs to imbrace the middle of the Sea, 90  
Nature ne've made a port that equall is.  
The master steeres his broken bark through this,  
And brings her to an anchor, in the lee,  
Where (s) *Baian* lighters lye, from tempests free.  
Their voyage the (t) shav'd Saylor there relate,  
And with much pleasure of past dangers prate. 95

*The twelfth Satyr of Juvenal.*

227

S.

Go them boyes, (u) *speake* and *think* all good *successes*,  
With flowers the soft *harts*, and *grasse*-altars *dresse*.  
Cast bran upon your knives. Ile come anon,

The Ro-  
man Al-  
tar-dresse,

100 And these our *greater Ceremonies* done,

Wee'l home again, where *lesser wreathes* of *flowrs*  
Shall crown some *lesser images* of ours,

Of *fraile*, but *shining wax*; there I will turn

My (x) *Jove's* fierce *wrath* away, their *incense* burn

105 To my *paternal* *Lares*, and *flourish* there

As many *Coloures* as the *violets* wear.

All's neat and *fine*, *green boughes* our *gates* adorn,

And (y) *hallow'd* *Tapers* lighted with the *morn*.

Nor think *Corvinus*, this *zeale* counterfeited,

S.

80 110 *Catullus* for whose *safe return* I set

So many *altars* up, hath *three heires* male.

Who on a *friend* so *hopelesse*, would *intayle*

A *sick ben*? 'tis too *costly*, none I know

That on a *faiber* will a *quail* bestow.

115 All court the *Childlesse*, if they *Paccius* (z) find,

Childlesse  
persons  
courted.

85 Or rich (a) *Gallus* feaverishly inclin'd,

They post up *prayers*, and to the *Gods* vow *feasts*,

There are that promise (b) *beastombes* of *beasts*,

*Elephants*, that for *State* not *sale* we feed,

Elephants  
kept onely  
by the  
Caesars.

90 120 Not *Italy* but *Sun-burnt climates* breed

Those *Monsters*, kept in our *Rutilian* grove,

Or *Turnus* his *mead-royall*, (c) *Caesars* drove,

They scorn to be a *private-mans*, as they

That serv'd our *Generalls*, and did once obey

95 The *Tyrian Hannibal*, and *Epires* King.

Whose *ancestors* into the *field* did bring

Part

Part of his force, and met the *Romane* power,  
 Each bearing on his back a moving tower.  
 Could *Novius*, or *Hister Pacuvius*, buy  
 These *Ivory-Prodigies*, they should victims die.

The base  
 and impi-  
 ous flatter-  
 ry of those  
 that hope  
 for Lega-  
 cies.

*Gallia's Lares* and *Deity* to please,

Worthy this Goddesse, and such knaves as these.

Whereof the last nam'd, did the Law allow,

Would some of his great train of servants vow,

The goodliest bodies his command imployes,

Veile-ore the foreheads of young girles and boyes,

Or if he had a daughter of his own,

An (e) *Iphigenia* marriageable grown,

She should to th' Altar, though he hep'd to find

No Tragick slight, to change her for a hinde,

My *Roman* puts down the *Greek* plot, who dare

A thousand ships to a last will compare?

For if (f) Death's near-aym'd dart the sick-man misse,

Hee'l alter's *Will*, caught in a net with this,

This pretious merit, and sole heire create

*Pacuvius*, who, his rivals foil'd, takes state.

See how this Rascall growes a man of note,

By cutting of his *Iphigenia's* throat.

But should *Pacuvius* live to *Nestors* age,

Get more by craft, then *Nero* by his rage,

And pile his gold up, mountrain-height; he can

Nor love, nor be belov'd of any man.

# ANNOTATIONS

## VPON

### *The twelfth Satyr of Juvenal.*

(a) Verse 1. [*corvinus*] The Roman to whom this *Satyr* is directed, and to whom an account is given by *Juvenal* of his *unfeigned joy* and *religious thanksgiving*, for the safe arrivall of his almost ship-wrackt friend *Catullus*.

(b) Verse 4. To *Juno*] The Temple of *Jupiter*, *Juno*, and *Minerva* were in the *Capitol*, under one *seeing* cast into the figure of an *Eagle*, whole body covered *Jupiter's* temple, and his wings *Juno's* and *Minerva's*. To these, being the chiefe of the *selected Gods*, milk-white beasts were offered, Bulls to *Jupiter*, Cowes to *Juno* and *Minerva*. But *Juvenal*, not having a purse to reach so high, goes not to the *Capitol* to sacrifice, for his friends escape at Sea; but builds to these 3. *Tarpeian Deities* altars of living turf, and keeping him to their pure colour of white, offers to *Juno* an *Ewe-lambe*, the like to *Minerva*, and to *Jupiter* a *Calfe*, wishing it were a *Bull* as far as *Madam Hispulla*, that was in love with the *Tragedian Sat. 6* verse 79.

(c) Verse 6. The *Mauritanian Gorgon*] Neare the mountain *Atlas* in the *Confines* of *Mauritania* (as the fable runnes) *Minerva* slew the *Gorgon, Medusa*, whose head she ever after bore in her shield, at the sight whereof men were metamorphosed into stones: the morall is, *Minerva* or *Wisedome* makes men as constant and immoveable as *Rockes*.

(d) Verse 10. Besprinkling wine] As in colour, so likewise Juvenall imitates the greater sacrifices in sprinkling wine, which you may see *Dido* with her owne hand performe, when she offered, a *white Cow* to *Juno*. *Æneid*. lib. 4.

(e) Verse 17. [*litumnus*] The River that divides *Umbria* and *Thuscany*, along the banks whereof lye rich pastures, to which the water gives such vertue, as the Cattell therein have *white* Calves. Therefore the sacrifices for the Capitol were chosen there. *Plin*. lib. 2. *Proper*:

(f) Prophet] The ordinary Minister that struck down the sacrifice was called *papa*, but Juvenall at his *Thanksgiving*, would have had an Officer of the best quality; he would have hired a Prophet, if his fortunes had been as great, as his friendship to *Catullus*, the Merchant, for whose unexpected safety the Poet offers sacrifice.

(g) Verse 33. *Isis*] The Temple of *Isis* at *Rome*, notorious for *Atheisme*, being in contempt of the Deity, made a mart for lust, as you read Sat. 9. verse 26. was likewise as notorious for superstition, as you see by the pennance the Lady is willing to doe, if it be *white Fo's* pleasure, Sat. 6. verse 555. To which, in this place, the poet adds the danger at sea described in pictures, vowed, when there was no hope of safety, and performed so justly at their arrivall, that there was a company of Painters belonging to the Temple, and maintained by their superstition.

(h) Verse 45. *Mecanasses*] As Juvenall mentioned the supine *Mecanass* Sat. 1. verse 83, so here he forgets not the delicacie of his apparell.

(i) Verse 48. *Batick* ayre] In *Batick* Spain [now *Granada*] are pastures, whose ayre and water give a natural tincture to the fleece, dying it upon the sheeps back, of a colour betwixt black and red.

(k) Verse 50. *Parthenius*] A Master-graver.

(l) Verse 52. *Pholus*] A notable tipling *Centaure*, that when he entertained *Hercules*, brought out a concealed tunne of wine, which being sented by the rest of the *Centaures*, they attempted to storme the house, but it was manned by *Hercules*, who killed many, routed and chased the rest. *Diodorus* lib. 4.



(m) Verse 52. *Fuscus* his Wife] Pitty two houses should have beene troubled with this Couple, a drunken wife and a lazy husband, as you may read by his studying warre by the map. Sat. 4. verse 130.

(n) Verse 53. Baskets] *Baskauds* is the word in *Juvenal*. an *English* rarity, as you see by *Marial*

From *British* *ticks* the barbarous *Bascaud* came,  
But now *Rome* gladly would th'invention claime.

(o) Verse 55. *Royall Marchant*] *Philip* of *Macedon*, to whom for a summe of money, *Lasthenes* and *Eurycrates* delivered up *Olymh* a *Macedonian City*, but rich in *Grecian* plate.

(p) Verse 73. *Destinies*] That spin the thred of life, *Juvenal* calls them *Spinsters*. The *Dustaffe* bearer is *Clotho*, the *Spinster* *Lachesis*, and the finisher *Atropos*.

(q) Verse 82. *Alban Mountain*] Where a towne was built by *Ascanius*; Who 30. yeares after the decease of his Father *Aeneas*, possessed *Lavinium*, and finding it to be grown too populous, left it wholly to his Step-mother, and carrying forth a *Plantation* of men, as he marched along the Coast, found a *white Sow* with 30. Pigges sucking her (according as the *Oracle* foretold, lib. 3. *Æneid*.) from which faire prodigie he named the Mountain *Alba*, and there built a City of that name, where he kept his Court, and perhaps *Domitian* kept his there too, in *Imitation* of *Ascanius* *Julus*.

(r) Verse 88. *Tyrrbene Phares*] The port of *Hofia*, where *Tiber* disburdens it self into the *Tyrrbene Sea*, which on either hand, stretcheth *Stone-work* lik long *armes* into the Sea. This stupendious work was begun by *Augustus*, finished by *Claudius* (who for eleven years together kept 30000. men continually at work about it) and repaired by *Trajan*. *Sueton*. *Tranquillus*, *Pliny's Panegyrick*.

(s) Verse 94. *Baian*] *Baia* was a Sea-town of *campania*, famous for *Bather* naturally hot.

(t) Verse 95. *Shav'd*] It was the *Roman* custome, that when *slaves* were made free, they should shave their heads, and then put on a *bat*, and when any had escaped an imprisonment

peachment that concerned their lives, they shewed themselves to *Iupiter* with *shaven Crownes*; this may be the *Saylors* case after shipwrack.

(u) Verse 97. *Speak and think*] For of this consisted the *Good Omen*, the word being anciently the Abbreviation of *Osandmens tongue and heart*. *Varro*.

(x) Verse 104. *My Ioue*] His *domestick Ioue* moulded in wax like his *Lares* or *household Gods*.

(y) Verse 100. *Hallowed tapers*] In every publique and private thanksgiving, the doores of the *Sacrificers* house were crowned with *Tapers*, *bayes* and *flowers*.

(z) Verse 115. *Paccius*] A rich *childlesse man*, presented by all the *Legacie-mongers* of *Rome*. *Tacitus* hath his name up lib. 20. and *Martiall*.

(a) Verse 116. *Gallita*] *Cruspillina*, powerfull in *wealth* and *barrenesse*, which, in good and *evill Times*, are alike prevalent, *Tac. lib. 17*.

(b) Verse 118. *Promise Hecatombes*] Flattering knaves, that for the recovery of *sick men*, if they be *rich* and *childlesse*, vow to the *Gods* *hundreds* of *Elephants*, *beasts* of *hotter Climates*, not so much as fed in *Latium* or *Italy*, unless about *Lavinium* in the meadows which were wonne by *Æneas* from *Turnus* General of the *Ruilians*, and belonged to his Successours the *Cæsars*.

(c) Verse 122. *Cæsar's drove*] No private *Romans* kept any *Elephants*, they being only *Cæsars* cattell, and only fit for *Cæsars*, that is, the present *Emperours*; and ancient *Emperors* or *Generalls*, as *Pyrrhus* King of *Eptre*, that first brought them over to *Italy*. and *Hannibal* whom he calls the *Tyrian*, because *Dido*, the foundresse of their City, came from *Tyre*. vide *Sat. 10*. where he speaks of *Hannibals* picture taken sitting upon the back of an *Elephant*, verse 179.

(d) Verse 129. *Novius* and *Hister Pacuvius*] Court-Mountebanks, that visit the *sick Gallita* or *Paccius*, and ply them with *warme presents*.

(e) Verse 138. *Iphigenia*] The fable of *Iphigenia*, *Agamemnon's* onely Child, is sufficiently known; that when the *Greek fleet* of 1000. ships lay in *Aulis* wind-bound, the *Priests* told them they had offended *Diana*, who would not be pacified unless *Iphigenia* were sacrificed to her; *Agamemnon*,

*memnon*, perswaded by *Vlysses*, consented, and then *Diana* put a *hart* in her place and carried her away to be her Priestesses in *Taurica*, Vide Sat. 15. verse 130.

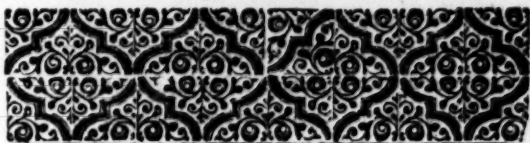
(f) Verse 143. Death ] *Libitina*. [ So *Juvenal* ] She was the funerall Goddesse, in whose Temple were sold all things belonging to burials.

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*The*

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*The thirteenth Satyr of JUVENAL.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*Old Calvin of a trust beguil'd,  
Is chid for vexing like a child.  
When by experience he hath known,  
How impious the base World is grown.  
And yet this comfort he receives,  
Though Law the false unpunisht leaves,  
Their Conscience will their torment prove,  
Nor can they scape the Judge above.*



*N* evill presidents the crime torments  
The author, 'Tis the first of punishments,  
That no offender can himselfe acquit,  
Though the brib'd (a) Prator's urne his doom  
remits.

The wick-  
ed con-  
demn  
them-  
selves.

- 5 What sense *Calvinus* thinks thou each man hath  
Of this great Crime 'gainst thee, this broken faith.  
Nor is thy stock so small, that such a losse  
Should sink thee, no extreame is in thy crosse.  
The cheat is common, daily brought about  
A Lot from Fortunes middle heape drawn out.

A little *We must not let our griefe be too profound,*  
 losse *should not: Mans pain should be no greater then his wound.*  
 should not: *cause much*  
 griefe.

Thou brook'st not a slight hurt, a scratch, a turne  
 Of Fortunes wheele, thy bowels rage and burn,  
 That a pretended friend is so unjust,  
 Not to restore to thee a sacred Trust;  
 Is this newes to one borne when (b) *Capito*  
 Was *Consul*, above threescore years ago?  
 'Gainst thou by long experience nothing then?

15

Philoso- *'Tis true, that Science makes the happy men*  
 phy the *That conquers Fortune with celestiall books.*  
 best cure *But yet, we stile him happy too, that brooks*  
 for the *Life's discommodities, and never shakes*  
 wounds of *The yoke, but life for his directresse takes.*  
 fortune.

20

Experi- *What day so holy, but some thief we find,*  
 ence of the *Perfideousnesse, deceit of every kind?*  
 worlds *Vice being grown a beneficiall trade,*  
 wicked- *By poyson and the sword, great fortunes made.*  
 nessel

25

For those, that we ingeniously may call  
*Good men, are rare, their number very small,*  
*'Tis world, so many scarce deserve that stile,*  
*As there be gates to (c) Thebes, or (d) mouthes to Nile.*

30

'Tis the ninth age, worse then the iron times,  
 Nature no mettall breeds to name our crimes,

Yet, o the faith of men and Gods, we cry.

35

And in our passionate clamors are more high,  
 Then theirs the (e) *Vocall Sportula* do raise,  
 When they *Fecfidius* in his pleading praise.

Tell me old man, that should'st (f) *Child's bubbles* weare.

Know'st not how many *Venuses* appear

40

In

# The thirteenth Satyr of Juvenal.

237

In others gold? Nor how they laugh at thee,  
That simply look'st no man should perjur'd be  
But to believe in Gods would'st him compell,  
That they in Temples and red Altars dwell.

Their simplicity that think all men honest.

15 Thus simply liv'd th'earth's Natives, e're his crown  
Old (g) Saturne flying for his life, laid down,  
And took his country-*Sit* be up, *Iuno* then  
A little girle, *Iove* hid in (h) *Ida's* den,  
No heavenly feasts above the clouds, no (i) boy  
20 To wait cup-bearer, was fetcht up from *Troy*.  
Nor wine faire (k) *Hebe* fil'd, but *Vulcan* powr'd  
*Nectar* himself, and his own fingers scour'd,  
Grim'd in his (l) *Liparene* work-houle; Then alone  
Din'd Gods, their crow'd was not so numerous grown.

The innocency of the golden Age.

25 The Stars had not took in so great a freight,  
But press'd poor (m) *Atlas* with a gentler waight.  
Th'infernall regions no one's (n) *Ios* had been,  
No grim-fac't *Dis* and his (o) *Sicilian* Queen.  
No wheele, stone, furies, no black vultur's pain,  
30 But Hell was free, and every Ghost did raign.  
*Fraud* rare, and capitall the crime was then,  
If youth's would not rise up to aged men.

The reverence given to aged persons former times.

A boy to any beard, although the lad  
More strawberries, more beaps of *Acrons* had.  
35 Four years precedence was so much esteem'd,  
Part of old age the chins first down then seem'd.  
Now if a man his friends (p) *Deposuitum*  
Deny not, but returns the bag and summe,  
With all the rust, the faith prodigious looks,

A Trust now kept is a Prodigy.

40 70 Worthy to be, in (q) *Tuscan* *Sooth-sayer's* Books.

Retor-

Recorded, ev'n the place where it was found  
Ought to be purg'd too, with a (r) Lamb that's crown'd;  
To me an *bonest man* more *monster* seems

A good  
man is  
growne a  
Wonder in  
nature.

Then nature shaks at, when a woman teems  
A Child with two heads; then Mules foaling found,  
Or wondrous fishes plow'd out of the ground.

75

It mazes me as much, as if a showre  
Of stones the clouds upon my head should pow'r,  
Or as a swarme of Bees, oth' temple top,  
Hung like a bunch of grapes, as if 'twould drop.

80

S.

Or as a river, with a violent stream,  
Flow'd headlong to the Sea, that ran pure cream,

Thou cry'st out, that of *ten Sestertia* hee  
By sacrilegious fraud hath cheated thee.

What if another hath *two hundred* lost

85

By such a trust; if it a third hath cost  
As many as a spacious chest could hold;

The per-  
fidiousness  
offriends.

*So easily men with the Gods make bold,*

*When they alone behold the sin we act,*

*No mortall being wisnesse to the fact.*

90

Mark in's deniall, how he doth advance

His voice, and holds his fained countenance.

The Oaths  
false men  
imprecate  
and swear  
by.

By the Sun's beams, *Joves* thunder, *Mars* his speare,

By the arrowes of *Apollo* he will sweare

By those bright Armes his sister doth possesse

95

The shafts and quiver o'th faire *Forrestresse*.

And by thy *Trident Neptune*, father to

(s) *Ægeus*; adding *Hercules* his bow,

*Minerva's* pike, and whatsoever hath been,

As weapons, laid up in *heavens* magazene

100

The



- A father cries, my sons head be my meat,  
 And that with *Pharian* vinegar let me eat.  
 Some hold all things by *accident* were made,  
 And that the world's by no *first mover* sway'd,  
 105 *Nature* returning us the day and year,  
 And so (t) touch any altars, voyd of fear.  
 To suffer for his crimes, another feares,  
 Thinks there are Gods, and yet himself forswears,  
 Forecasting thus, let (u) *Isis* punish mee,  
 110 Vpon my body, what she will, decree,  
 Beat with her timbrells my eyes out; so I,  
 Though blind, may keep the mony I deny.  
 What is the *Psifick*, or the rotten cough  
 Oth' Lungs, or halfe a thigh, to gold enough?  
 115 So that (x) *Archigenes* it might not bring,  
 And hearbs that in (y) *Anticyra* do spring,  
 Wherewith he layes the rage of a disease,  
 Poor nimble (z) *Ladas* the rich gout would please.  
 For what's the glory crowns a foot-mans browes,  
 120 Those hunger-starv'd (a) *Pisaan* olive boughes?  
 But say the wrath of heaven be great? 'tis slow,  
 And if the Gods destroy each guilty foe,  
 When will they come to me? Besides, I may,  
 As some do, get a pardon if I pray.  
 125 Men's fates are divers, though their crimes be one,  
 A crosse exalts that villain, this a Throne.  
 Thus their soules, trembling at foule sin, they cheare,  
 Then, if thou bid'st them at the altar sweare,  
 They run before thee, nay pull thee along,  
 130 And vex thy spirits with a rayling tongue.

The desperate per-  
 jur'd man.

Wealth  
 the cure of  
 all Plagues  
 and disca-  
 ses.

How the  
 wicked de-  
 ceive  
 themselves  
 with impi-  
 ous hopes.

The impu-  
 dence of  
 villany.

For

For, in all causes, th' impudent defence

Most men beleeve to be just confidence.

He, as 'twere in (b) *Catullus* his fine Play,

Acts in thy eare the mimick Run-away.

The passion  
of a  
wronged  
person.

Lowder then *Stentor* thou cry'st out, poor wretch, 135

As loud as (c) *Homers Mars* his voice could stretch,

Hear'st *Iove* ? nor speaks thou, now when words should

Whether thou art a *marble Iove*, or *brasse*. (passe,

Else why our papers open we so fast,

And on thy coales religious incense cast? 140

The liver of a calfe why do we cut,

And sheeps white caules upon thy altar put ?

For ought I see in statues, as divine

That of (d) *Bathyllus* is, as this of thine.

The easie  
remedy for  
passion.

'Gainst this disease, take what (e) he can prescribe 145

That ne're read *Cynicks*, nor the *stoick* tribe

Disfring from them but in a (f) cloake ; nor cares

How on poor roots pleas'd (g) *Epicurus* fares.

Great doctors must do desperate patients good,

But thee ev'n (h) *Philips* prentice may let blood. 150

If thou on earth no crime so foule can'st find,

I'm silent, beat thy breast if th'hast a mind,

Or with thy open palme afflict thy face ;

Thy (i) doors may well be shut, in such a case.

The losse  
of money  
causes true  
sorrow.

With much more tumult and a deeper groan, 155

Our moneyes then our funeralls we bemoane.

Here no man counterfeits, and is content.

His upper garment should in jeast be rent,

And his eyes troubled with an humour strain'd.

Lost money is bewail'd, with tears unfeign'd. 160

But

*The thirteenth Satyr of Juvenal.*

241

But if thou see'st each court of Justice, spread  
With such complaints ; if in Deeds, ten times read,  
The hand's forsworn, whose characters reveale

The breach  
Of Trust  
compar'd  
with *gras-*  
*ter et 17000.*  
Men for-  
swear their  
own hand-  
writing.

The writer, known by his (k) *Sardonix* seale

165 That stone, which for a paragon was set,  
And still lockt up in's Ivory cabinet :

None free  
from mis-  
fortune,

Do'st thou conceive thy selfe so fortune-free,  
That common accidents should passe by thee,  
As sonne to a (l) *white hen*, poor we the dregs

170 And baser chickens of unhappy egges ?

Thy little losse can move but little spleen,

If by thy eyes th'earth's *greater crimes* be seen.

Compare *bir'd* theifes ; fires treacherously rais'd

Theft.  
Firing  
houses.

By sulphur, which have at our *gates* first blaz'd ;

175 Compare those that from temples steale old bowles,  
Whose very rust strikes reverence in our soules.

Sacri-  
ledge.

Gifts, dedicated by some forraign State,

Barbing  
the Gods  
golden  
harnes.

Or crownes, our ancient Kings did consecrate.

Have you not these ? you have a lesser knave,

180 Who sacrilegiously the gold will shave

From *Hercules* his thigh, or *Neptun's* chin,

Or that thin plate which (m) *castor's* clothed in :

And that no scruple in his conscience felt,

When he the thunderer himself did melt.

185 Compare them that *buy* poysons, or *compound*,

Impossi-  
ners.

And them, that in the Sea are to be drown'd

Murde-  
rers of Pa-  
rents.

In an (n) *oxe-hide*, sow'd up with a poor ape,

Whole fortune is, though guiltlesse not to scape.

Yet these are *peccadilio's*, if confer'd

190 To those *enormous wickednesses* heard

R

By

The Pra-  
tor's Court  
where all  
these were  
cry'd,

By (o) *Gallicus*, the *Praetor* of the town,

From the Sun's rising to his going down.

If thou would'st know the nature of *Mankind*,

In that one house thou maist their manners find,

Spend there sometime, and, when thou home repair'st, 19

S.

Call thy selfe miserable if thou dar'st.

The vici-  
ous nature  
of man-  
kind illu-  
strated by  
Similie.

It's *Alpes*, who thinks swolne throats strange; or a Teate

In *Meroe*, then the sucking child more great?

Who wonders at the *Germans* watchet eyes,

And yellow locks that like rams horns do rise,

Which unguents makes not from the curle to fall?

The reason's plain, 'tis nature in them all.

When the shrill clouds of *Cranes* do give alarmes,

The valiant *Pigmy* stands unto his armes:

Straight, too weak for the *Thracian* bird, he's snapt,

And through the ayre in crooked tallons rapt.

Thoud'st die with laughing, should'st thou see this here,

But though such battels are fought daily there,

It is ridiculous in no ones eye,

Where the whole Regiment is but one-foot high.

S.

Perjury is  
it's own  
punish-  
ment.

But shall thy perjur'd Cheat unpunisht scape?

No sure, his soul's in chizines; we could not shape

A torment greater, what would fury more?

But still thou lovest, he will neere restore

The summe in's hands deposited by thee.

The desire  
of Re-  
venge.

O'twould be envi'd comfort, might'st thou see

Him dying for't, and dropping his last blood.

Revenge then life is selfe's a greater good.

Thus fooles at no cause, or at toyes, take fire;

The least occasion serves to blow up ire.

(p) Chry-

*The thirteenth Satyr of Juvenal.*

243

The Philosophers opinions for pardoning injuries.

(p) *Chrysippus* his opinion was not such,  
Mild natur'd (q) *Thales* would not say thus much ;  
The good old man, that did a neighbour live

225 To sweet *Hymettus*, would not, fetter'd, give  
Part of that hemlock in his cup infus'd,  
Even to the slave by whom he was accus'd.

(s) *Happy Philosophy ! that by degrees*  
*Kills vices first, then soules from error frees.*

230 I or, to rejoyce, when those we hate do smart,  
*Argues a feeble and a narrow heart,*  
Which instantly you may from hence collect,  
That women most of all revenge affect.

How base it is to re-joyce at the misfortune of an enemy.

But think'st thou, he escapes, whose conscience makes,  
235 Whips that, unbeard, his guilty Soule still shakes ?  
The Judge *Ceditius* cannot here invent,  
Nor *Rhadaman* in Hell, a punishment  
To equall his, that's day and night oppress,  
Bearing about his *Witness* in his breast.

The terrors of an ill conscience unavoidable.

(t) A *Spartan*, by the *Pythia*, answer'd was,  
240 That he should not, one day, unpunisht passe,  
Because to break a trust he did but doubt :  
And if his legall oath might bear him out,  
What the God thought on't, he inquiry made,  
245 And if *Apollo* would the fact perswade.

The fearful judgement shown upon a Heathen but intending to forswear himselfe.

250 Fear then, not conscience, made him render it.  
Yet all the prophesie did well besit  
The approachleffe oracle, he found it true,  
Extinguish'd with his issue, with the crew

255 Of his whole family, and numerous kin,

260 So was he plagu'd but for a *Will* to sin.

The intent of fraud is taken for the act,

245

What is it then if one commit the fact?

The horri-  
ble fright's  
of the wic-  
ked man.

Perpetuall anguish, at his meat no pause,

Which sticks, and swells betwixt his sickly jaws.

The wretch spits out the cordiall of the vine,

Dislikes the pretious age of *Alban* wine.

250

Bring better, in thick pleites his browes are shrunk,

280

As if ~~the~~ *Falerne* vinegar had drunk. *he* ✓

If night his cares with some short slumber ease,

And rest in's tumbled bed his body seize;

The temple, th'altar, injur'd God, (and what

255

His soule in's agony most trembles at)

285

He sees thy *sacred* shape, then man's more tall,

That frights his sleep, and makes him utter all.

This is the man that, when it lightens, quakes;

And when it thunders, heavens first murmur shakes

His soule out, not the winds not fortun's ire

260

Falls down, but angry and revenging fire.

That storme past, the next greater is believ'd,

As if he were, by the clear sky reprievd.

His despair  
upon his  
Death bed.

Then with a sheep-lesse feaver, if he get

265

A plurisie, he thinks the Gods have set

(By whom he cannot hope to be forgiv'n)

These plagues upon him, stones and darts of heaven,

To promise to his (*u*) *Lares* the bleating flock,

He dares not, nor the combe from off a Cock.

270

For, to sick guilty men, what hope survives?

No victim but is worthier then their lives.

The nature  
of vice:

Nature, in evill men, is wavering still

And timorous, only bold in doing ill.

When

*The thirteenth Satyr of Juvenal.*

245

- When once the crimes committed, to their sight*  
275 *Then come the lively formes of wrong and right.*  
*Yet to those crimes their consciences cashiere,*  
*Nature relapses, fix'd and constant there,*  
*Who bounds his vices? when did banisht grace*  
*Return, where it was wip'd out of the face?*  
280 *Who e're saw man contented to have done*  
*One villany? thy perjuri'd knave will run*  
*Upon this quest, till he at last be took,*  
*And sent to the black dungeon and the hook.*  
*Or to th'(x) ~~E~~gan rocks, that entertain*  
285 *Great Exiles; thou shalt glory in his pain,*  
*And odious name, and once with joy shal't find*  
*No God is deafe, nor like (y) Tereſias blind.*
- 

R 3

ANNO-

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# ANNOTATIONS

## V P O N

### *The thirteenth Satyr of Juvenal.*

(a) Verse 4. *Prator*] The *Pratours*, or Lord chief Justices, first ordained to be *Deputies* to the *Consuls*, when the *Warres* suffered them not to administer justice to the people, and therefore in the *first Creation* there was but one sworn *Prator*; afterward, *Cauies* multiplying, there was added the *Prator Peregrinus* or *Country-Prator*, and lastly the number encreased to 18. but the two first *Prators* were they that ought to have done justice to *Calvinus*, for to their *jurisdiction* principally belonged, the judgements of the *Equity* of any cause, with the *Restitution* of money or goods unlawfully detained. *Rosinus* Ant. Rom. lib. 7. Cap. 11.

(b) Verse 17. *Capito*] *Colleague* in the *Consulship* to *Gaius Vispanius*, see the life of *Juvenal*, where it appears demonstratively (as he affirms here) that *Juvenal* writing this Satyr 60. years after the *Consulship* of *Capito*, lived and writ Anno 21. of *Trajan*.

(c) Verse 32. *Thebes*] How many gates *Thebes* had, vid. *Sis.* Sat 15. verse 6.

(d) Verse 32. *Mouths to Nile*] The mouths by which the River *Nile* disburthens it self into the Sea are 7. viz. the *Pelusiack*, the *Canopiack*, the *Bolbitick*, *Sebenerick*, *Phaunitick*, *Medefian*, and *Tanitick* *Strabo.* 1 *liny*.

(e) Verse 37. *Vocall Sportula*] *Men*, (or rather *voices*) which are fed by the *sportula* or *Almes basquet* of *Fesidius* the Lawyer, to no other end, but that, when he is pleading, they may cry him up.

(f) Verse 39. *Childs bubbles*] He means those golden bubbles brought out of *Hesvuria* by *Tullus Hostilius*, and ever after worn by the Children of *Noblemen*, and gentlemen of

Rome, as I have formerly noted in the 5. Satyr.

(g) Verse 46. Old *saturn*] *saturnus* *zeovos*, or *Time* pictured with a Syth in his hand, Father to *Jupiter*, but such a Father as eats his own children, what marvaile therefore the Author adds, that *Jupiter* was *bid* when his father raigned, but why the Poets saie *Time* to be Father of the Gods I confesse is a morall I understand not, though they would seeme to salve it by making his sonne *Iupiter* banish him heaven, in which his flight, it appears by the story, that he was a while in *Latium*; which took the name from his *Latitas*, and in his raigne, that is the beginning of time, was the golden Age, so stiled, from its purity, men being then ignorant of vices, which (as *Iustin*. saith of the *Thracians*) brought the barbarous to more perfection, then the knowledge of vertue did the philosophers.

(h) Verse 48. *Ida*] A Hill near *Troy*, where *Jupiter* was concealed by his mother *Rhea*, from his devouring father *saturn*, famous likewise for breeding *Paris* among the shepheards.

(i) Verse 49. Boy] *Ganymede* the lovely brother to *Assaracus* and son of *Tros* King of the lesser *Asia*.

(k) Verse 51. Faire *Hebe*] Goddesse of youth, daughter to *Juno*, whose remove from her Cupbearers place, to make way for *Ganymede*, did almost as much incense *Juno* against the *Trojans*, as the judgement pronounced against her owne beauty by *Paris* in the above named mountain of *Ida*, *tante animis celestibus ira?* *Virg.*

(l) Verse 58. *Liparene* Workhouse] The *Liparene* Islands were *Vulcans* Forge for Thunderbolts, as you may read Sat. 1. at the beginning, no marvaile therefore, if he returned from thence, with hands that needed washing.

(m) Verse 56. *Atlas*] The highest Mountain of *Mauritania*, on whose Top their King *Atlas*, the great Astronomer, used to contemplate the Starres (as I have formerly noted) after whose death the Mountain still bore his name, which occasioned that fable of the *Metamorphosis* of the King into that Mountain, where he is said to support heaven, the Satyrist therefore conceives it reasonable the Gods should either allow him *Hercules* again, some time to ease him, or else precisely keep to the old number of deities when *Atlas* undertook to prop up the firmament.

(n) Verse 57. *Lot*] The 3. sons of *Saturn*, *Jupiter*, *Neptune*

*taurus*, and *Pluto*, casting lots for the Empire of the universe. Heaven fell to *Jupiter*, the Sea to *Neptune*, to *Pluto* Hell, or the Infernall Regions.

(o) Verse 58. *Sicilian*] *Proserpine*, daughter to *Ceres*, whom *Dis* or *Pluto* stole away as she was gathering flowers upon the Mountain *Ætna* in *Sicily*.

(p) Verse 67. *Depositum*] Any thing that is entrusted to anothers faith.

(q) Verse 70. *Thuscan Sooth-sayers*] The *Romans* had the art of divination from the *Thuscans*, whence he calls them *Thuscan Sooth-sayers*, part of whose office was to presage of events by *Prodigies*, which *Prodigies* they still left recorded in their Registers.

(r) Verse 72. *Lambe*] All sacrifices were crown'd with flowers.

(s) Verse 98. *Ægeus*] Father to *Theseus*.

(t) Verse 106. *Touch*] It was the custome when any person trusting would put his trustee to his oath, to bring him into the temple, and to make him sweare, laying his hand upon the Altar.

(u) Verse 109. *Isis*] *Isis* and *Harpocrates* were the deities to which were ascribed the diseases inflicted upon men.

(x) Verse 115. *Archigenes*] The greatest Physitian of *Rome*, the *Roman Maybern*.

(y) Verse 116. *Antycira*] An Island in *Phocis* lying right against the *Thracian* mountain *Oeta*, in which Isle growes the black *Hekebore* that (as *Pliny* sayes) cures the gout, and melancholy. Whence comes the Proverb, that bids a man oppress with melancholy *Naviga ad Anticyras*: saile to *Anticyra*.

(z) Verse 118. *Nimble Ladas*] A man famous for the foot-Races, he had won in the *Olympian Games*; whence the *Greek* had their *Æra* or Account of years, beginning with the first *Olympiad* in the year of the world, 3174.

(a) Verse 120. *Pisaan*] *Pisa* was a City in *Elis*, within the territories whereof stood the temple of *Jupiter Olympicus*, and near unto it a grove of Olives, whence they made Olive wreathes for those that were victors in those games, which was all they got by their victories.

(b) Verse 123. *Calullus*] A Stage-Poet, who writ a Comedy call'd *Phasma* or the *Phantasmie*, wherein, (it seemes) there was a spirit that answered and mockt some poore man, till it made him stretch his voice, as low'd as *Calvin* cryes out upon

upon his perjured friend, that is, as loud as *Homers Stemor*, who was able to drown the cries of fifty shouting together at one time. *Homer Iliad*.

(c) Verse 136. *Homers Mars*] Who in th<sup>a</sup>forecited book of *Homer*, cryed out as loud as an army of ten thousand when they joyn Battaile.

(d) Verse 144. *Bathyllus*] A Fidler, whose statues *poli-crates* set up in *Juno*s Temple at *samos*.

(e) Verse 145. He] That is, *Juvenal*.

(f) Verse 147. A Cloak] The *Cynicks* wore two upper garments. The *Stoicks* only one thin cloak, this was all the difference betwixt them, for their doctrine was the same, that is, the contempt of Riches. Their *Posi*tion being, that virtue stood in need of no addition, but was of it self sufficient to make life happy.

(g) Verse 148. *Epicurus*] Who was (saith *Seneca*) a most temperate man, contenting himself with a little Garden and feeding upon Herbs.

(h) Verse 150. *Philip*] A Country Surgeon, whose prentice had skill enough to open the vein that would cure *Calvin*, no marvail therefore if *Juvenal* undertook him.

(i) Verse 154. Thy doores] It was the Roman custome, when they mourned at the Funerals of a person of neer relation, to shut up their doores and windowes, which the satyrist saies, they that lose their money may better do, because theirs is more reall sorrow.

(k) Verse 164. *Sardonix* Seale] A coate of Armes cut in, a pretious *Sardonix*-stone, and pretiously kept, never being out of the Lords Cabinet. and therefore the Impression not probable to be counterfeited.

(l) Verse 169. A white hen] *Alba Gallina filius*, sonne of a white hen, was a Roman proverb, amounting to as much, as ours of, wrapt in's mothers smock.

(m) Verse 182. *Castor*] Brother to *Pollux*, two twins *Jupiter* had by *Leda*, they were after their deaths made *Starres* by their father, and were adored as Gods of the Sea, but though the gold was layd upon their statues farre thinner then upon their Uncle *Neptune's*, yet it escaped not the Church-robbers knife: that shaved it clear away.

(n) Verse 187. An ox-hide] It was a punishment inflicted upon Children that killed their parents, as you may read when he speaks of *Nero* murdering of his mother. *Sar.* 8. verse 282.

(o) *Gal-*

(s) Verse 19. *Gallicus*] The City-praetor, what his office was, you see at the beginning of this Satyr.

(p) Verse 221. *Chrysippus*] The gentle nature of all the Stoicks utterly disallowing all kind of passion, as not befitting rationally men. This is the excellent Logician, whose statue the meer statues of Schollership strove to have in their studies, though not a dram of his brain in their head. Sat. 2. vers. 5.

(q) Verse 222. *Thales*] One of the sages, whose opinion it was, that an injury ought to be contemned.

(r) Verse 223. The good old man] *Socrates of Athens*. (neer to which City stands the mountain of *Himettus*, famous for excellent honey and marble.) He at 49 years old (so *Cicero* in *Cato major*) being falsly condemned for blasphemy, was so farre from seeking to be revenged of his Accusers or Judges, that he would not suffer *Lisias* the Orator to plead in his defence.

(s) Verse 227. Happy Philosophy] Which hath taught all these now-cited schollars this Maxim, 'tis the doer, not the sufferer of an injury that is miserable, and that it is impossible any man should be hurt but by himself.

(t) 223. A Spartan] *Glaucus* the son of *Epicidides*, *Herodotus* lib. 7. relates the story thus, that a *Milesian* told *Glaucus* he had heard of his justice, and desired to participate of it, therefore he was come to deposit in his hands hialfe his estate. A long time after (the *Milesian* being dead) his sons came to *Sparta* and demanded the money; *Glaucus* denied it, and turned them out of town, so they went home, and he to *Delphos*, who putting the Case to the Oracle; what if a man forswear himself? the *Pythia* (or prophetick Priestesse of *Apollo*) answered he that swore a falshood might gain by it, but should dye in the end, and so should he that swore truth, but the perjur'd should not have any heyre male, for his Perjury by degrees would eat out his own house & his whole race or Family, but it should be better with the posterity of one that swore the truth. *Glaucus* at this answer, ask't pardon of the God, but the *Pythia* told him, it was all one, to tempt the God and to commit the fact. Then *Glaucus* sending back for the *Milesians*, restored the deposited moneyes, and a while after, he and his Family were extirpated root and branch.

(u) Verse 269. *Lares*] Household-Gods, sacrificed unto for the Recovery of sick per sons, their *Victimes* being sheep  
or

or *Lambes*, but *Æsculapins* had a *Cocke* offer'd to his *Dei-  
tic*.

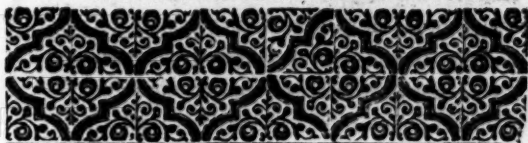
(x) Verse 285. *Ægain rocks*] This agrees with that place in *Pliny's Panegyrick* (as I have noted) pag. 22. his words are thele: How much diversity of times could do, is now specially known, when to the *same rocks* where formerly every *Innocent person*, now only the *guilty* are *confined*, and all those *desart Islands* which late were filled with *Senators*, are now planted with *Informers*.

(y) Verse 288. *Terebias*] Whom *Juno* struck *blind*, because he determined the Controversie about *Venerall* pleasure for her sex, having himself tried both.

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The

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*The fourteenth Satyr of JUVENAL.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*Examples by ill Parents set,  
Vndoe the Children they beget.  
Teach them Dice, Gluttony, Rage, Lust,  
To gather wealth by waies unjust.  
Whil'st Creatures Animate, their seed  
To generositie do breed.  
And man should onlie shew to his,  
What nature and right Reason is.*

**H**ere are, (a) *Fuscinus*, spots and flawes that  
spoile  
A handsome breeding, and fame's beauty  
soile

In many things which in a blood do run,  
Deriv'd from the lew'd father to the sonne.

- 5 If th'old man dice, th'heire in long coats will doe  
The like, and casts out of *small boxes* too.  
Nor better hope can any kinsman have  
Of Boyes, that *Mushromes* for the *Olio* shave,

And

The errors  
Parents  
commit in  
breeding  
their chil-  
dren.

Dicing  
comes ex  
traduce.

Epicures  
born.

And drown the (b) *borescio's* swimming in't :  
 Taught by the knave their father ; taking hint  
 From gray-hair'd gluttony. In their seventh year,  
 Ere all their white teeth cast, do re-appear:  
 A thousand tutors with grave beards provide

His

On this, as many on the other side,  
 Yet they from a great Kitchen never will  
 Degenerate, but love costly suppers still,

Cruelty  
 taught  
 Children  
 by their  
 fathers ex-  
 ample.

That to no cruell passion justice yeilds.  
 That servants soules, and ours one matter builds,  
 Like Elements our bodies ; is this taught,  
 Or Cruelty by (c) *Rutilus* ? that's caught  
 With a delight to heare whips crack their strings,  
 And thinks no *syren* halfe so sweetly sings.

Th' *Antiphaes* and *Polipheme* to fright  
 His house ; pleas'd when's Tormentor in his sight  
 Into's slaves forehead a hot Iron runs,  
 For two course napkins lost ; what learn his sons  
 Of him, that loves chains clinking, and to stand  
 Spelling the (d) letters country hang-men brand ?

S.  
 A daugh-  
 ter learns  
 the Trade  
 of her mo-  
 ther.

Could you think (e) *Larga's* daughter would not prove  
 A Wench ? whose lips so fast can never move  
 Reckoning the partners in her mother's crimes,  
 But that she must at least breath thirty times.

She, a young child, knew when th' adulterer  
 Came to her mother, who's now baw'd to her,  
 By th' old-one are her little letters pen'd,

The dan-  
 ger of li-  
 ving with  
 the viti-  
 ous.

And she has the same Messenger to send.  
 Thus nature works us, swiftly, in a trice  
 We are corrupted with domestick vice.

When



When presidents of sin great authors give ;

- 40 Perhaps one youth, or two, untainted live,  
Born to despise them, whose hearts *Tytan* may  
Have fram'd with more art, and of better clay.  
But others in their Parents foot-steps run,  
And track that beaten path they ought to shun.

- 45 Let us abstain from any thing amiss.  
For which, one reason and a main one is,  
Least in our children follow, for to fall  
Into foule vices we are docill all.

- There is a (f) *Catiline* on every ground,  
A (g) *Brutus* or a *Cato* no where found.  
50 Every uncivill word, or action, barre  
From houles where there's children, farre, & farre  
From thence be wenchcs, and that bandy song  
The *Parasite* will sing you all night long.

- Ther's due unto a Child, a great respect,  
55 If thou do'st any wickednesse affect,  
Slight nor thy tender infant coming in,  
But let him stand betwixt thee and thy sin.  
For should thy child do any thing that moves  
The (h) *Censors* wrath, since he not onely proves

- 60 In face and body like thee, but the sonne  
Ev'n of thy manners, since all he hath done  
Is walking in thy steps, can't thou chastice  
And persecute him for it with thy cries,  
Then disinherit him ? what can thee give  
65 A fathers forehead, or Prerogative ?  
That old, art worfe, thy giddy head design'd  
For (i) cupping glasses, to let out the wind.

A Caveat  
for Pa-  
rents.

An ill fa-  
ther looses  
his Prero-  
gative.

When

The care-  
full trim-  
ming  
a house for  
entertain-  
ment of  
strangers.

Childrens  
good to be  
respected  
before  
strangers  
delight.

The inter-  
est of the  
Common  
wealth in  
our Chil-  
dren,

The ill  
breeding  
of young  
Storkes &  
Vultures.

The gene-  
rosity of  
Eagles  
and young  
Hawkes.

When there's a guest to come within thy doores;  
Thy men are set to work, rub thou the floores,  
Clean thou those specks the pillars beauty drown,  
Dry Spiders with their Cobwebs sweep thou down:  
This scowres the silver, that harsh iron dries,  
And all with's rod the threatening Master plyes.  
Wretch, do'st thou fear soule gall'ries should offend,  
Or roomes, that dogs have spoyl'd, distast thy freind?  
Though e're he come, thou might'st help every room  
With pin-dust half a bushell, and one groom.

And would'st thou not thy child thy house should see  
Holy and spotlesse, from all vices free?

'Tis by thy friends and country kindly took  
That thou hast got a Romane, if thou'st look,

That he be fit for's country, for th' encrease  
Of the Republick both in warre and peace.

The Common wealth minds to what arts he's brought  
By thy instruction, and what manners taught.

The Storke with desert snakes and lizards breeds  
Her young one, fledg'd, it on like poison feeds.  
From horse-flesh, dogs, and gibbets, Vultures spring  
And to their young a peece of carrion bring.

Which is their food, when they great Vultures grown,  
Chuse preyes and trees to build in of their own.

But th'Eagle, and the Hawke of nobler name,

Flyes in the open champain for his game:

The hare or Goate he in his Aëry layes,

Thence, when his progeny strong feathers raise,

They hast to tire, when hunger doth provoke,

On what they fed, when first the shell was broke.

Centonius

# The fourteenth Satyr of Juvenal.

257

*Cenronius* was a builder, now upon

(k) *Cajeta's* winding shore, on Rocks, anon,

At (l) *Tybur*, In (m) *Præneste's* Mountaine now,

A profuse  
builder  
imitated by  
his Son.

100 He *Greek* and far-fetcht marble did allow.

His *Villa's* lofty Battlements to crowne;

Which *Hercules* his *Temple* did put down,

And *fortun's* (as (n) *Pofides Spado* late

Put down the *Capitol*) while in this state

105 *Cenronius* dwelt, he did his fortunes straine,

And broke; yet did a faire estate remaine,

All which his mad son spent, while he essayes

New *Villa's* of far richer stone to raise.

Some one, whose father kept the *Sabbath*, giv'n

Descrip-  
tion of the  
Jewes.

110 To worship nothing but one power of Heaven:

Who thinks that *mans flesh* differs not a jot

From *dogs flesh*, which his *Father* tasted not.

Then cuts his prepuce, scornes the *Roman Law*,

And learns the *Jewish*, therewith kept in awe,

115 And with precisest care observing it,

By *Moses* in's mysterious volume writ.

That will not, ev'n the way that he should go,

Unlesse to one of his Religion, shiow;

And of the thirsty travelers, will bring

120 Only the *circumcised* to the spring.

His *Father* causd all this, whose seav'nth day still

Was vacant, nor did his life's number fill.

Yet *willingly* youths follow other ills,

To *avarice* injoynd against their wills.

Avarice  
injoynd  
to chil-  
dren.

125 For under *virtues* shaddow and pretext,

This *vice* deceives, a habit much perplext,

S

Sad

Sad lookes, sad clothes it hath; and then, who can

But thinke the *coverous* a *frugall* man?

Praise him as *sparing*? of his wealth as *sure*,

As if th'(e) *Hesperian Dragon* did secure

His golden fruite; adde to's description this,

130

Avarice  
counted  
Reputati-  
on.

That he a man of *Reputation* is,

For so the *peopl*: terme him, minds his trade,

*By carefull workemen are great fortunes made.*

*Although, indeed, great fortunes, by base wayes,*

*The constant anwill and hot fornice raise.*

135

Fathers  
love their  
covetuous  
children  
best.

The fathers then, esteem those children best,

Adore wealth, nor think poor man e're was blest.

And do exhort their issue, to affect

The way they go, and cleave unto their sect

Some *Elements* of *vice* they teach them, first

140

The sever-  
all de-  
grees of  
*Spwing*.

The exact  
description  
of a *Miser*.

Poore little *sparings*, then th' *insatiate thirst*

*Of Getting*; with false measure too, he cheats

His servants bellies, and his own defeats.

Nor ever will permit them to be fed

With *all* the mouldy crusts of his *blew* bread,

145

Keeps pudding, whereon he th' *spring* did sup,

To th' middle of *September*, and layes up

Parcht Beanes for the next meale, *seald* in a dish

Wherein are peices of stale summer-fish,

And counted blades of Leekes, to which feast some

150

Invited from the *p*: *Bridge*: would scorne to come.

But with these torments why do't it goe about

Avaricious  
madnesse.

To scrape up wealth? 'tis *madnesse* without doubt,

*Plaine Phrensy* does th' senselesse soule bewitch,

To live poore, only hoping to die rich.

Meane 155

*The fourteenth Satyr of Juvenal.*

259

Meane time, down full mouth'd bagges while money

Like money's *(else the love of money grows;* (flowes,

Nay he lesse covers it that hath it not;

So that another Lordship must be got,

A Purchaser.

160 When thou art straitned in one County's grounds

And 'tis thy pleasure to enlarge thy bounds.

Thy Neighbours harvest thou dost more esteem,

For that doe's greater, yea and better seem;

That must be purchas'd first, and by degrees

165 These woods, those mountraines, hoare with Olive-Trees.

If th'owner loth to sell, thy patience vex.

Ith' night, leane Oxen, with their wearied necks

And thy *stev'd* droves, thou sendst into his Corne :

By what plots men are inform'd to sell their Land,

Nor come they home, till his *first crop* be shorned,

170 And all his harvest in their bellies heapt,

That one would think it were with sickles reapt.

What numbers suffer thus? tis not to tell,

How many such wrongs force their land to sell.

*But what is said? what trumpets sounds soule faine,*

The covetous regards not ill reports.

175 What burst, *sayer he,* is in an evill name?

Give me a beane-hull, ere the praise of all

The neighb'ring Village and my harvest small.

As if thou shouldst want sicknesse, greif and strife,

And better fates would lengthen out thy life,

180 Were as much land to thee, *alone*, allow'd,

As under (q) Tatus all Romes people *plow'd*.

In old times when a souldier, broke with age,

Had stood the Carthaginian War, the rage

Of firy (r) Pyrrhus and Molossian fwords.

The frugal rewards: if you be old come to soul si-ers.

185 At length the State, with much ado, affords

For many wounds two acres, pay for blood,

And sweate, no man upon his merit stood

As greater, or his Country's faith accus'd,

As if he had ingratfully bin us'd.

This glebe, the good man, the good wife, that lies 196

In child-bed, all the *cottage* did suffice.

Four infants, one slave, and yong masters three,

The ablest of which brothers us'd to be

Most feasted, pulse was for their supper got,

Which on the fire smoak't in the *greatest* Pot, 195

When they came home from *digging*, or the *plow*.

So much land scarce serves for a *garden* now.

The origi- Hence almost spring all evils; *no one* sin,

nall of

vices. *That to the mind of mankinde enters in,*

*Paysons or kills more then wealth's cruell thirst.* 200

*For, all men would be rich, and rich at first.*

But what regard of *Law*, what feare, what shame

In covetous rich men, flying to their ayme?

The Pre- Live pleas'd that you these sheds, those hillocks have,

cepts of the The (s) *Marsian*, *Hernick*, *Vesline* old men gave 205

Ancients

to children *This counsell to their youth, to serve your board,*

The follow'd Plough will bread enough afford;

This pleases best the (s) *Country-gods*, that found,

And taught us th'art of tilling of the ground;

The sweetes whereof when once we understood, 210

We scorn'd the *Oake* that bore our *ancient* food.

The vir- They are not given to any kind of vice,

tuous con- That shame not to wade through the broken Ice,

tented

with a lit- In Fishermens great bootes: and wear coats lin'd

tle.

With our *own* furies, to keep away the wind,

All th' evill, all the wick-dnesse we do,

The forraigne unknown purple brings us to

These precepts th' Ancients gave. Now, Autumne past,

The balling Father to's sonne snoring fast

New Prin-  
ciples for  
children  
to study.

220 At midnight, cryes, wake boy, take paper, draw,

(And look you sleep not ore't) a case in Law,

Read th' old law (u) Rubric's. keep the (x) Vine in chafe,

Petitioning for a Centurion's place,

Wrang-  
ling at  
law.  
Suing for  
command  
th' army.

Broad shoulders, hayry nostrills, uncomb'd haire,

225 In Lelius, the generall's Eye, show faire,

The Moorish huts, or British Towers destroy,

At three score a rich (y) Eagle to enjoy.

If the long labour of the campe displease,

If Fifes and Cornets bring the loose Disease,

230 Buy what for as much more will sell againe,

Nor do thou any Merchandize disdain;

Merchan-  
dizing.

Though not 'o this side (z) Tibur to be brought,

Withour distinction let all ware be bought,

Whether perfumes or bides thy chapmen sell;

235 From whence soere it rises, gaine (a) smells well

Repeate this sentence, by the Poet writ,

Worthy the straine of a celestiall wit,

Which Jove himselfe might utter, tis so just

No (b) matter whence it comes, but come it must.

A wicked  
maxime  
proposed.

240 When boyes beg pence, old Wives this lesson set,

Girls learn it ere they learn their Alphabet.

To any, who shall thus his children schoole;

I thus reply. Tell me, thou vainest fogle,

The an-  
swer.

Why spurr'st it thou him; go, make a sure account;

245 Thy boy his tatour shall as far (c) furmount,

As

262 *The fourteenth Satyr of Juvenal.*

As *Telamon* by *Ajax* his brave sonne,  
Or *Peleus* by *Achilles* was out-done.

Covetous children prove impious men. Spare thy child, native evil hath not fear'd  
His conscience yet, but when he combs his beard,  
And shaves, he then will a false witness come, 250

Perjur'd. Sell perjury for any little sum,  
(d) Touch *Ceres* Altar, may her foot; for dead  
Give thy poor Daughter in Law, ev'n when shees led,  
Into thy fatall house, a wealthy Bride,  
Death in her sleep by thy sons Touch apply'd. 255

Murder-ers of their Wives. Thou badst him gather wealth, by land and seas,  
He finds short ways. Great crimes are done with ease.  
But thou wilt say, when 'tis too late, I layd

Fathers repeat too late. No such commands, did no such thing persuade,  
Yet of his wicked minde art thou the cause, 260

From thee his damned principles he drawes,  
For, they who getting of great sums enjoyne,  
And make their ill-taught children doate on coyne,  
Bidding them, where advantage serves, deceive,  
Do the whole raine unto the Charjor leave, 265

No stopping the carriage of vice. Which would'st thou stop, it knowes not how to stay,  
But all bounds broke, despite thee, runs away.  
None sins just so far, as he hath in charge.

But at his pleasure will his vice enlarge,

When to thy son thou say'st, foolles only grant 270

A friends suite, or receive a kinsmans want;

Thou teachest him to spoile, to circumvent;

And by all mischiefs, riches to augment:

Which with as great a love thou dost adore,

As ere the (e) Decii to their Country bore; 275

To



To *Thebes* (*f*) *Menaceus*, if *Greece* say true,  
In whose land, sown with Dragons teeth, there grew  
Legions with swords and shields, that forthwith fought,  
As they along their *Trumpeter* had brought.

280 That fire, by thy sparkes kindled, thou shalt see  
Flaming, devouring all, *not sparing* thee.

Ill coun-  
sell turn'd  
upon the  
giver.

The fierce young *Lion*, in his furious rage,  
Will teare's old *trembling keeper* in his cage.

Though *Math'maticians* doe thy scheme erect,

285 Tis tedious the *slow distaffe* to expect,  
He breakes thy thread, that hinders his intents,  
The youth thy long and (*g*) hart-like *age* torments.

Send quickly, let (*b*) *Archigenes* be found,  
And buy what (*i*) *Mythridates* did compound,

Children  
poy on  
their owne  
fathers.

290 If thou wilt smell *another Rose*, or eate  
Another *Fig*, ere thou sitt'st down to meate,  
An Antidote let some or other bring,  
As well to thee a *Father* as a *King*.

Tis sport, the like upon no stage hath been,

295 Nor in the *Prætor's* show was ever seen,  
To note what lives are lost, a house to found,  
And what chests, lin'd with gold, with iron bound.  
(*k*) *Cæsar* now watches, since *Mars* fell asleep,  
His helmet stolne, nor could his *own goods* keep.

Mens ri-  
diculous  
follies.

300 Scorne (*l*) *Ceres*, *Flora's* *Cybel's* pastimes then,  
*No Playes*, *no Shows* like *businesses of men*.

Can it so take, to see one backward stoop,  
And cast his flexive body through a hoope,  
Or from the stretcht-out rope appeare to slip?

A Mer-  
chant in a  
voyage  
compa'd  
to tum-  
blers and  
dancers' sh  
Ropes.

305 As to see thee, in thy (*m*) *Carycian* ship,

264 *The fourteenth Satyr of Juvenal.*

Dwelling for South and South-East winds to wrack,  
Selling thy life, to buy a stinking sack;  
That from old(n) *Greece* to fetch fat Wine dost love,  
And their great flaggons, neighbours-borne to *Jove*.  
Yet be that so his slippery footing sets,

310

But the  
Tumblers  
doe it for  
necessity.  
The Mer-  
chant for  
Greedines.  
Sea voy-  
ages.

Eates by it, and the *Rope* his pardon gets  
From cold and hunger; thou dost undertake  
Thy dangers for a thousand talents-sake,  
A hundred *Villa's*; view the ports, survey

Seas fill'd with wrackes, mans major part at Sea:  
And Seamen sayle where there's most hope of gaine,  
Through the(o) *Getulian* and(p) *Carpathian* maine,  
Nay, beyond(q) *Calpe*, heare the setting Sun  
Into the *Herculean Ocean* bisping run.

315

For what? to bring home bags with money sweld;  
Boasting thy wealth, and that thou hast beheld  
*Mermaides* and monsters; it must be confess'd  
These, more then with one fury, are possess'd.

320

The mad-  
ness of  
such as  
venture  
their lives  
for fordid  
ends.

As mad as (r) he, that in his sisters hands,  
The furies haunted, with their Snakes and brands.  
(s) Or he, that when with whips an Oxe he goar'd,  
Thought *Agamemnon* or *Ulysses* roar'd,

325

Though these their cloakes and coats from rearing spare,  
Yet they are madmen, that so heape their ware,  
As to the upper deck they cast a banke,  
Distinguish't from the billowes, by a planke.

330

Veni'ring for Bullion thus, whereon they print  
Small faces and inscriptions, at the Mint.

Lightning and Clowdes oppose, weigh Anchors, cries  
The Corne and Pepper-Merchant, let no skies,

With 335

*The fourteenth Satyr of Juvenal.*

663

With their black wennes your manly hearts affright,

'Tis summer Thunder ; The poor wretch, that night,

Perhaps is cast away ; and in his hand,

Or 'twixt his teeth, (t) his girdle beares to land.

A Ship-  
wrack.

Who, late, was not content with all the Gold,

Down (u) *Tagus* or the bright *Pañolus* rol'd;

A little meate now serves, and puts about

His naked middle a cold crupper-clout,

While for a *Shipwrack* man he begs an almes.

And hunger with his (x) pictur'd storme becalmes.

Goods got thus hardly, with more feare and care

Are kept ; great monyed men poore wretches are.

The cares  
of rich  
men.

Rich (y) *Licinus* in's house still sets the watch ;

Trembling, for feare theives should his *amber* catch,

Statues and pillars which the *Phrygians* smooth.

Broad *Tortois*, *Elephants* pure Snow-white tooth,

The *Cynickes* sub burnes not, or if it break,

Yet he, against to morrow, may bespeak

Another, or the same may serve againe

Plaited with lead ; 'twas this, which made it plaine

To *Alexander* (when in that poore seate

He visited (a) *Diogenes* the great )

How much he happier was that askt 'for nought,

Then he, who the whole worlds subjection sought ?

Like great his ails and dangers. (a) All the powers

Will be our own, if *Wisdome* be but ours:

And yet to thee vaine fortune, we have giu'n

The name of godd. *ße*. But how make I ev'n

Th' accounts of wealth ? if any aske, I tell.

Get what cold thirst and hunger may expell,

The quiet  
minds of  
the con-  
tented  
poore.

*Diogenes*  
prefer'd  
before  
*Alexander*.

Nature  
contented  
with neces-  
saries.

What

What th'Earth to(c) *Epicurus* did afford,  
Or long since serv'd at(d) *Socrates* his board,



*Nature* ne're asks this thing, and wisdom that.

But these sharpe rules I see thee startled at,  
Mix therefore something of our manners ; get

370

Some su-  
perfluity  
tolerable.

The sum, that's for the fourteen benches set,  
By (e) *Osbe's Law*, and if this make thee frown,  
And pouch thy lips out , to thy selfe set down  
*Sestertia* thrice four hundred, being the rates  
Of just three *Roman Gentlemen's* Estates.

375

I't not a lap-full, is a space yet void ?

The whole  
World  
cannot sa-  
tisfy ambi-  
tion.

Then all the fortunes(f) *Craus* e're enjoy'd;  
Nay the whole(g) *Persian* Kingdome will not do,  
Nor all the wealth (h) *Narcissus* rose unto,  
Who govern'd *Claudius Caesar* all his life,  
And charg'd the *Tribune* to kill *Cæsars* Wife.

380



ANNO-



# ANNOTATIONS

## UPON

### *The fourteenth Satyr of Juvenal.*

(a) Verse 1. *Fuscinus*] The Authours friend, to whom he directs this Satyr.

(b) Verse 9. *Brucascio*] The *Ficedula* or *finch*, called by the *Italian Brucascio*, because it feeds most on *fig-trees*, is a Bird which at this day the *Italians* esteeme one of the greatest rarities they can put into a *bisk* or *ollio*.

(c) Verse 20. *Rutilus*] A *Master*, or rather a *Tyrant* of a house, the paralell to *Esseus* his *Mistress*, in Sat. 6. using his men, as she did her maides, and as the Poet compares that Lady to the cruell *Dionysus* of *Sicily*, so he compares this gentleman to *Polyphemus* the *Cyclops*, and *Antiphates* King of the *Levrigons*, both which did eat mans flesh.

(d) Verse 29. Letters] Letters stigmatized in Slaves fore-heads by the keepers of Country Jayles or houses of Correction.

(e) Verse 37. *Larga*] A famous Courtezan of *Rome*.

(f) Verse 47. *A. Carilime*] A wicked debauched fellow, that would have sacrificed his Country.

(g) Verse 48. *A. Brurus*] Nephew to *Cato Utican*, both just and wise men, that sacrificed themselves for their Country.

(h) Verse 48. *Censor*] The Judge of manners.

(i) Verse 66. Cupping glasses] Men that grew mad for want of sleep, had their heads shaved and capd, as you may read in *Celsus*, lib. 3. cap. 18.

(k) Verse 98. *Cajeta*] A Port in *Campania* said to have received that name from *Cajeta* *Æneas*'s nurse there buried, but *Strabo* saies it was so called from the crookedness of the shoare, the *Lacedemonians* calling all things crooked *Cajeta*, to which haply *Juvenal* alludes.

(l) Verse 99. *Tibur*] A town of the *Sabines*, 16 miles from *Rome*, standing high as you may see Sat. 3. vers. 224.

(m) Verse

(m) Verse 99. *Præneste*] A towne of *Latium*, that tooke its denomination from *Prænestes*, nephew to *Ulysses* and sonne to King *Latinus*.

(n) Verse 103. *Possides Spad*] Freedman to *Claudius*, and so powerfull with him, that *Claudius* in his *Brittish Triumph*, gave him the *husta pura*, a *Speare* without a pike, that being then one of the greatest *honorary rewards* a Souldier could receive for service, to which the Emperour added the Government of *Judea*, making him in that Province his Lieutenant Generall, and investing him in the right to be carried in a close-chaire or *Sedan*, and to make publique shoves. This *Possides* made that stately Fabrick at the *warme-baths* in *Baje* which was called the *Possidonian buildings*.

(o) Verse 129. *Hesperian Dragon*] The golden fruit which this ever waking dragon kept, I have noted Sat. 5. ver. 180.

(p) Verse 151. The Bridge] Where the Beggars kept their station.

(q) Verse 181. *Tatius*] King of the *Sabins*, Who (after the peace made betwixt him and *Rome*, by the *Sabine women*) governed joyntly with *Romulus*, but no great quantity of ground, as you see, when *Tyber* was the bound of the Em-pyre, Sat. 8. ver. 344

(r) Verse 184. *Pyrrhus*] King of the *Epirots* or *Molossians*, that great Souldier, with whom the *Consul Denatus* fought two battailes, wherein he lost threescore thousand *Romans*.

(s) Verse 205. The *Marjian*] To be contented with their poor *sheds* and *hillocks*, not to build *Palaces* and *purchase*, was counsell which anciently the old country-men the *Marjians* neere *Alba*, and their neighbours the *Hernicks* and *Vestines* gave unto their Children.

(t) Verse 208. Country Gods] *Tellus* and *Ceres*, that taught us to husband the ground, and thereby to force out of it a better *mate* then *acorns*, the food of the golden age, as you may read in Sat. 6. ver. 9.

(u) Verse 222. Law *Rubricks*] Titles of old lawes writ in red letters.

(x) Verse 222. Vine] The *Centurions* Trunchion was of *Vine-tree*, as you may see by his labouring the sides of *Marius* with it, when *Marius* was the *Camp-Carpenter*, Sat. 8.

(y) Verse 227. A rich Eagle] Wealth got by following the Eagle or *Roman* colours, which at his 60. yeares he should enjoy, being then *Miles Emeritus*, exempted from all service of the warre.

(z) Verse

(r) Verse 232. On this side *Tiber*] Beyond *Tiber*, or on the *Roman* banke-side, were all fordid Trades, as *Diers*, *Tanners*, &c. not a *trans-Tiberin* skin steald from a *Dog*, *Mart. lib. 6.*

(a) Verse 233. *Gaine* smells well] The Poet alludes to *Vespasian* answer to his sonne *Titus*, that spake his opinion against raising money by so fordid an impost as upon urin, whereupon *Vespasian* pulling out a new piece of gold, askt him how it smelled, he replied very well, yet said *Vespasian* this comes out of the pistor. *Suetonius.*

(b) Verse 239. No matter] A verse in the old Poet *Ennius.*

(c) Verse 245. Surmount] As farre as these were exceeded in *virtue* by their sonnes, so farre will thine outdoe thee in *vice*. This is the Genealogie of those Worthies.

*Jupiter.*

*Æacus.*

*Telamon,*

*Peleus.*

*Ajax.*

*Achilles.*

(d) Verse 255. Touch] Thy sonne will forswear himself, touching the Altar and foot of the Goddesse *Ceres*, which in *old times* none durst presume to touch, unless they knew themselves to have chaste mindes and bodies, *Sat. 6. ver. 53.*

(e) Verse 275. *Decij*] That devoted or sacrificed themselves for their Country, *Sat. 8. ver. 330.*

(f) Verse 276. *Menæcius*] Son to *Creon* King of *Thebes*, who understanding by the Prophet *Terefeas*, that *Thebes* should never be conquered, if he would go and lay downe his life in the cave where his Ancestour *Cadmus* kil'd the serpent; unknowne to his Father, *Menæcius* stole to the Cave, and there slew himselfe. But this story of *Menæcius*, *Juvenal* determines to be no greater a *trub* then that other of *Cadmus* his killing the *Dragon*, and sowing of his teeth, which presently sprung up in squadrons of armed men, that fought and killed one another. see *Ovid Metamorph. lib. 3.*

(g) Verse 287 Hart-like] The Harts, some say live 900. yeares, but all know they live long; for some were found to have collars of gold about their necks, inscribed by *Alexander* the great, which were overgrowne with their very skin, a hundred yeares after his death.

(h) Verse 288. *Archizenes*] The greatest Phisitian in *Rome*, and most esteemed, because his name shewes him to be a *Græcian*.

(i) Verse 289. *Mithridatus*] King of *Pontus*, who invented that

that famous high Cordiall and Antidote which beares his name.

(k) Verse 298. *Castor*] Rich men carried their wealth to be kept safe in Temples, which formerly in chests barred with Iron they left in the Forum or Exchange of *Augustus*, dedicated to *Mars* the *Revenger*, where it seemes thieves broke in, and robbed not onely the Merchants trunks, but stole the Helmet from the Image of *Mars* himselfe.

(l) Verse 300. *Ceres*] The *Cereal* shows, or horsematches were first set forth by *Cajus Memmius*, the *Aedile Curulis* in the beginning of May; the *Floral* shows were celebrated in the end of Aprill, in honour of the Goddesse of Flowers and gardens; therefore no beastes but Hares and such like little garden-creatures were baird in her solemnities. Of *Cybel's* or the *Megalefian* Playes I have spoken in Sat. 6. ver. 72.

(m) Verse 305. *Corycian Ship*] Bound for *Corycium* a Promontory of *Crete*.

(n) Verse 308. Old *Crete*] Where *Jupiter* was borne.

(o) Verse 317. *Geluban*] The *Lybian* Sea.

(p) Verse 317. *Carpathian*] This Sea stretches beyond *Rhodes*, *Crete* and *Cyprus*, and is named from the Island *Carpathus*, lying betwixt *Rhodes* and *Crete*.

(q) Verse 318. *Calpe*] *Calpe* and *Abila* are the two pillars of *Hercules*, that in *Spain*, this in *Mauritania*; which being in the Poets time (as you may see Sat. 10. ver. 1.) beleived to be the farthest habitable part Westward, they that sailed beyond it, were conceived to heare the Sun's hot chariot scorching in the *Herculean* Ocean.

(r) Verse 324. *He*] *Orestes*, who in his madnesse, had for his keeper his sister *Electra*, and still imagined himselfe to be followed with the *Furies* shaking their Snaky-locks and flourishing their Torches.

(s) Verse 326. Or *He*] *Ajax*, who being foild by *Agamemnon's* judgement, in the fute betwixt him and *Ulysses* (which of them should have *Achilles's* Armes) ran mad, and roun the *castell*, doing execution upon *Oxen*, taking them to be *Agamemnon* and *Ulysses*. Afterward, comming to himselfe, and understanding what hee had done, hee slew himselfe for shame.

(t) Verse 339. *Giralla*] Wherein he had sowed some money.

(u) Verse 341. *Tagus*] A River in *Lusitania*, whose sand



were said to be mixed with gold-ore, like to that of *Passolus* in *Lydia*.

(x) Verse 344. *Pictur'd storme* ] The richer sort used to hang up the story of their dangers at Sea in Pictures within the Temple of *Iris Sat. 12. v. 31.* but the meaner sort begg'd, holding the *Picture*, as ours do a *brief* or *certificate*.

(y) verse 348. *Rich Licinus* ] Freed man to *Augustus*, of whom *Saty. 1. at v. 129.*

(a) Verse 352. The *Cynick* ] *Diogenes*. The Ancients had earthen Tubbs and Boates baked by the Potter; as appears by this of the Poët, and that in *Sat. 15. v. 143.*

(b) Verse 360. All the Powers ] These Verses conclude the tenth *Satyr*, and if they were not remarkable, *Juvenal* would not have repeated them; therefore weigh them, and you will find, they rectify that errour of the blind world that prefers *Fortune* before *Wisdom*.

(c) Verse 366. *Epicurus* ] Who lived upon Rootes, and Herbes.

(d) Verse 367. *Socrates* ] Who at a time when all *Athens* was infected with the pestilence, only his abstinence and temperance preserved him.

(e) Verse 372. *Otho's Law* ] That made only those *Romans* capable of the Priviledges of a Gentleman, whose estate was 100 *Sestertia*, vide *Sat. 3. v. 188.*

(f) Verse 377. *Cræsus* ] King of *Lydia*, so proud of his excessive wealth, that he thought *Solon* would have faine down and worshipt him for it.

(g) Verse 378. *Persian Kingdome* ] In the reigne of their richest Kings, *Ariaxerxes* and *Darius*, touching which, read *Justine*.

(h) Verse 379. *Narcissus* ] The rich freed man of *Claudius Cæsar*, and so powerfull with him, that had not he informed him of his dishonour in the publick Marriage of his Emperesse *Messalina* to *Caius Silius*, she had escaped. But *Narcissus* lest the dull Emperor should coole in his revenge, ran forth from the Bed-chamber, and told the *Centurion* and the *Tribune*, they must hasten and dispatch her, 'twas the Emperours command; and so she was slaine by the *Tribune*, in the *Lucilian Gardens*, as you see in the end of *Saty. 10.* read *Tacitus lib. 11.*

*The fifteenth Satyr of JUVENAL.*

## The ARGUMENT.

*The Tentyrites and Combites fight,  
These drunke with wine and those with spite.  
Whose Gods are true, that is to say,  
Whose Leeks or Onions makes the fray,  
Where they, that worship lawfull foodes,  
Eat up a man, and drinke his blood,  
Thus violating all the lawes  
Of Nature, for Religion's cause.*

**The ridiculous  
Gods of  
Ægypt.**

W<sup>h</sup> For *Gods* what *Monster*: frantick *Egypt* shewes?

This place adores the (b) *Crocodile*, in that  
(c) *Ibis*, with serpents gorg'd, is trembled at.

Where from (*d*) halfe-*Mæmon* magicke lutes are heard,  
And *Rebes* lies, with her hundred gates iuter'd,  
Th' huge long-tail'd *Monkey* is a Godhead there.

There *Sea fish*, the *fresh water fishes* here;  
Whole Cities to the (c) Hound, their prayers addresse;  
None to *Diana*, the faire forrestresse.

Leekes and  
Onyons  
held un-  
lawfull  
meate.

To strike a (f) *Leek* or *Onion* with the edge  
Of the presumtuious teeth, is sacrilege:

O blessed people, in whose gardens spring  
Your Gods: that hold it an unlawfull thing,

Mans flesh  
eaten  
without  
scruple.

The fleecy (g) *sheepe*, or little *kid* to eate,  
But lawfull to make *humane* *fish* your meate.

## When

*The Fifteenth Satyr of Juvenal.*

293

When grave *Ulysses* telling the like crime  
Amaz'd (b) *Alcinous*, at supper time.

20 No doubt, in some it laughter mov'd, or spleen,  
As he a lying travellour had been.

Will none this fellow cast into the Main?

Worthy a (i) true *Charybdis*, thus to seigne

*Cyclops* and *Lastrigons* that mans flesh eate,

25 That *Cyan* rockes meete, the (k) *lye's* not so great,

That *Scylla* barks, that bladders, to his hand,

Were fil'd with stormes; that struck with *Circes* wand,

*Elpenor* grunted with his mates turn'd swine.

To foole us sure is this old mans designe,

30 Thus some stay'd *Phaech*, who at meale would drinke

Lesse (l) *Corcyraean* wine, might justly thinke,

Because *Ulysses* had no witness there.

I sing, indeed, things hideous, but that were

In the late Consulshippe of (m) *Junius* done;

35 At (n) *Copius*, scorcht by the nere-clouded sun:

A crime no *Tragedie* can parallell.

For search all stories, *Burkin's* Poets tell,

From (o) *Pyrrhus's* time: no fact, like what the rage

Of this wild people acted in our age.

40 An old grudge, to immortall hatred turn'd,

Betwixt the (p) *Tenyrises* and *Combites* burn'd,

A wound, in these adjoyning townes, past cure,

Because that neither people will indure

Their neighbours *Deities*, or will have more

45 Held to bee *Gods*, then they themselves adore.

When at their *feast* the *Combites* set their beds

And boards in Temples, and (q) highways; the heads

T

And

Quartels  
in Religi-  
on irrecon-  
cilable.

And Leaders of the *Enemy*, that meant  
 To make a sad feast, labour'd to prevent  
 The rising from their cups, which day and night,  
 Those men had set at, till the sun's seventh light. 50  
*Egypt* 'tis all debauch'd, this truth (*r*) know I,  
 Each poore *rowne* may with *lew'd* (*s*) *Canopus* vye.  
 Adde, that a victory comes easie, when  
 The *spoes* are *ripled*, *lipping*, *reeling* men  
 With flowers crown'd, nointed with all unguents, they 55  
 Of *Cambus* dance, *here* *Negro* *pipers* play,  
 And *there* comes *ma'ice* fasting; first they fall,  
 To words, *Zeal* *sounds* the *Trumpet* to the *brank*.  
 With equall clamours then begins the fight,  
 Bare *hands*, instead of *darts*, on *faces* light. 60  
 Scarce any cheek escape'd, without a wound,  
 In all the scuffle no one nose was found.  
 Halfe faces, or chang'd lookes, have all the *sour*,  
 And gaping bones through broken cheekes, strike out.  
 Fists full of blood, drawn from your eye, they caught;  
 Yet they themselves all this, but *boyes* play thought. 65  
 Because as yet no carcase trampled lies,  
 But many thousands fighting, no one dies.  
 Their fury therefore *harper* grows, and now  
 With strecht our armes down to the ground they bow,  
 To seeke for stones, which suddaine tumults arme. 70  
 Nor are these, *stones* that can doe equall harme  
 With those which (*r*) *Ajax* or strong *Turans* threw,  
 Or *Weights*, such as from *Diomedes* flew,  
 And, hitting of his thigh, *Eneas* feld,  
 But such as lesse and weaker hands can weld. 75

A popular  
 Tumult  
 describ'd.

A popular  
 Tumult  
 describ'd.

# The fifteenth Satyr of Juvenal. 275

Hands of our *time*. In *Romer's* *dayes* that birth  
Decreas'd in stature, but upon the Earth,  
The little fighting fooles, that now are borne,  
No *God* can looke on, but (*u*) must laugh to scorne

80 But to my story ; Now *supplies* come in,  
To draw their swords the *Tentyrites* begin, The Battel  
Keene arrowes shoote, the *Combites* run apace,  
As fast the *shady* (*x*) palme-trees neighbours chase.  
A *Combite* falls, pusht headlong by his feare,  
85 Him seiz'd, the *Tentyrites* to peeces teare.  
That *many* may on *one* dead body sup ;  
Nor call for *pots*, or *pits*, to eate him up  
Or *boyl'd* or *roast'd* ; the victorious throng,  
To stay for fire doe thinke the time too long.

60 90 They gobbet downe his flesh, his bones they gnaw,  
And are most highly pleas'd to eate him raw.  
It glads me, that the *fire* scap'd unprophan'd,  
That Element, which fly *Prometheus* gain'd,  
And stolne from *Heav'n*, did on the *earth* bestow ;

65 95 I joy it, and I thinke it selfe does so.  
But he that of the carcase got a *bit*,  
Nere tasted any flesh so sweet as it.  
For 'tis not to be question'd, if the *prime*  
Of pleasures were the *gast*, in such a crime.

The hor-  
rid plea-  
sure of ma-  
lice.

70 100 Nay, who to eate his share, too farre off stood,  
Scrap'd with his fingers from the Earth some *blood*.  
The (*y*) *Biscainers*, they say, to mans flesh ow'd  
Their life ; but how ? when war and fortune shrow'd  
Their utmost spleene, *theirs was the worst of fate*,

75 105 'Twas *famine* in a *siege* of longest date.

276 *The fifteenth Satyr of Juvenal.*

The mis-  
ery of fa-  
mine in a  
Town be-  
sieged.

Their miserable food should pittie'd be,  
The very people nam'd, drawes teares from me.  
After all herbes, all animalls, the sting  
Of hunger makes them snatch at any thing ;  
The foe ev'n pittying their morpheu'd skin, 110  
Pale lookes, and joynts for want of meat grown thin.  
They famisht fed on *orbers*, when they were  
For hunger ready their *owne* flesh to teare.  
What *man*, what *God*, but such might hold excus'd,  
When this sad weight of wretched fortune bruin'd ? 115  
To whom their very *Ghosts* might pardon give,  
On whose *dead bodies* they were forc'd to live.  
*We* better precepts have from *Zeno* won,  
He does not hold *all* must for *life* be done.  
This *doctrine* whence should (*z*) *Biscaine Stoicks* raise, 120  
Ith' time of *old Metellus* in our dayes,  
Wee see the *Gracian Athens*, and our owne,  
Spread through the world, the *Britaines* Lawyers grown,  
Taught by the *French*, like them will *Thule* doe,  
They talke of hiring *Rhetoricians* too. 125  
But this brave people, and the (*b*) *Sagunne*,  
They who alike in faith and honour shine,  
But greater in the number of their dead;  
Their just excuse *necessary* may plead.  
(*c*) *Maoris* with lesse rage the world affrights, 130  
Then *Egypt*, for the bloody *Tauricke* rites.  
She that ordain'd, (now trust a Poets pen)  
Onely requir'd a *sacrifice* of men ;  
But the poore wretch, that was to lose his life,  
Fear'd nothing there *more* barbarous then the knife. 135

Men sacri-  
ficed to  
*Diana*.

What

*The fifteenth Satyr of Juvenal.*

277

What accident, what sieg or famine held,  
That *●Egypt* to such monstons things compeld?  
For which, me thinkes there *Memphian(d) Nile* should  
Into a rage, and cease to overflow. (grow.

110 The horrid (e) *Cimbrian, Briton, Agathien,*  
Nor wild *Sarmatian* knowes a rage so fierce,  
As this effeminate uselesse rout; that floats,  
Row'd with short oares, in painted earthen boats.  
To suite their crime you can no pennance frame,  
115 In whose mindes *wrath* and *hunger* are the same.

*The softest hearts kind Nature, it appears,  
Gave to us men, because she gave us Teares.*

Pitty and  
teares pro-  
per to  
mankindes

Our senses noblest part our grieve comands,  
For our sad friend; or when a Pris'ner stands  
120 In mournings at the barre: for cozening sleights,  
When to the Court his guardians th'*Orphane* cites,  
Whose tresse-like haire, and eyes still dropping pearle,  
Makes up doubt whether hee's a boy or girl.  
Nature commands our teares, when in the street,  
125 A marriageable Virgins *corpe* we meete,

Or when a child, his death annex'd to's birth,  
Too little for the *fire*, is clos'd in earth.

*What good man, that (f) mysterious lights may use,  
Such as you would the Priest of Ceres chuse,*

130 *But thinks another's miseries are his  
From the dumbe herd we differenc'd are by this.  
Profounder knowledge therefore onely springs  
In us, made capable of heavenly things.*

Mans di-  
vine know-  
ledge.

To learne and practise arts, 'th we have power,  
135 Deriving sense from the *Celestiall* sou's.

*The fifteenth Satyr of Juvenal:**Which creatures that to earth looke downward want,**To them the world's great Architect did grant**Life onely; life and soule to us he gave,*Man or-  
dain'd for  
society.*That mutuall love might succours give and crave.**Collect into a people men dispers'd,*

170

*Leave hollow trees, where mankind first convers'd.**Build houses, joyne to ours anothers Laves,**Sleepe safe, confiding in our neighbours cares.**Protect our brother, staggering with his wound,**Or false; charge at the trumpets common sound,*

175

*Defend our selves with the same workes and forts,**And be with one key lockt within the Ports.**But now at farre more concord Serpens are,*No crea-  
ture de-  
stroys his  
owne kinde  
but dege-  
nerate  
Man.*The Panther yet his spotted kinde will spare.**A Lions blood what stronger Lion spils?*

180

*A Bore, what Bore, whose tuskes are sharper, kills?**The Indian Tigresses firme peace enjoy,**No curst Beares one another will destroy;**But Man, when on the wicked anvill laid,**He farall Iron malleable made,*

185

*Rakes, hookes and ploughshares, would not him content,**Till the more skilfull Smith did swords invent.*Swords in-  
vented.*We see men that unsatisfi'd remaine**With killing men, unlesse they eat the slaine.**To these foule monsters what would he not say,*

190

*Or to what place would he not fly away,**If now Pythagoras their diet view'd?**Who of all creatures, heav'n with life indu'd,**Ev'n as of man, did th'eating disavow,**Nor to his belly would all (g) herbes allow.*

195



# ANNOTATIONS UPON.

## The fifteenth Satyr of Juvenal.

(a) Verse 1. *Volusus Bithonicus*] The man to whom he directs this Satyr.

(b) Verse 2. *Crocodile*] A Serpent, that from an Egge (like a Goose-Egge) growes to be 20 or 21 Cubits long, seeming chiefly under water, on the Land, dull-sighted, having no tongue at all, which sleeping open mouthed is killed by the *Jehennum*, a little Bird, that, hopping into her mouth, palls down her throat, and comes out at her tail. The *Tensydes* abhorred and killed the *Crocodile* (says *Pliny* and *Strabo*) therefore I may safely conclude the *Combines* worship the *Crocodile*, and killed the Serpent-killer, *Ibis*.

(c) Verse 4. *Ibis*] A Bird not unlike a Storke, saving that she is all black, with legs like a Crane, and a hooked beak: The ridiculous *Aegyptians* (they are *Cicero's* words *de natura deorum*) deify no Monster, but such, from which they receive a benefit, as the *Ibes*, that kill infinites of *Serpents*, in as much as they are tall Birds of hard Thighes, and a long horned beak: These Birds prevent a Plague in *Aegypt*, by destroying *Snakes* which the East wind blowes from of the vast Sands of *Lybia*; these the *Ibes* both kill and eat, from whence it comes, that alive the *Serpents* hurt not by their biting, nor dead by their smell.

(d) Verse 5. Half-Memnon] For the other halfe of *Memnon's* statue or *Cobolus* was shaken down with an Earth-quake; the remaining halfe being one of the wonders of the World (says *Pliny*) stands in the Temple of *Serapis*, which struck by the Sun-beames (it seemes like a Lute with a Pecten or Bruck-) played straines of vocall Musick; this standing part *Strabo* says he saw; and both he and many others heard it about one in the afternoon, yeild a sound; When *Cambyses* destroyed the hundred gated *Phibes*, he caused this statue to be opened, imagining some Mechanick Spring and wheels to be within;

but found nothing; from which time, the sound was thought to be *magickall*, neither the cause nor *Ambor* appearing, yet the *Colossus* sounding, though opened.

(e) Verse 9. The Hound] *Anubis*, son to *Isis*, and *Osiris*; who in his life time gave the Hound for his *Armes*, and after his death was adored in the figure of a Hound, which made *Egypt* so Religious towards Dogs, that if a Dog dyed, the whole Family shaved themselves, which was their greatest expression of mourning, yet notwithstanding their devotion to the Hound they valued not *Diana* the Patronesse of Hunting.

(f) Verse 11. A Leek or Onion] Wherein, they conceived, there must needs be a deity, because they crost the influences of the *Moone*, decreasing, when she encreased, and growing when she wained. *Pliny*.

(g) Verse 15. Sheep] The Priests of *Egypt*, of fleshmeats did eat only Calf and Goose. *Diadorm lib. 2.*

(h) Verse 18. *Aleimus*] King of the *Pheacks*, whose son finding *Ulysses* shipwrackt, brought him to his Father, to whom at supper *Ulysses* discoursed his voyage, and among other passages told a story like this of *Juvenals*, viz. that *Polyphemus* and *Aniphares* devour'd his Companions, which as the Poet conceives, seemed so incredible and ridiculous a lie, to some *Pheacks* at the table, that he wonders how the Relatour scaped with his life.

(i) Verse 22. Worthy a true *Charibdis*] For abusing them with a fall *Scylla* and *Charibdis* and those men-eating *Cyclopes*; and *Sicilian Canibals* the *Lastrigons* and *Leontine Pyrates*.

(k) Verse 24. The Lye] *Juvenal* makes the sober *Pheack* reason with himselfe, that sooner, then to believe the *Lastrigons* eat *man's flesh*, he can give credit to all the rest of *Ulysses's* lies, viz. that *Scylla* barkt, the *Cean* rocks on each side the *Thracian Bosphorus* met, that *Neptune* filled him bladders with winds, and *Circe* turned his mates to swine.

(l) Verse 30. *Coreyran*] Wine of *Coreys*, now *Corsue*, an Isle of the *Pheacks*.

(m) Verse 33. *Junius*] *Junius Sabinus*, Consul with *Domitian Caesar*.

(n) Verse 34. *Coptus*] A Town of *Egypt*, where there is no Raine, therefore no cloud to keep the Sun from scorching.

(o) Verse 37. *Pyrrha*] Since *Deucalion* restored the drowned world, or according to the Poets own expression *Sat.* Since naked maides to men wise *Pyrrha* shew'd.

(p) Verse 40. *Tentyrites*] From whose Town in *Aegypt*, there stretches an *Isthmus* into the red Sea, so as it was usually inhabited by almost as many *Arabians* as *Egyptians*, the City adoring the *Serpent-destroying* *Ithi*, and scorning the *Crocodile* worshipped by the *Combites*.

(q) Verse 46. *High-ways*] It seemes those *Combites* which the Temple of the *Crocodile* would not hold, yet dranke drunk in honour of that Goddess, setting their Beds and Tables in high ways.

(r) Verse 51. *Know I*] This knowledge of *Juvenals* makes very much for the argument of the next *Satyr*, and that story in his life, which relates to his banishment into *Egypt*, procured by the honorable name of a Colonell of foot.

(s) Verse 52. *Lewd Canops*] Of the Lewdnesse of this Town read *Sat.* 6.v.90.

(t) Verse 72. *Ajax*] Who was able to weld a mighty stone in his single combat with *Hector*; as *Turnus* and *Diomed* likewise were in their duells with *Aeneas*, the race of men being not quite shrunk in stature, but yet shrinking in *Homers* dayes.

(u) Verse 79. *Must laugh*] The gods (that gave assistance to the *Gallant* and strong-lim'd *Hector* and *Aeneas*, when they fought Combats) cannot but laugh to see the present Race of *mutinous dwarfs* murder one another.

(x) Verse 83. *Palme-Trees*] The *Tentyrites* being seated among groves of *Palme trees*.

(y) Verse 102. *Biscaners*] People of *Spain*, that besieged by the *Roman* Generalls, *Pompey* and *Metellus*, were reduced to that extreme necessity as the living did eate the dead. *Florus* li.3.c. 22. *Val. Max.* l.7.c.6. *Oros.* l.5.c.23.

(z) Verse 120. *Biscane Stoicks*] The Poet sayes it is no wonder though the *Tarracon* *Spaniards* the *Biscaners*, should have eaten mans flesh without necessity, they having never heard of *Philosophy* in the dayes of old *Metellus*, and therefore might be excused if they had transgress against the rules of nature, but in his age he held it inexcusable to be barbarous or base where not only the *Greeks* at *Atkins* read the precepts of the *Stoick Zeno* (that held it fitter for a man to die then violate the Law of nature) but when sciences were studied even in the most uncivilized Country of *Britaine* and the *Orcades*; yet in my opinion *Zeno*, *Seneca* nor any of the *Stoicks* could expresse it in better termes then *Juvenal* does in *Sat.* 8.

Think<sup>c</sup>

Thinke it the greatest crime,  
Shouldst thou to save thy breath, thy honour spend;  
And forfeit for thy life, lifes chiefest end.

(b) Verse 226. *Saguntine*] The Inhabitants of *Saguntum* in *Spain* besieged by *Hannibal* against the Articles of the *Roman League*, and brought to so great a famine as to eat the bodies of their dead; and when they had no more dead left, they caus'd a pile of wood to be raised in the Market-place, where they burned their goods, and themselves to a man; this siege against the league, occasioned the *second Punicke warre*, that ruined *sainbleffe Carthage*.

(c) Verse 130. *Meotia*] In the *Taurick Chersonesus*, a peninsula in *Europe*, lying upon the fennes of *Meotia*, was the barbarous ceremony of sacrificing strangers to *Diana*, which continued till the time of *Pylades*, that pretended himselfe to be *Orestes*, that he might be sacrific'd for his friend, facing our *Orestes* that he was *Pylades*, but *Iphigenia* being the Priestesse, (who should once her selfe have bin sacrificed to *Diana* in *Aulis*, as I have formerly noted, but was preserved by the Goddesses favour, who placed a Hind in her stead) now imitating *Diana*, stole away her Goddessse, and went with her brother *Orestes* into *Italy*, and instead of sacrificing him, preserved him.

(d) Verse 138. *Nile*] This river was the *Egyptians* heaven. See *Pliny Panegyrick. p. 19. Egypt* so gloried in cherishing and multiplying seed, as if it were not at all indebted to the *Raine* and *Heaven*, being alwayes watered with her owne river, nor fatned with any other kind of water, but what was powred forth by the *Earth* it selfe, yet was it cloathed with so much corne, that it might (as it were eternally) vye harvests with the fruitefullest parts of the whole world.

(e) Verse 140. *Cimbrian*] The *Danes* and *Holfarians*, horrid indeed and terrible to the *Romanes*, for they were overthrown by these *Cimbrians* in three battailes, and had probably been their slaves, if *Marinus* had not risen from a ploughman and *Carpenter*, to be a *Generall* and conquerer. see *Sat. 8. ver. 320*. Who did alone the trembling state protect.

(f) Verse 158. *Mysterious*] It was the custome in chusing the chiefe Priest of *Ceres*, to give him a torch burning in his hand, which if it kept lighted when they ran at full speed, they were chosen; if it went out, they were rejected.

(g) Verse 195. All herbes] For *Pythagoras* forbad his sect the eating of Beans.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The great Court favorite, Paris, sells  
The Major's place and Colonel's,  
Whose parts oth stage he lately play'd.  
For writing this, the Author's made  
A Colonell in spight, and sent  
To Egypt with his Regiment.  
Where now the difference he records  
Of People, wearing Gownes and Swords.*



**Souldier's priviledges who can tell?**

For, *Gallus*, in the Campe if all go well,  
I land young valour by a happy Star.

*There is an hour in fate more powerfull far,*

5 Then if to Mars her Letter Venus write,  
Or (a) Juno pleas'd when sandy Samians fight.

The *common-benefits* let's first repeat ;

Tis something that no *gown-man* dare thee beate,  
Nay if thou beate him, he puts up the blow,

10 Nor struck out teeth dare to the (b) *Praetor* show,  
Nor the black lump of his swolne face reveale,  
Or eyes, no Surgeon undertakes to heale.

The armed Judge, that must thy wrongs repair e

With shooes and great bootes hanging at his chaire ;

## Soldiers of fortune

**Soldiers  
privileges  
Gown  
men's  
flavery.**

Observes *Camillus* his old *Martiall* Loves,  
 And lets no Souldier to defend his cause  
 Go forth the trenches, or his colours leave,  
 A Souldiers wrong their Captaines soon perceive,

A Gown  
 man if  
 righted by  
 the Gene-  
 ral, is beat  
 by the  
 Souldiers.

And give me satisfaction too he must,  
 In case the ground of my complaint be just,  
 But the whole *Regiments* will be quit with me,  
 My foes each private company will be.

*The right you do me, you are sure to make  
 More grievous, then the wrong I would not take.*

It were to be as desperate an asse,  
 As *Mutina's* Oratour (d) *Vagellus* was,  
 Against two thighs, thousands to move to wrath  
 With Bootes and Spurs; who so ill breeding hath,

He must  
 be a gal-  
 lant man  
 dares give  
 testimony  
 against a  
 Souldier  
 in the field.

Then who so much a (e) *Pylades*, to lend  
 Assistance in an army to his friend?  
 Let's wipe our eyes, nor go about to use  
 Men, that we know will but themselves excuse.

If the Judge puts the question, who was by  
 When thou wer't hurt, the witness that says, I,  
 Be what he will, his haire, in my esteeme,  
 And beard might our great (f) *Ancestors* beseeeme.

*A Souldier 'gainst a gowne man, if he please,  
 May a false witness bring, with much more ease,*

*Then a poor Gown-man, if he shall pursue*

*A guilty souldier, can produce a true.*

Other Prerogatives observe we now,  
 Appendent to the Military (g) vow.  
 If shamelessly my Neighbour-Souldier claime  
 A peice of ground, that beares my fathers name,

*The sixteenth Satyr of Juvenal.*

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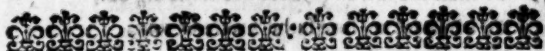
- 45 Or shall the sacred (b) boulder-stone dig out,  
To which all my fore fathers were devout,  
I likewise, yearly, offering to the soile  
My first fruits, of Pulse, Honey, Meale and Oyle.  
If, being my debtour, he not only stand  
50 Dallying to pay me, but forsware his hand.  
We waite, till all the people be cal'd in :  
•Tis a whole year before our suite begin,  
And then, a thousand stops, a thousand stayes,  
Sometimes the usher but the cushman layes ;  
55 His gown on, smooth (i) *Cadizius* having got,  
And old Judge (k) *Fuscus*, us'd the Camber-pot,  
The Court's up, when we should to pleading go,  
*Within the Lawyers list, the fight is slow.*  
But he that weares a sword and belt, may use  
60 His pleasure, and his day of hearing chuse.  
Nor is his suite in danger to be stop't,  
Or with the trigg'es of long demurrers propt.  
Then, Law the freedom to a Souldier gives,  
To make his Will, while yet his father (l) lives ;  
65 For, what his service in the Wars hath got,  
Unto his stock of wealth belongeth 'not,  
Of which his father wholly may dispose.  
*Covans* therefore, that so wealthy grows  
By th'standard bearer's place, his trembling father  
70 Sends presents to, just industry did gather  
His wealth, and that's his own which he that earnd.  
The *Gen'ral* sure in honour is concern'd,  
That he should be most rich, that is most stout,  
That all may *sape*, and all *clinguant* march out.

The de-  
layes of  
any suits  
commenced  
against  
Souldiers.

Souldiers  
business  
soone dis-  
patcht.

ANNO-





# ANNO TATIONS

## UPON

### The sixteenth Satyr of Juvenal.

(a) Verse 6. *Juno*] Who had *Mars* by *Jove*, or as some say, without a husband; her chiefest Temple was in the sandy *Jonian Island* of *Samos*.

(b) Verse 10. *Prætor*] The Lord chiefest Justice, who would not heare any complaint against a Souldier, that being proper for the *Centurion*, or armed Judge, which the Poet presently describes.

(c) Verse 15. *Camillus*] The Dictatour *Camillus* made a law, at the siege of *Veis*, that no souldier should be compelled to leave his colours for any suite in law.

(d) Verse 25. *Vazellus*] A foolish Oratour of *Mutina*, (now *Meodena*) in *Italy*, who would undertake to patronize any cause, without examination of persons or right.

(e) Verse 29. *Pylades*] Friend to *Orestes*, that would needs die for him, as is noted in the precedent Sat.

(f) Verse 36. Great Ancestors] Those old *Romanes*, that feared no death in a just cause.

(g) Verse 42. Vow] The Oath to the Generall.

(h) Vers 45. Bounderstone] The God *Terminus* or the bounderstone, was yearly sacrificed unto, with the first fruits the soile afforded; even the very *Heathens*, by the light of nature, holding a crime committed herein to the wrong of any man, to be the greatest of all sacrilege: from hence came that fable that all the Gods gave place to *Jove*, only *Terminus* excepted.

(i) Verse 55. *Cædicius*] A Lawyer, that came in quirpo to the Barre, fearing to overfweat himselfe.

(k) Verse 56. *Fuscus*] *Martiall* noted him for a drunkard, and (it seemes) he taught his wife to drinke off that great bowle, Sat. 12. ver. 52. that held five gallons, worthy to be brought to thirty *Phelas*, *Fuscus* his wives daughter.

(l) Verse



(1) Verse 64. Lives] No sonne, *in poeſſate Paris*, who had not been *emancipated* by his Father, could give away any thing by his *Will*, onely the Souldier excepted, who might freely dispose of all he had got in service, which made *Cotarus* like a common Captator or Legacy-monger court his owne Sonne, with presents of food, in hope to be made his *Sonnes heire*, if the *warres* that had enriched him, should make the *old man* the longer liver.

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**FINIS.**

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(V) Verse 24. Live! No longer in pain, who had  
 not been comforted by his Father, could give away any  
 thing by his will, only the Soule, excepted, who might  
 freely dispose of all he had got in service, which made co-  
 mmon like a common Captain or Legacy-woman count his  
 own Soule, with presents of food, in hope to be made his  
 Father's, for it the word that had comforted him, the will make  
 the will the longer live.


FINIS.



## ERRATA.

**P**Age 21.v.116. ~~dele~~ [That] p.37.v.119. read [lowder] p.  
50.v.106. [*Amicus*] p.58.v.124.r. [disgrace] p.67.v.54.  
[*Galba and Sarmatus*] p.69.v.54. [*Hyarbas*] p.102.v.654.  
[*Calonia*] p.131.line 7. [favourer] p.141.v.41. [*Europa*] 42.  
[Dog] 44 [Panther] p.150.v.331. [friends] p.155.l.37.  
[done by] p.168.v.81 [bought] p.173. [of *Cybel* whose image  
was brought out of *Phrygia*, and *Ceres* who then held—] p.  
178.v.26. [man] 37. [any may] p.190.v.388 [her spleen] p.  
191.v.409. [pray] p.244.v.252. [if he] p.255.v.54. [Parasite]  
p.214.v.14. [His]

Some other litterall slips the friendly reader may correct  
by his eye, and these I have noted, if it please him, with his  
pen.



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185  
150  
205  
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ERRATA  
Richard Wise